

PHOTOPLAY

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LORETTA YOUNG

HEARTACHES IN THE SEARCH FOR SCARLETT O'HARA



"MY SINCERE ADVICE TO EVERY GIRL..."

"Choose your makeup by the color of your Eyes"

SAYS

Madeleine Carroll



Madeleine Carroll

BEAUTIFUL WALTER WANGER STAR

TRY THE SIMPLE WAY to friends and fun, this glamorous English screen star advises... *be your own natural self!* Try the simple way, too, to genuine loveliness... make the most of your *own natural beauty* with Marvelous Eye-Matched Makeup!

IT'S MAKEUP THAT MATCHES... harmonizing rouge, lipstick, face powder, eye shadow and mascara. And it's...

MAKEUP THAT MATCHES YOU... for it's keyed to your personality color, the color that never changes, the color of your eyes. Logical, after all...

THE WORLD'S WELL DRESSED WOMEN choose gowns and hats to match their eyes. Now you find correct makeup the same simple way. Artists, stylists, beauty editors, stage and screen stars who have tried Marvelous Eye-Matched Makeup, watched the amazing way it transforms even the plainest girls, hail it as a remarkable discovery. Find out for yourself...

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FACE POWDER
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EYE SHADOW
MASCARA

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Even *your best friend* won't tell you

EDNA was simply crushed by Charlie's curt note barren of explanation. True, she and Charlie frequently had "lovers' spats" but these were not enough to warrant breaking their engagement. Disheartened and puzzled, she sought Louise, her best friend. Perhaps she'd offer some explanation. Louise could, too; could have related in a flash what the trouble was . . . but she *didn't*; the subject is so delicate that even your best friend won't tell you.



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Don't run the risk of offending others needlessly. You can sweeten your breath by merely using Listerine Antiseptic, the remarkable deodorant with the delightful taste. Rinse the mouth with it every morning and every night, and between times before business and social engagements.



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If all men and women would take the delightful precaution of using Listerine, there would be fewer broken "dates" and waning friendships in the social world—fewer curt rebuffs in this world of business.

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cases of dandruff
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Something

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"THE LAST GANGSTER"... The season's melodramatic hit!... Starring Edward G. Robinson ("Little Caesar" himself) in his greatest role... A grand cast including beautiful Rose Stradner (the new star-discovery who provides thrilling, romantic moments), James Stewart, Louise Beavers and many others...



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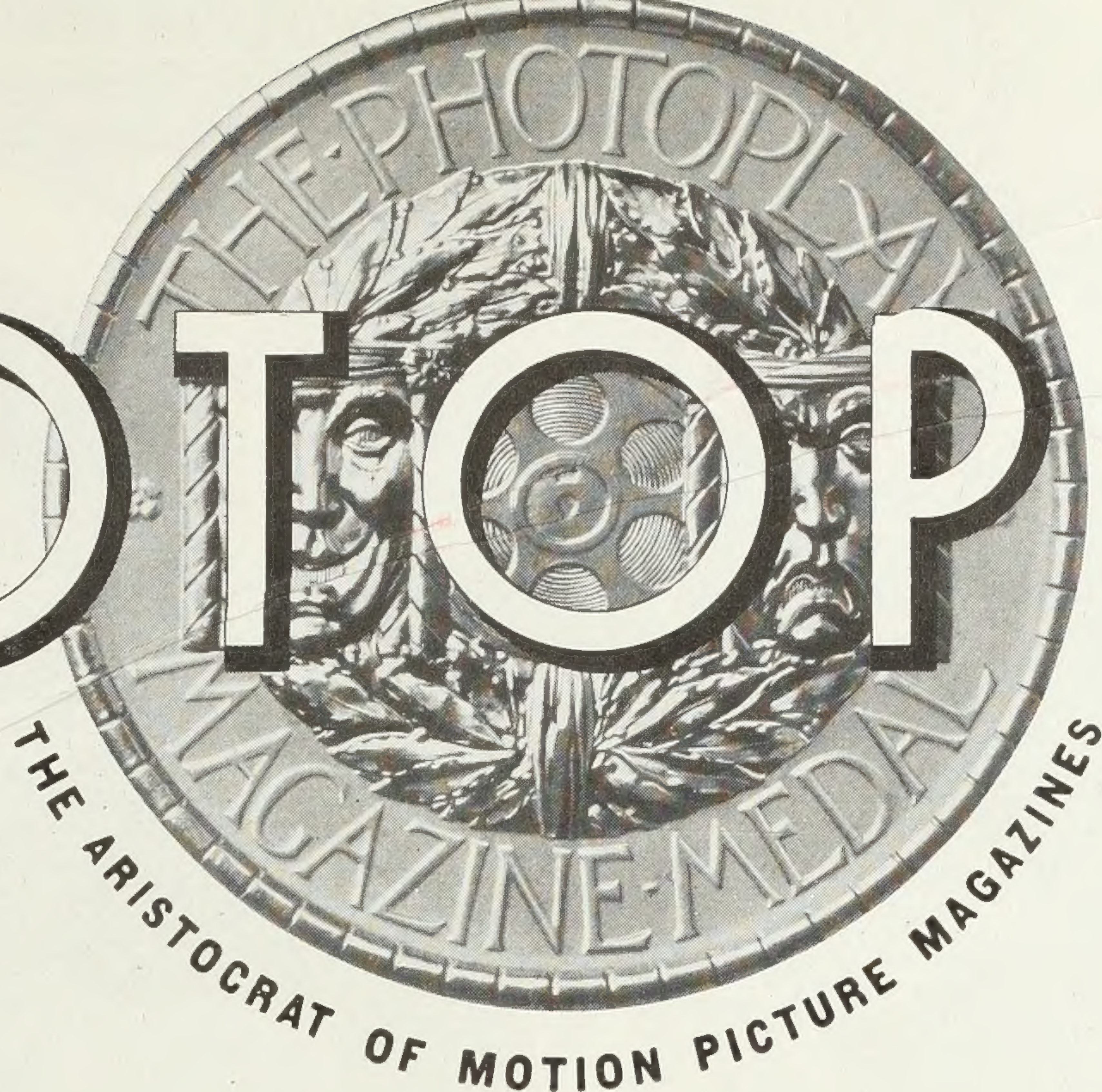
"NAVY BLUE AND GOLD"... A rousing romance at Uncle Sam's Naval Academy! Football—love—and drama—with a top-notch cast of your favorite stars including Robert Young, James Stewart, Florence Rice, Lionel Barrymore and Billie Burke in the leading roles—and a cast of thousands...

"MANNEQUIN"... Joan Crawford in the love story of a beautiful model... with co-star Spencer Tracy better than in "Captains Courageous"... It's Katherine Brush's famous story. Wait till you see Joan in those gorgeous gowns!



"ROSALIE"... Eleanor Powell and Nelson Eddy at the top of a list that includes Ray Bolger, Frank Morgan, Edna May Oliver and lots of others... Ziegfeld's greatest triumph becomes M-G-M's mightiest musical, surpassing even "The Great Ziegfeld" itself... Beautiful girls... new song hits by Cole Porter... Directed by W. S. Van Dyke II... WOW!

PHOTOPLAY



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EXECUTIVE EDITOR

HEYWORTH CAMPBELL
ART EDITOR

RUTH WATERBURY
EDITOR

On the Cover—Loretta Young, Natural Color Photograph by George Hurrell

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Lines to the Girl on the Cover

BY

FAITH BALDWIN

Flowers of flame and a starry gleam,
Carols and candles and mirth;
A prayer for the ancient, immutable
dream,
Peace and good will on earth.

Youth looking out with radiant eyes,
Fixed on a far, shining way,
Lovely and seeking and trustingly wise,
As fair as her flowers, as gay.

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BOOS

AND

Bouquets



PHOTOPLAY awards the following prizes for the best letters received each month: \$25 first prize, \$10 second, \$5 third, and \$1 for every other letter published. PHOTOPLAY reserves the right to use the letters submitted in whole or in part. Contributions will not be returned. Contributors are warned that if letters are copied or adapted from previously published material, which constitutes plagiarism, they will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Letters submitted to this magazine should not be submitted to any other publication. Address: Boos & Bouquets, PHOTOPLAY, 122 East 42nd St., New York City.

Upper right: "Best bit performance of the month" goes to cabby Frank Jenks, seen with Deanna Durbin in "100 Men and a Girl." Above: a duet, with special rendition on Cary Grant's part and due fervor on the canine side

FIRST PRIZE \$25.00

THE WINNER!

SINCE seeing Robert Taylor in Hollywood last month I read with an enlightened mind all these newspaper accounts about his snubbing his fans, avoiding autograph seekers and trying to slip unnoticed in and out of crowds.

I saw him at the Brown Derby in an interesting open-at-the-neck sport shirt, seemingly enjoying Barbara Stanwyck and supper. Miss Stanwyck looked at him dotingly and showed interest in all he said, and vice versa. Apparently they were carrying on a normal conversation, but they must have had master minds to be able to do it among so many craning necks and sputtering whispers. All the while an impatient mob outside the door grew larger. With a hundred minds and twice as many eyes concentrated on Barbara and Bob, no doubt it was difficult for them to eat comfortably, talk rationally or relax, all of these being things which we, the bourgeois, have the privilege of enjoying undisturbed.

Then, after dessert, came the problem of dealing with the gang at the entrance. Robert Taylor mustn't snub them, yet he doesn't want souvenir chunks torn out of his cloth-

ing. If all those people close in on him he mustn't resist, because then the headlines would have it that Taylor struck women and children. Heavenly days! And that was only one infinitesimal occasion, and to think he goes through that every day. In no uncertain terms, I extend my sympathy to him. Now every time I hear he has surreptitiously avoided a mob, I'm glad. After all, he is worth more to all of us if he remains unmangled. Incidentally, I acquired such a kink in my craning neck that I couldn't even finish my spaghetti.

MAXINE SWEGLE,
Salt Lake City, Utah.

SECOND PRIZE \$10.00

"TOPPER" AT THE TOP!

Roland Young, Constance Bennett, Cary Grant and Billie Burke certainly triumphed in "Topper." It is beyond a doubt the most enjoyable comedy I have ever seen, excluding none—not even Harold Lloyd's most hilarious hits. I am afraid that "Topper" will cause the automobile death toll to mount considerably for the next several months. Even I—a below fifty driver—felt like rounding some nice curves at eighty-five per in the hope of not being too late to join up with Connie and Cary who, after their fatal crash,

had such a grand time with the befuddled Roland Young.

Unfortunately there was really too much hearty and continuous laughter among the audience, for although I saw "Topper" twice, I missed much clever conversation because of audience hysteria. I'm wondering if theaters couldn't furnish some kind of laugh-silencer for audiences whenever a laugh-burst like "Topper" comes along.

RALPH G. PETERSON,
Casper, Wyo.

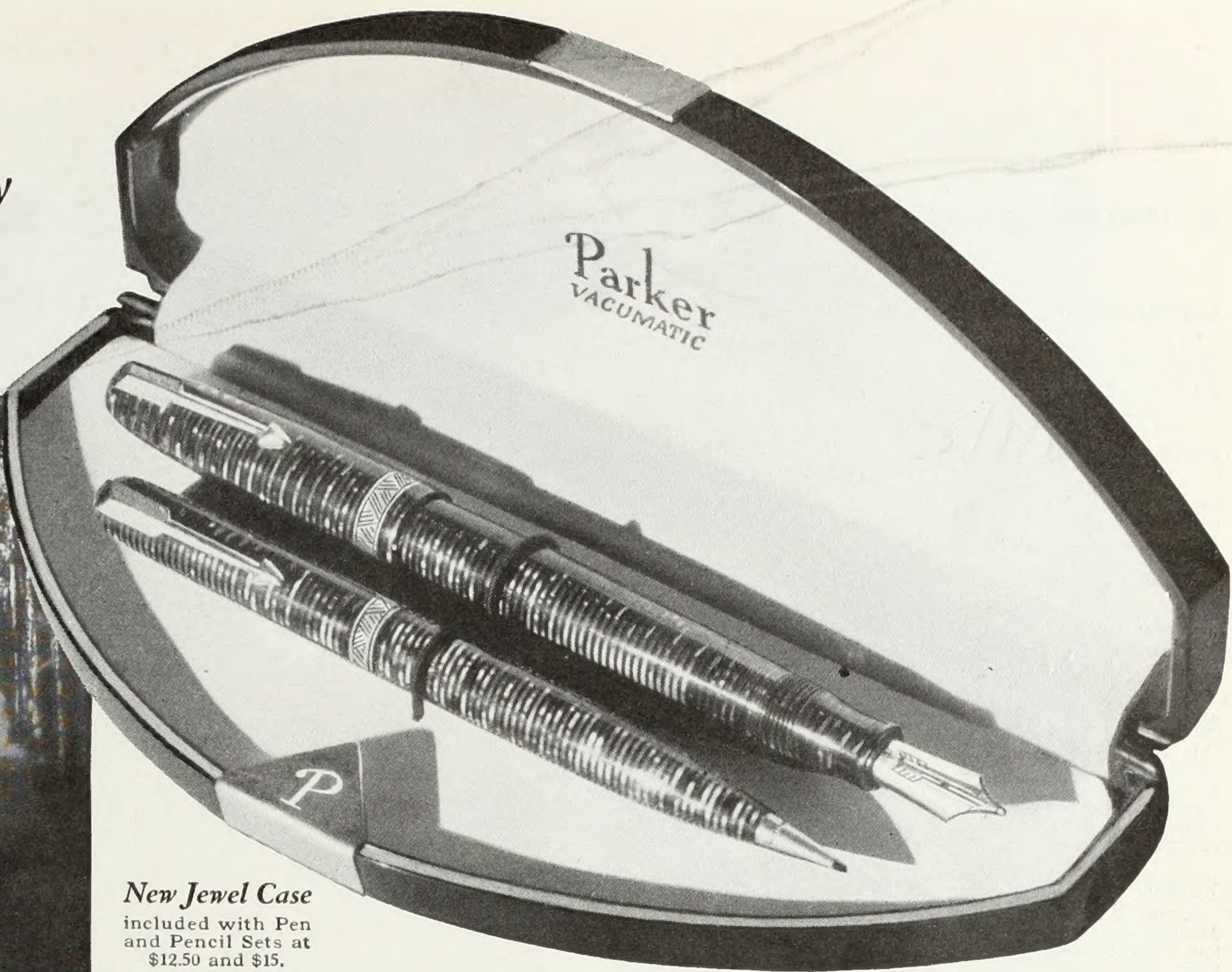
THIRD PRIZE \$5.00

SOCKO! FROM C TO A ABOUT B

This letter is a scathing denunciation of one Katherine Albert who bit the hand that's fed her for lo! these many years. I know, because I've read PHOTOPLAY for about ten years and seen the above mentioned "tag" attached to several articles. Never before has one of PHOTOPLAY's staff so insulted the readers and lowered the integrity of PHOTOPLAY itself as Miss Albert did in her recent discussion about B pictures in the August issue. Her very arguments condemned the issue she sought to defend.

To quote—for I can find no better arguments myself—Miss Albert says: "Now this
(Continued on page 90)

Put this Pedigreed Beauty
on Your "Must" List



New Jewel Case
included with Pen
and Pencil Sets at
\$12.50 and \$15.

The Gift that Your Loved Ones will Carry Over their Hearts!

Parker's deluxe Major and Maxima Vacumatic ... First Christmas Ever Shown

*The revolutionary Pen that
gives people Second Sight—that shows
when to refill, hence writes years on end
without running dry unexpectedly*

If you want the ones whom you adore
to be enraptured with your Christmas
Gift, put this millionaire's Pen on your
"must" list. They'll carry it over their
hearts for life!

Go to any good pen counter today and see
Parker's two new de luxe editions—the
Major and Maxima Vacumatics—in smartly
laminated Pearl style with double ink
capacity and Television barrel, now grace-
fully slenderized for restful balance.

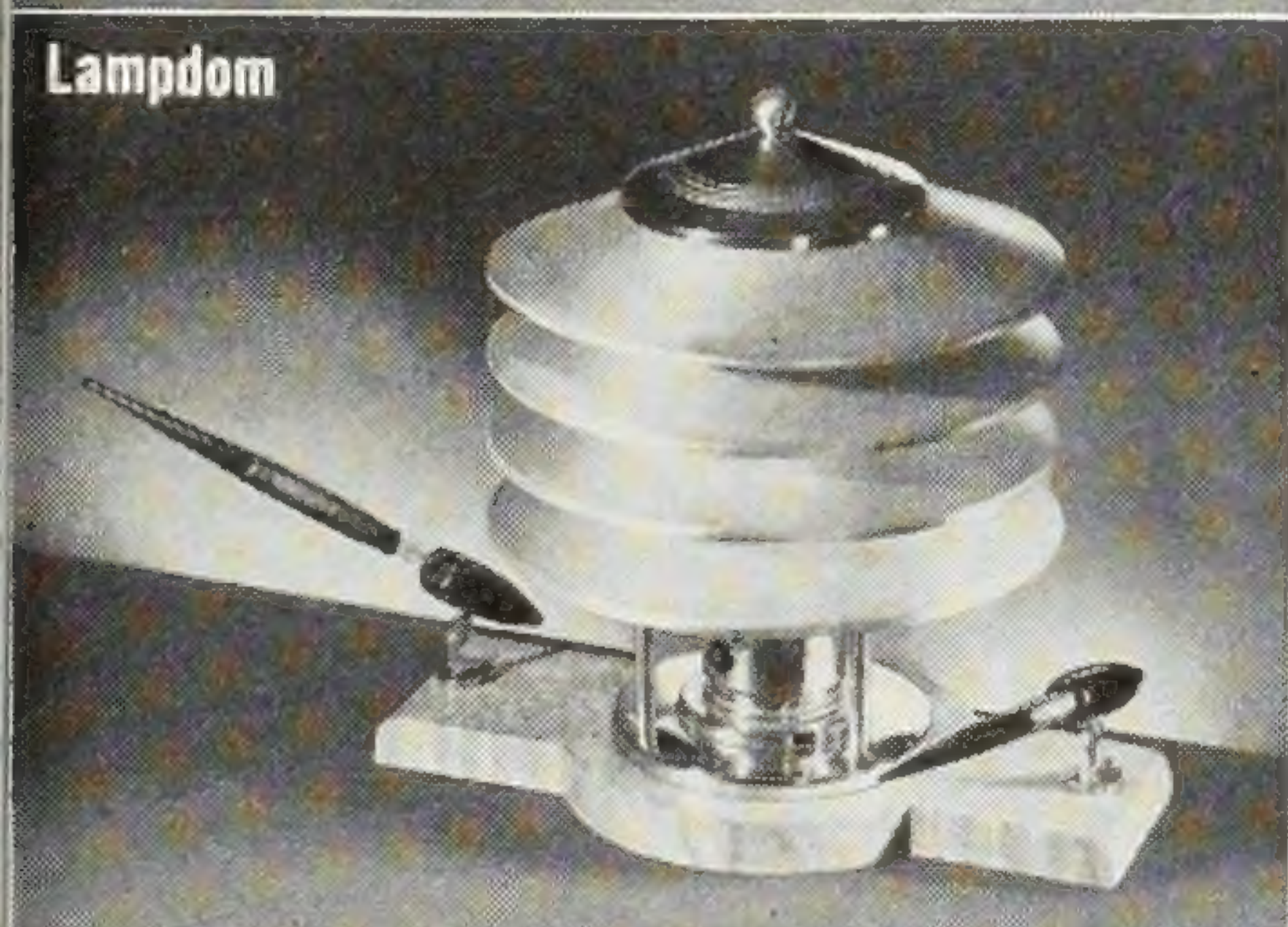
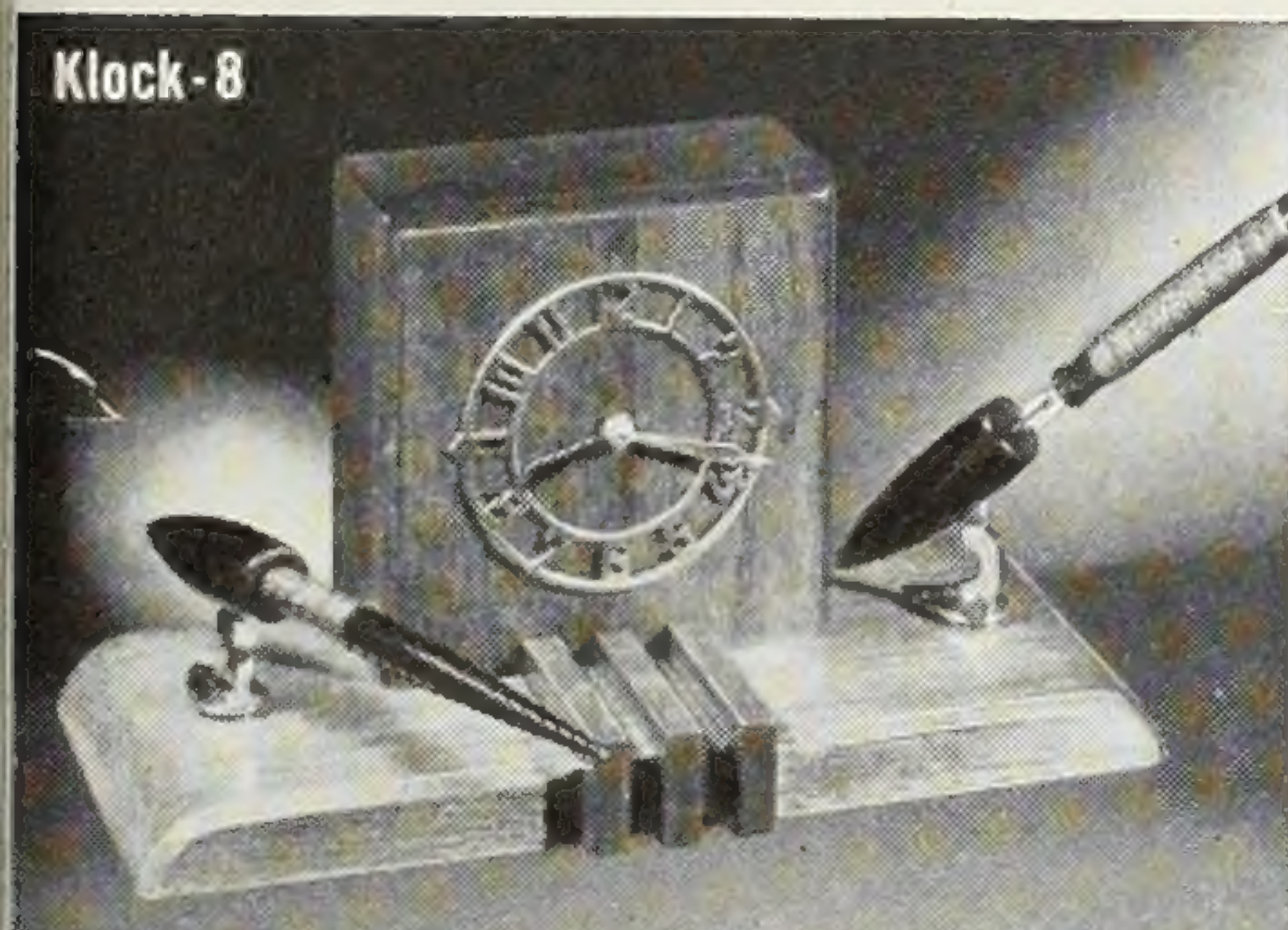
And see the stunning new Parker Vacu-
matic Desk Sets,—and the new Pen and

Pencil Sets in regal Gift Box designed in
plastic by one of America's foremost silver-
smiths. This Gift hits the mark 100%.

The Parker Vacumatic is a marvelous in-
vention that eliminates the old-time rubber
ink sac, and thus has room for 102% more
ink than our famous Duofold. Hence this
modern marvel requires filling only 3 or 4
times from one Christmas to the next.

It's a Pen that gives a person second
sight by letting him SEE the ink level at all
times—so he can refill at any odd moment
—so it won't run dry.

See these Pedigreed Beauties today. And
look for the smart ARROW clip. This iden-
tifies the genuine Parker Vacumatic and
saves time in making gift selections. The
Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wis.



KLOCK-8—8-Day Desk Clock on wood
base, complete with Vacumatic Desk
Pen and Pencil—\$20

LAMPDOM—Moderne metal Desk Lamp,
wood base, complete with Vacumatic
Desk Pen and Pencil—\$25

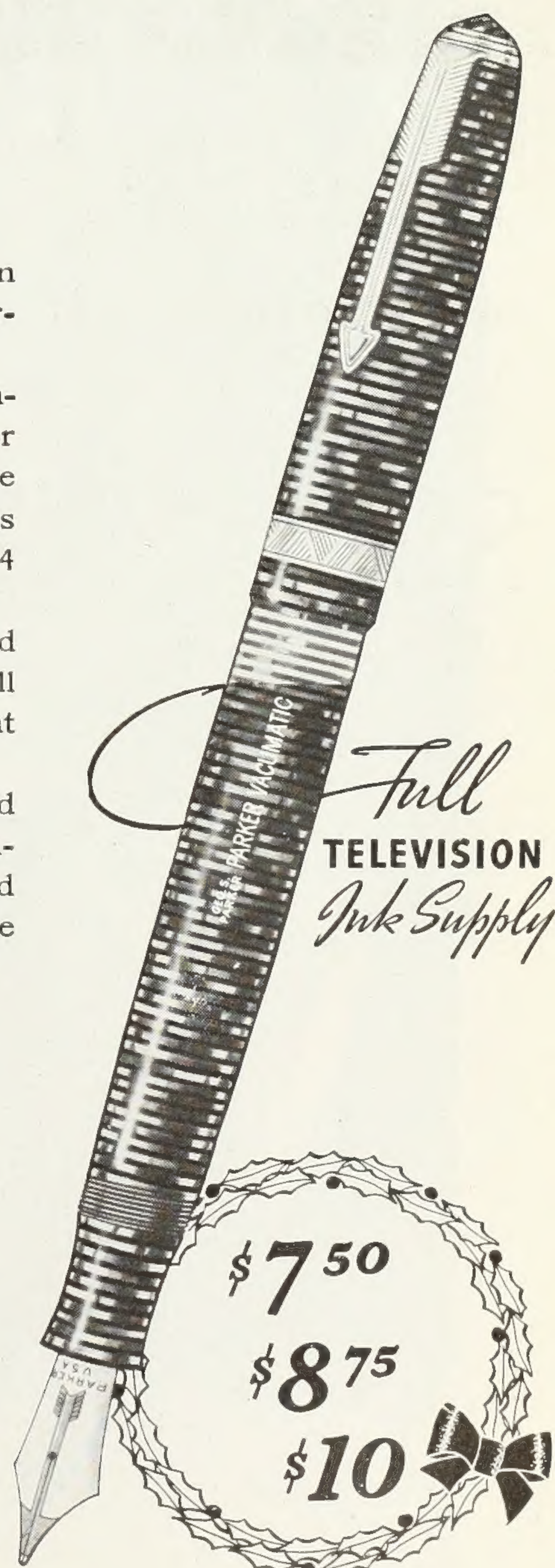
BB CLASSIC—Black Glass complete with
Vacumatic Desk Pen and Pencil—\$22

Holds 102% More Ink
than our famous Duofold



Parker
VACUMATIC REG. T. M.
GUARANTEED MECHANICALLY PERFECT

Junior or Juniolette, \$5 • Standard or Slender Standard, \$7.50 • Major, \$8.75
Maxima or Senior Maxima, \$10 • Pencils to match, \$2.50, \$3.50, \$3.75, \$5



Full
TELEVISION
Ink Supply

\$7.50

\$8.75

\$10

BRIEF REVIEWS

★ INDICATES PICTURE WAS ONE OF THE BEST OF THE MONTH WHEN REVIEWED

ADVENTUROUS BLONDE—Warners

A breezy edition of the *Torchy Blane* series with forthright Glenda Farrell as a newspaper gal out to get her man in the person of Barton MacLane, a busy, bustling police lieutenant. Anne Nagel and Bill Hopper join the chase. If you like adventurous comic strips. (Nov.)

ALL OVER TOWN—Republic

Olsen and Johnson fans will love this bit of bright hysteria wrapped around two "angels" who back a Broadway show, find themselves with a murder mystery on their hands. Franklin Pangborn is a panic as a swish designer. (Nov.)

★ ANGEL—Paramount

The languid Miss Dietrich in a velvety mixture of romance and European politics surrounded by Lubitsch's direction, sparkling dialogue, perfect photography and a splendid supporting cast. Herbert Marshall is the preoccupied husband, Melvyn Douglas rounds out the triangle. Better not miss it. (Nov.)

ANNAPOLIS SALUTE—RKO-Radio

Here is a worthwhile, simply presented story of rival middies at the Naval Academy. James Ellison and Van Heflin are in love with Marsha Hunt whose father objects to her marrying. When scandal rears its ugly head, the rivals become friends. The background is refreshingly authentic, as the scenes were actually taken at Annapolis. (Nov.)

★ ARTISTS AND MODELS—Paramount

A conglomeration of skits and songs engagingly held together by Jack Benny as the screwball promoter of an Artists' Ball who gives you the chance to see and hear Ida Lupino, Gail Patrick, the Yacht Club Boys, Connie Boswell, Andre Kostelanetz, Ben Blue and a bevy of artists and models. Definitely dizzy. (Oct.)

BACK IN CIRCULATION—Warners

A better than usual newspaper yarn dealing with the part journalists play in railroading innocent persons to death. Joan Blondell is remarkably good as the lady of the press, Pat O'Brien is her editor and Margaret Lindsay is the unfortunate victim of their go-getting zeal for sensationalism. (Nov.)

BAD GUY—M-G-M

"Bad Guy" equals bad picture. Bruce Cabot plays the unholy fellow who gets into scrape after scrape, finally comes to grief.

Edward Norris is the good boy who reaps his reward in the love of Virginia Grey. Don't give it another thought. (Nov.)

★ BETWEEN TWO WOMEN—M-G-M

The inevitable hospital triangle of doctor, wife, nurse, directed in an unusually exciting and realistic way. Franchot Tone brings all his ability to the rôle of the surgeon, Virginia Bruce is his selfish but glamorous wife, and Maureen O'Sullivan the sympathetic partner in his lifework. Splendid. (Sept.)

BIG CITY—M-G-M

Rough and ready drama of the taxi war in New York, combined with an immigrant girl's problems in a new world, tangle Spencer Tracy and Luise Rainer in many romantic though exaggerated situations. Tracy is a bit ponderous, Luise a bit coy, but it's a clever production and there is a fine supporting cast. (Nov.)

PICTURES REVIEWED IN
SHADOW STAGE
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BIG SHOT, THE—RKO-Radio

Hilarious situations enliven this story of a veterinarian, Guy Kibbee, who inherits his gangster uncle's swag, backs an anti-vice crusade, discovers he's the gang's big shot. Cora Witherspoon gives a fine performance as Guy's socially ambitious wife, and Kibbee scores. (Oct.)

BROADWAY MELODY OF 1938—M-G-M

Stuffed with much of Hollywood's best talent, this follow-up of "Broadway Melody of 1936" again teams Bob Taylor and Eleanor Powell. Bob's rôle as a producer seems lost in the melee of song and dance acts, but Eleanor is lithesome as usual and George Murphy shines brightly as do Judy Garland, Sophie Tucker and others. (Nov.)

CALIFORNIAN, THE—20th Century-Fox

The pattern of this Western is old, but the treatment is entertaining. Ricardo Cortez is the Spanish don who frees his people from the hated gringos. Katherine de Mille is the jealous menace; Marjorie Weaver the heroine. (Sept.)

CONFESSION—Warners

Even Kay Francis found it difficult to sustain the somber burden of this moody melodrama based on a *Madame X* theme. Basil Rathbone is the dog responsible for Miss Francis' downfall. Ian Hunter struggles along as the unsympathetic husband; Jane Bryan is the daughter. (Oct.)

CORNERED (FORMERLY WAR LORD)—Warners

This is "The Bad Man" done in a Chinese setting. It might just as well been left undone. Boris Karloff is the Oriental who solves the love problems of Gordon Oliver and Beverly Roberts. Raids, rebellion and general turmoil. Skip it. (Sept.)

COUNSEL FOR CRIME—Columbia

Even Otto Kruger's excellent performance cannot save this dull picture from being obvious hokum. Douglass Montgomery is Kruger's illegitimate son who prosecutes his father on a murder charge. The legal sequences will befuddle you, and the love interest is flatter than an ironing board. (Sept.)

DANGEROUS HOLIDAY—Republic

A child violinist who runs away from his parasitic relations, racketeers fleeing the law, a tepid romance between a forest ranger and an heiress compose this placid adventure tale. Twelve-year old Ra Hould is particularly splendid. (Sept.)

★ DEAD END—Sam Goldwyn-United Artists

Sidney Kingsley's superb and poignant play of how society makes its own criminals along the New York water front where slums and smart apartments meet, loses none of its drama on the screen. Sylvia Sydney, Joel McCrea, Wendy Barrie and Humphrey Bogart are the principals in the cast, augmented by the six little hoodlums of the original version. This is a "must" unless you don't like realism in the theater. (Sept.)

DEVIL IS DRIVING, THE—Columbia

As propaganda against reckless driving this neatly contrived picture proves entertaining as well as educational. Richard Dix is sincere and purposeful as the attorney who first defends, then prosecutes Elisha Cook, Jr. Reporter Joan Perry is charming. (Sept.)

DOUBLE OR NOTHING—Paramount

Disappointing after Bing Crosby's former smash hits, this vague musical is based on the familiar device of four funny people benefiting from the will of an eccentric. Mary Carlisle is Bing's foil. The score is nice. (Oct.)

★ EASY LIVING—Paramount

Nothing could be gayer, faster, funnier than this outlandish piece of silly sophistication which revolves around Edward Arnold, Wall Street tornado, a sable coat which lands on the smooth back of Jean Arthur, and her romance with Ray Milland who works in an automat. It's a riot! (Sept.)

★ EMPEROR'S CANDLESTICKS—M-G-M

Gorgeous production, exquisite cameo-like work by Luise Rainer and the always satisfying performance of Bill Powell make this a fine picture, though the creaking story built around spy activities is antique and melodramatic. E. E. Clive, Robert Young, Maureen O'Sullivan and Frank Morgan make up the splendid cast. (Sept.)

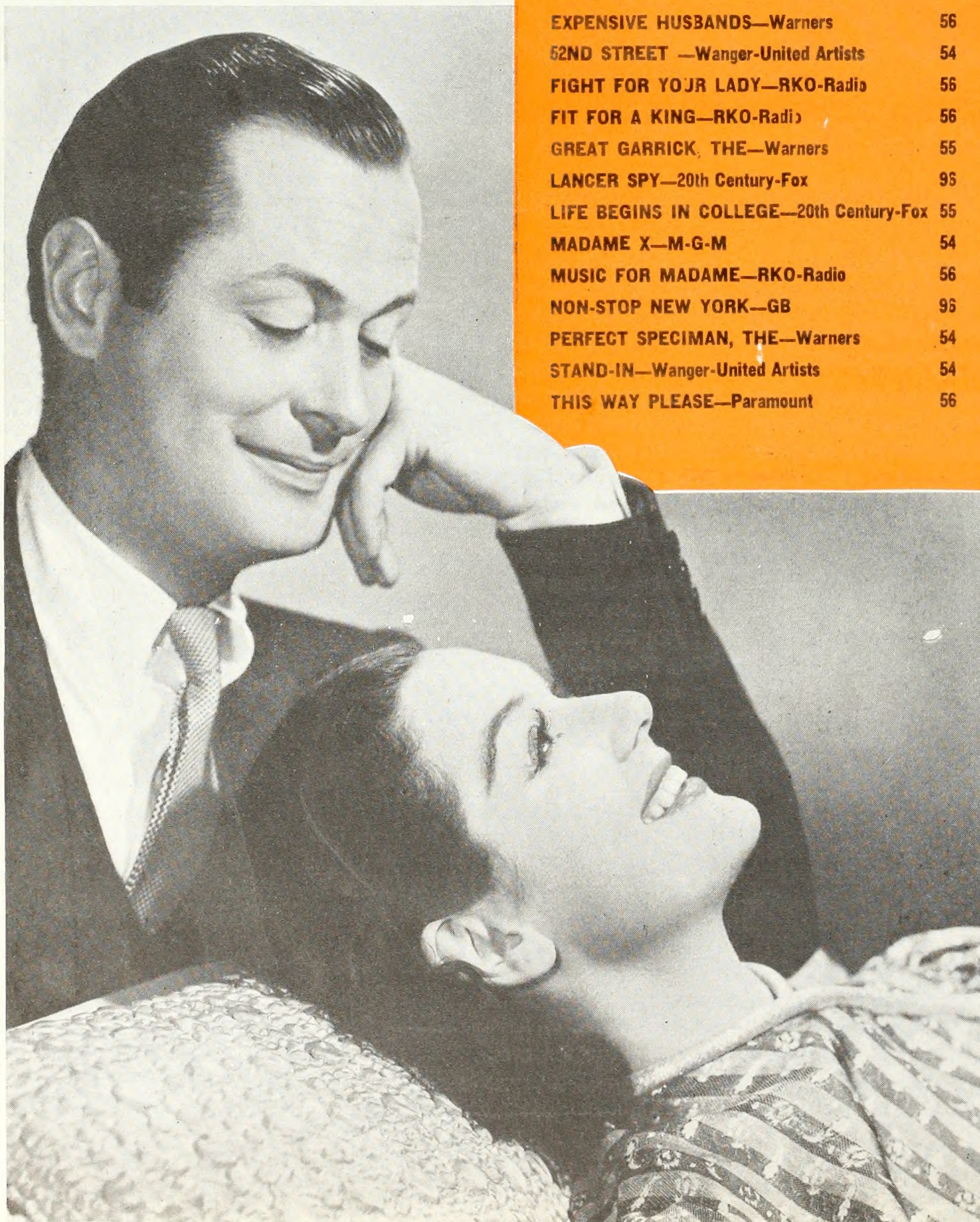
EVER SINCE EVE—Warners

Once again Marion Davies is a glamorous beauty posing as an ugly duckling to keep her job. When Bob Montgomery, her author-boss, discovers he loves his homely secretary, all goes quite as you would expect. Patsy Kelly and Allen Jenkins provide the slap-happy comedy. (Sept.)

EXCLUSIVE—Paramount

Yellow journalism comes in for a lambasting in this newspaper yarn. Fred MacMurray and Charles Ruggles are reporters for the clean sheet. Frances Farmer and Lloyd Nolan come to plenty of grief representing the muckrakers. Its lusty, gusty fare. (Oct.)

(Continued on page 94)



In private, Bob Montgomery and Rosalind Russell feud politely, but in public, they go on costarring in perfect—and profitable—equanimity. "Live, Love and Learn," is a new comedy about the troubles of a young Hollywood couple

THE MOST EXCITING SCREEN EVENT OF ALL TIME!

The favorite play of America is
**THE SCREEN HIT OF
THE YEAR!**

A year of preparation—3 months before the cameras—production costs breaking all studio records—and now the love-and-laughter show that enthralled New York and London stage audiences for two seasons is ready to flash its glories on the nation's screens.

*"Tonight's our night
—there may never
be a tomorrow."*

WARNER BROS. present:

Claudette **COLBERT**
Charles **BOYER**

in the most lovable, laughable comedy of a decade!

★ **"TOVARICH"** ★

supported by a huge cast of famous stars including

BASIL RATHBONE

★ **ANITA LOUISE** ★

MELVILLE COOPER • ISABEL JEANS

**MORRIS CARNOVSKY • VICTOR KILIAN • Directed by
Anatole Litvak • Screen play by Casey Robinson • Adapted
from the play by Jacques Deval • English Version by Robert E.
Sherwood • Music by Max Steiner • A Warner Bros. Picture**





Those Mauch imps are real carpenters. You should see the beautiful Christmas gift they're making for their mother



Marianne had her hands full when she invited redheaded Jane Isbell (above) to tea with three other Irishers. The doll is Patsy Ann, Tommy Kelly's Christmas gift for his little sister

A CHILDREN'S PAGE

Edited from Hollywood by

MARIANNE



*The Junior Legion stops for tea under a spreading
Christmas tree and wishes you all a merry Yuletide*

"CAN you imagine it?" asked Bobby Mauch, looking up from his chisel. "She'd rather have this thing than a catboat!"

Billy laid down his hammer. "Women," he announced firmly, "are awful queer."

They were working on a beautiful mahogany glove chest, a Christmas gift for their mother. They had designed it themselves and toiled over it for weeks. Dressed in old sweaters and disreputable cords, reeking of shellac and turpentine, the impression they gave was far from the general conception of what the famous Mauch twins are like. Rather, they resembled any small boys badly in need of soap and water.

"She doesn't know about this yet," said Billy, "it's to be a real surprise."

"And we're going to buy gloves to put in it," added Bobby, "just so she'll be sure to know what it's for."

I still can't tell the boys apart although I've known them for a long time. Each time I speak to Billy, calling him by name, he answers, "I'm Bobby." Lots of times I doubt it. They like to keep people confused, I think.

In fact, they told me that it might be of

benefit to them later. "We want an automobile some day," they said, "and in case one of us should get his license suspended for speeding on Hollywood Boulevard, we could easily get along on one license so long as no one could tell us apart."

Their teacher told me she had asked Bobby to use the word "mistaken" in a sentence. He looked at her and said, "I'm sorry, but you have mistaken me for my brother. I'm Billy!"

These days the Hollywood Legionnaires come to tea bringing their sewing, knitting, chisels and saws. Their collective Christmas spirit has been steadily gathering momentum since Edith Fellows started making a pink silk dressing sacque for her grandmother last September.

They have so much to do, these boys and girls, and making motion pictures takes up a great deal of their time. Just now it's all a grand rush and, while I'm really not terribly old as years are counted, I look each morning in my mirror and am astonished that my hair didn't turn white the night before. My dreams are crowded with gifts, ribbons and tinsel and I have nightmares about Christmas trees coming to life!

SHIRLEY TEMPLE just can't decide what to get for her father and mother. She's knitting mufflers for her two brothers, in their school colors, and doing them splendidly, too, for an eight year old.

"Oh, I drop a few stitches now and then," she said, "but it doesn't matter because I pin them up with little safety pins. After I've finished I'll sew them all together on the wrong side. And," she added in an offhand manner, "they'll never notice it."

"It's strange," she confided over her teacup, "what makes you love brothers so much. Why most of the time Sonny says I'm a pest and pulls my hair every time he walks past, but if I feel like teasing him he says he'll spank me if I don't let him study in peace!"

"Then what happens?"

"We-l-l," replied Shirley, "if I don't let him study in peace he just—does."

"What about Jack?" I asked.

"Oh, Jack says there might be some people who are crazy enough to want my autograph, but he'll take Greta Garbo's!"

"And you love them in spite of all that?"

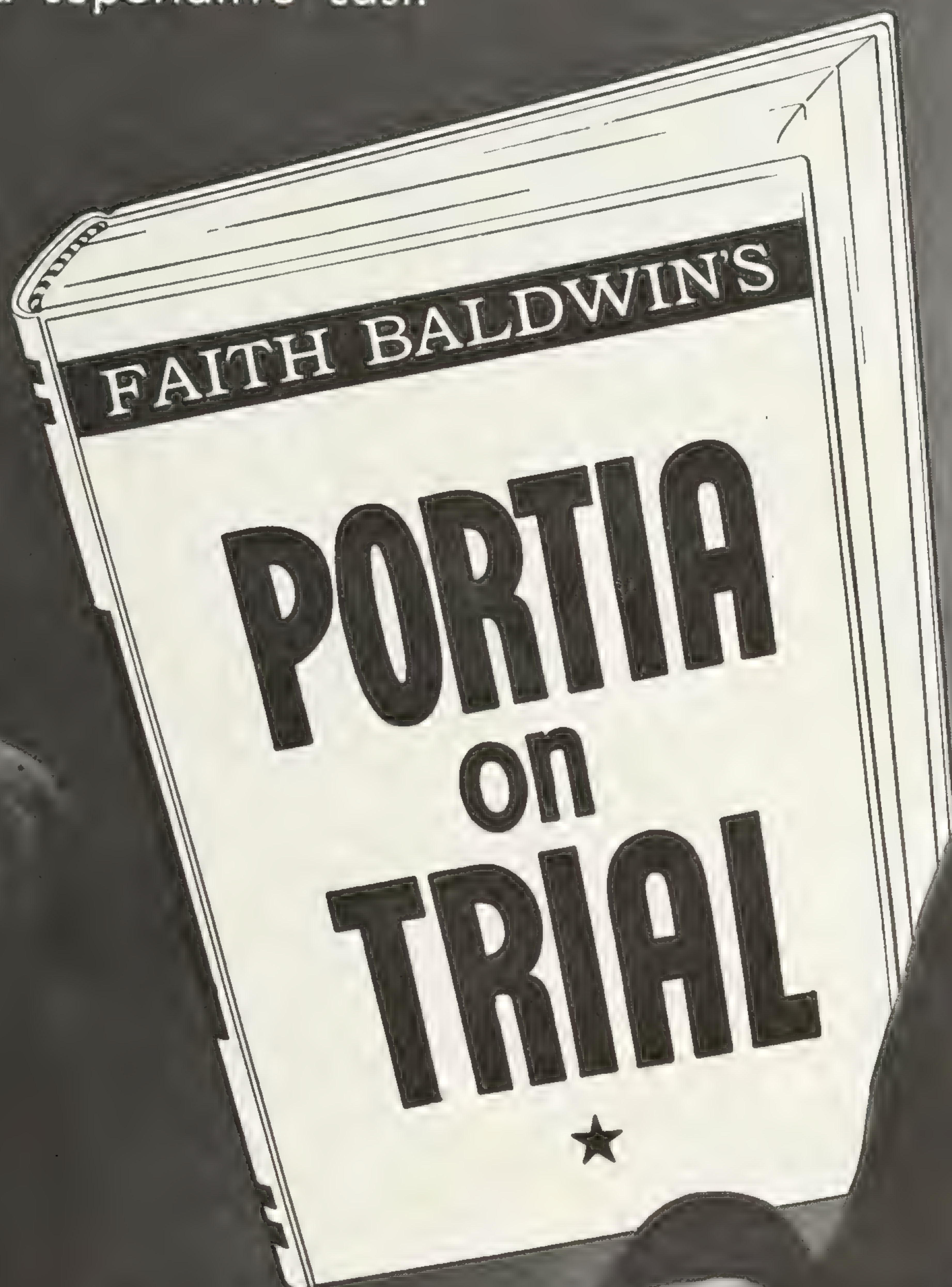
"That's what is queer," she puzzled. "I love them much more than people who tell me I'm sweet all the time." Then she said, sighing, "Oh, dear, I do wish I could think of something that's good enough to give my mother for Christmas!"

Tommy Kelly, Jackie Morrow, Jane Isbell and Ann Gillis came in to tea yesterday. It was a big mistake on my part, for Ann and

(Continued on page 78)

"...but for the Grace of God, there sit I, Portia Merriman, facing a verdict of life or death!"

A heart-tugging mother-and-son story as only Faith Baldwin could write it. Played to perfection by a superlative cast.



with

**WALTER ABEL
FRIEDA INESCORT**

**NEIL HAMILTON
HEATHER ANGEL
RUTH DONNELLY
BARBARA PEPPER**

Directed by George Nicholls, Jr.
Screen Play by Samuel Ornitz • Adapta-
tion and additional dialogue by E. E. Para-
more, Jr. • Original story by Faith Baldwin
Associate producer, Albert E. Levoy

A *Republic*
PICTURE



PHOTOPLAY'S

own *Beauty Shop*

CAROLYN VAN WYCK
PROP.

Joan Fontaine (above left) experiments with a new hair-do that's charming for girls and simple to arrange. Rita Johnson (right) tries a new makeup foundation that has caught on like mad

Lots of the stars use the many excellent shampoos already on the market. All of them, rest assured, see to it that their hair is always perfectly clean.

And the theme song of everyone around Hollywood when questioned about hair is, "Brush it every night with a good, strong brush, and you won't have to worry about keeping it soft and shiny."

New, refreshing and simple are these vital aids to loveliness brought to you from Hollywood's most beautiful

LET'S TALK ABOUT HAIR—Now that you've gotten your new winter formals and are all set for the holiday parties, do you find that you can't do a thing with your hair, that you look very glamorous from the tips of your toes just up to your chin, and that a mop of dried-out hair is ruining the smooth perfection of your appearance? If you've made that sad discovery, you have a lot in common with me. So, being one who never can suffer passively, I set about finding out what the Hollywood girls do about such a situation, and, like the good girl scout that I am, I'm passing all the information on to you.

I caught up with Janet Gaynor and with a do-or-die look in my eye demanded to know how she takes care of that lovely hair of hers.

She told me that she massages her scalp with a special hair oil as a corrective for dryness, and then, to give it a heightened sheen, she applies a few drops of lemon juice and rubs it into her scalp. She leaves the oil on over night and shampoos her hair in the morning.

Janet sets aside one night a week for this and calls it her no-beau night because with oil in her hair, cold cream on her face, and a bath towel around her neck, she offers up herself as sacrifice on the altar of glamour. And don't we all!

Jane Bryan, too, keeps her hair glossy by soaking it in hair oil before retiring and washing it the next morning, and Mary Maguire tells me that she's found the best way to keep her hair in good condition is to change her part a little after each shampoo.

Mary uses a bit of scented cologne in the rinse water to give her hair a soft sheen and a faint fragrance, and Anne Nagel perfumes her hair by pouring over it, after the last rinse, a glass of warm water in which several drops of rose-scented oil have been mixed.

Jeanette MacDonald tells me that she rubs table salt into her hair and then brushes it out with firm brisk strokes before shampooing it, in order to stimulate her scalp and increase the circulation.

HAIR-DOS AND DON'TS—If you have bleached hair, or are planning to lighten your hair, here's some advice I got for you from a famous Hollywood beauty salon: have a bleach every three weeks, but be sure to have your hair toned down every two months so that it doesn't become brassy and obviously artificial. And ask for an oil dye to keep your hair from becoming too dry.

Have a new permanent about every three months, so you don't look bedraggled. It's really better for the texture of your hair if you have the permanent all over your head instead of just on the ends. Tell the operator to leave the curlers on the top of your head a very short time and longer on the ends, so they'll be nice and curly; and you can still wear the rest of it straight and smooth if you like.

If you find that the ends of your hair are splitting and drying, there's a wonderful hair tonic on the market now which is a splendid cure for this and which will restore the natural oils and luster. Also, don't ever wet your hair when you comb it, as water is very bad for splitting hair. Use a good brilliantine instead.

If you're having a new permanent, don't take even one cocktail the day before, because the alcohol in your system won't allow the wave to show the best results. And if

(Continued on page 86)

A MILLION SPENT TO MAKE YOU LAUGH!

A great all-laugh show in the tradition of the mighty Chaplin and Lloyd comedies! Spiced with music, youth and romance! Over-brimming with the funniest merry-makers of stage, screen and radio led by

THE FOUR HORSEMEN OF HILARITY!

The poster features a collage of images. At the top left, a small cartoon of a man in a top hat and bow tie. Below it, a large illustration of Bert Lahr in a striped shirt and bowler hat, leaning forward. To his right, a large illustration of Mischa Auer in a white shirt and dark pants, pointing. Further right, a large illustration of Billy House in a white shirt and dark pants, pointing. To the right of Billy House, a large illustration of Jimmy Savo in a dark suit and bowler hat, holding a small object. Below these, a collage of smaller images including a woman's face, a man's face, a couple dancing, and a cartoon of a man on a horse. The text 'THE NEW UNIVERSAL presents' is on the left. Below it, 'A TEN-STAR FUN FROLIC' and 'MERRY-GO-ROUND of 1938'. At the bottom, a list of cast members and production credits.

**THE NEW
UNIVERSAL**
presents

A TEN-STAR FUN FROLIC

MERRY-GO- ROUND of 1938

with **BERT LAHR • JIMMY SAVO • BILLY HOUSE • ALICE
BRADY • MISCHA AUER • JOY HODGES • LOUISE FAZENDA • JOHN
KING • BARBARA READ • DAVE APOLLON and His Orchestra**

Screen Play by Monte Brice and A. Dorian Otvos • Original story
by Monte Brice and Henry Myers • Directed by Irving Cummings

Produced by **B • G • DE SYLVA**
who made "Sing, Baby Sing" and other big hits!

In Charge of Production, **Charles R. Rogers**

HIT SONGS!
"I'm In My Glory"
"More Power To You"
"You're My Dish"
by **JIMMY McHUGH** and
HAROLD ADAMSON
who gave you "Where
Are You"?



Right: the recreation room of the old English house which will be the scene of the festivities

—who invite you, through the author, to enjoy with them the preparations for their yearly Christmas party, a Hollywood institution



PARTY

AT THE BAXTERS

BY MOLLY CASTLE

"NOW about this party," said Mrs. Warner Baxter.

Warner put down the morning paper and looked over at her. He was feeling relaxed and lazy. Here it was ten o'clock of a sunny morning and he was still in his bathrobe, still sipping coffee. It was grand to have a one o'clock studio call and a lazy morning once in a while. The Baxters were breakfasting upstairs in the little book-lined sitting room. Presently he would go into his gymnasium and have a workout, follow it up with a cold shower, then stroll around the garden until it was time to go to work. But for half an hour he would just relax.

"Party?" he inquired. "What sort of party is it to be this time?"

But his wife was chewing the end of a pencil, and concentrating over a list, and she didn't hear.

He thought over the parties he liked best. These took place in the summerhouse. He particularly liked the summerhouse; anyone would. He liked the big, comfortable, three-sided sitting room, its fourth side open to the green swimming pool. He liked the snug little bar on one side, the remote-control

radio, so that they could dance after dinner if they felt like it, the open fire and the charcoal-broiled steaks that he himself cooked on the iron grill. And he liked to putter around in the diminutive all-electric kitchen making some of his famous chile con carne. He'd been making chiles ever since he'd been tied to his mother's apron strings to prevent him from falling into the stewpan: small ones for Sunday suppers at home, large ones for the cast at the completion of his many pictures. That made an awful lot of chiles: he had been at 20th Century-Fox almost since the 19th Century.

He knew the recipe by heart. Into 1½ cups of olive oil he put 3 medium chopped onions; simmered them for ten minutes and added 2 pounds of ground lean pork and 1 pound of lean ground steak. He let that simmer for twenty minutes and then added 2 cans of tomato juice, 2 quarts of boiling water, 1 cup of chile powder and 6 pods of grated garlic; salt to taste (and the tasting was part of the fun). Then he put a tablespoonful of kumis powder and another of oregano into a cheesecloth bag and suspended them in the stew. The idea then was to leave all this to simmer for 1½ hours (meanwhile having a swim or a game of tennis or one of the crazy, juvenile games they played around the pool to work up an ap-

petite). He would then come back and have another taste and maybe add beef extract or more pepper or salt and herbs. And certainly 1½ pounds of Mexican beans which had been soaked overnight and cooked till tender.

It made his mouth water even to think of it. A pity chiles were not so cool as they sounded. As it was, during all those years of tasting a little bit here, a sip there, he had practically burned out his innards.

BUT perhaps this party that Winnie was talking about wasn't to be a chile picnic, nor even one of the buffet suppers they sometimes served downstairs in the big recreation room. Maybe it was going to be a formal party with cocktails served by the butler in the drawing room, instead of mixed up by Warner in the bar and sipped from the playroom's leather-topped stools. Not that he minded the formal, dress-up parties once in a while, though they were really for the benefit of English Miss Carr who was so much more than a secretary and liked a little English formality now and again.

"Is it going to be a formal party?" he asked his wife.

"Formal?" she repeated, looking up. A satisfactory picture of the dining room with

(Continued on page 92)

The Producer and Director of "A STAR IS BORN"—DAVID O. SELZNICK and WILLIAM A. WELLMAN now give you

THE TENDEREST, TOUGHEST LOVE STORY EVER TOLD



CAROLE
LOMBARD
FREDRIC
AND **MARCH**
IN SELZNICK INTERNATIONAL'S SENSATIONAL TECHNICOLOR COMEDY
NOTHING SACRED

WITH
**CHARLES
WINNINGER
WALTER
CONNOLLY**

SCREEN PLAY BY
BEN HECHT
RELEASED THRU
UNITED ARTISTS



Hold on to your Turbans, folks!

Fun-making Eddie Cantor and hit-making 20th Century-Fox
now go to town together! *And it's a Cantornado of laughs!*



Eddie **CANTOR**
ALI BABA
GOES TO TOWN

WITH ALL THESE MERRY-MAKING ENTERTAINERS

TONY MARTIN • ROLAND YOUNG
JUNE LANG • LOUISE HOVICK

JOHN CARRADINE
VIRGINIA FIELD
ALAN DINEHART

DOUGLAS DUMBRILLE
RAYMOND SCOTT QUINTET
PETERS SISTERS • JENI LE GON

Directed by David Butler • Associate Producer Laurence Schwab
Screen Play by Harry Tugend and Jack Yellen • Based on
a story by Gene Towne, Graham Baker and Gene Fowler

1001 SIGHTS!
1002 LAUGHS!

...as Eddie turns Bagdad into gag-dad and streamlines the Sultan's swindom!

Hundreds of dancing harem darlings! (*Whoopsie doops!*)

About a million wild-riding Arab horsemen (*all after Eddie!*)

The Raymond Scott Quintet (*putting the heat in swing!*)

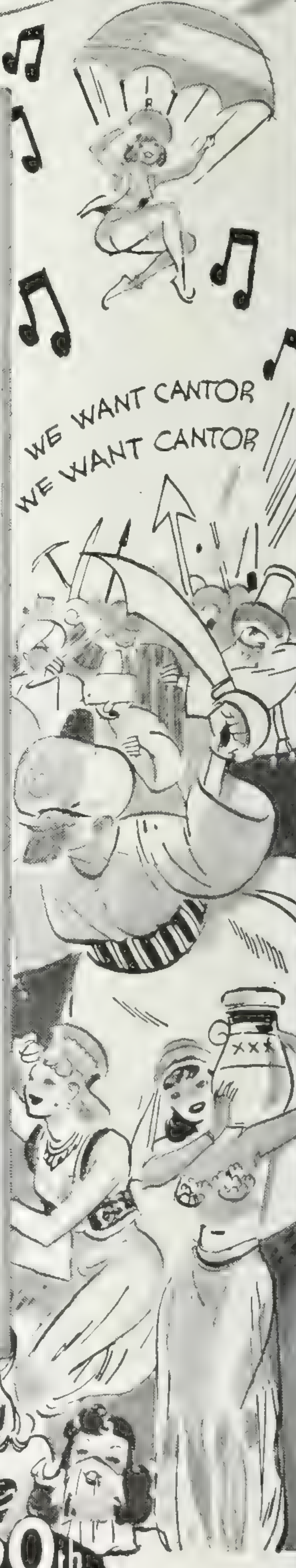
Countless kisses under the desert moon (*as Tony sings to June!*)

1938-model Magic Carpets (*with floating power!*)

A hundred or so other hi-de-highlights!

Gorgeous, spectacular, tune-ful, surprise-ful Cantortainment!

Yes! You've got something here!



NEW GORDON and REVEL SONG HITS!

"Laugh Your Way Thru Life"
"Vote For Honest Abe"
"Swing Is Here To Sway"
"I've Got My Heart Set on You"



20th CENTURY FOX

Darryl F. Zanuck
in Charge of Production



David O. Selznick (middle), product of the second generation of the motion-picture business and the brains behind his studio, makes it possible for an unknown like Tommy Kelly to zoom to stardom (as he undoubtedly will in "Tom Sawyer") under the guidance of a wise director, Norman Taurog (right)

CLOSE UPS AND LONG SHOTS

BY RUTH WATERBURY

AN editor's month in Hollywood can be very thrilling . . . comes a note saying that Mr. Clark Gable is very keen on the Vincentini drawing of himself as Rhett Butler that ran in the October issue of *PHOToplay* and when we are all through with it, would it be possible for him to have the picture or wouldn't it . . . now what does Mr. Gable think we can reply to that . . . doesn't he know the editor of this magazine is a woman and has he heard any woman say no to him in the last five years. . . .

Comes a day or so later a very fine afternoon call from Miss Joan Crawford who says that rushing as she did from the production of "The Bride Wore Red" right straight into the production of "Mannequin" she didn't have time really to work out her characterization of the girl in the first scenes of "Mannequin"—a working girl who was determined to climb from an ugly, poverty-

stricken environment and make something of her life—well, Joan declared that she read the first installment of Adela Rogers St. Johns' story about her (Crawford's) life and she suddenly not only understood herself but the girl in "Mannequin" as well . . . so she is modeling that girl on the *PHOToplay* version of herself . . . nice compliment what?

And we knew it was a great day when we first caught sight of Alan Curtis, who will be, with Spencer Tracy, the Crawford love interest in "Mannequin" . . . we have always been very proud that we were the first person to run a picture of Clark Gable in any magazine, and the first to print his life story . . . so we want to say we are definitely pro-Curtis right now . . . for us he has more than Robert Taylor . . . in fact he is like Gable only much younger . . . very handsome, very assured and he does look as

though he definitely knew his way around . . . on the next page we are presenting M-G-M's first picture of him. . . .

BUT the very best moment of all the month was a long talk we had with David O. Selznick about himself, "Gone with the Wind," "The Prisoner of Zenda," and the fact that good can come out of relatives in the motion-picture business. . . .

Now for those of you who merely go to pictures . . . who aren't as I am mixed into the background of things here in Hollywood . . . a producer may seem a much less glamorous person than a star . . . possibly you regard him as just a businessman sitting behind the scenes . . . pulling strings . . . being struck with the good luck of finding a lucky star . . . and making millions thereby. . . .

Only that isn't true . . . a man like David Selznick is much more colorful than half the stars he presents . . . and it is his talent and his intelligence and his energy that keep his stars where they are. . . .

I met him originally one night at dinner at Claudette Colbert's . . . I don't know how I got in, for everyone else was such a big shot . . . the Mervyn LeRoys . . . the William Goetz (Mr. Goetz is Vice-President of 20th Century-Fox) . . . Ernst Lubitsch . . . Mr. and Mrs. Selznick . . . Claudette and her distinguished husband . . . the conversation most certainly did not concern itself entirely with pictures . . . we talked everything . . . horse racing . . . politics . . . the stock market . . . medicine . . . but that Selznick kept prowling around the drawing room after dinner making one brilliantly humorous remark after the other. . . .

A few weeks later I deliberately called on him at his studio . . . I had just been reading the startling box-office reports on "The Prisoner of Zenda," the picture which is the biggest money earner of this year . . . and in less than five minutes' conversation I knew that its success had been no accident. . . .

David Selznick is the finest product of the second generation of the motion-picture business . . . his father was Lewis J. Selznick of the old World Films Corporation . . . an executive back in the days when movies were something to scoff at . . . young David absorbed the atmosphere from his very childhood . . . his father intended that David's brother, Myron, who is now an agent, should be the producer and that David should be the executive . . . David says that probably accounts for his wavering today between being an executive and trying to be artistic . . . so far the artist has won out. . . .

This is how that affects you and me as we go to the movies . . . David Selznick has been so truly great as a producer that if he would sign with any one of the major companies . . . say Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer or Paramount or Warners or whomever . . . he could make a gigantic fortune even in these days of terrific taxes . . . the reason he doesn't want to do that despite the fact that big money attracts him just as much as the rest of us is because he would not then be able to make what he calls "handmade" pictures . . . that is, he doesn't believe any big organization would let him take his time in making a production as he does now. . . .

Take his production of "Tom Sawyer" for example . . . he was determined to find a

real boy for the leading rôle, not a young actor . . . he had one hundred and ten talent scouts hunting through every part of the country before he discovered Tommy Kelly in New York's Bronx . . . well, I watched Tommy Kelly work for just a half-hour on the day I talked to Mr. Selznick and that kid certainly seemed to me just about the finest natural actor who ever hit Hollywood . . . besides everybody around the studio is so touched by Tommy's real story and the grand simple family group he comes from they are all rooting for him . . . his Irish father and mother and his cute little sister . . . all of them on the set every day watching Tommy with adoring eyes but keeping most carefully out of everybody's way . . . that poor, warmhearted little family who had been so desperate for money before good fortune blessed Tommy . . . you should see the whole studio beam at the Kellys . . . with a most particular beam coming from that genial and wise kid-director, Norman Taurog . . . Selznick feels he couldn't make a "Tom Sawyer" rapidly. . . .

He made "Zenda" slowly . . . intelligently realizing that the world was still dreaming of the romance of an American woman and an English king . . . so he determined to give the world an even better dream-romance. . . .

Right now he refuses to be rushed into work on "Gone with the Wind" . . . he is determined if it takes another year to get the right cast . . . he has the story all ready and the director all set. . . .

All of which is typical of how his mind works . . . he has the greatest respect for the original story . . . he has always chosen fine stories and he feels stories that have stood the test of time—like "David Copperfield," which he produced, and "A Tale of Two Cities"—should be as little tampered with for picture production as is dramatically possible . . . his respect next goes to what he calls the creative director . . . like Frank Capra and Gregory LaCava for example . . . men who can practically write their own scripts and direct them, too. . . .



Hyman Fink

Flash! Flash! Big editorial powwow in Hollywood! Ernest V. Heyn and Heyworth Campbell plane in from New York to discuss magazine headaches with Ruth Waterbury—and just see how hard they work!

FURTHERMORE he prefers to make his mistakes before he starts . . . rather than do that quaint Hollywood stunt of what is called shooting from the cuff which means actually that the director and the actors go out on the set daily waiting for scenes and dialogue to be written right then for that day's work . . . Selznick refuses to do that . . . if he can't get a story right he junks the whole

thing . . . once he had as much as \$160,000 advance work done on a picture . . . but he felt the story just wasn't strong enough . . . so he lost all that money rather than putting in more, hoping blindly to save what didn't look good in the first place. . . .

I hope out of all this you get the fact that David Selznick is a brilliant and sensitive man . . . not a discontented disappointed individual talking of art and by that meaning a retreat from reality into something very special for the very few . . . but rather a man of the keenest commercial sense and the greatest achievement . . . who deliberately is choosing to make less money because thereby he can make better pictures . . . pictures as full of beauty, and truth, as is possible for them to be . . . and yet pictures which are entertainment for all of us . . . that lift us for an hour from the dull round of our days into the realm of pure enchantment. . . .

The entire movie business should be very proud that it has borne and nourished a man capable of such coordination of talents . . . for what can it be but genius that gives a man the ability to sit down calmly and map out from all the divergent elements that go into making a movie map a masterpiece, not once but time after time. . . .



After the first glimpse of Alan Curtis in a scene with Joan Crawford in "Mannequin," PHOTOPLAY goes on record as being definitely pro-Curtis. His screen experience has been negligible but the lad has something women like

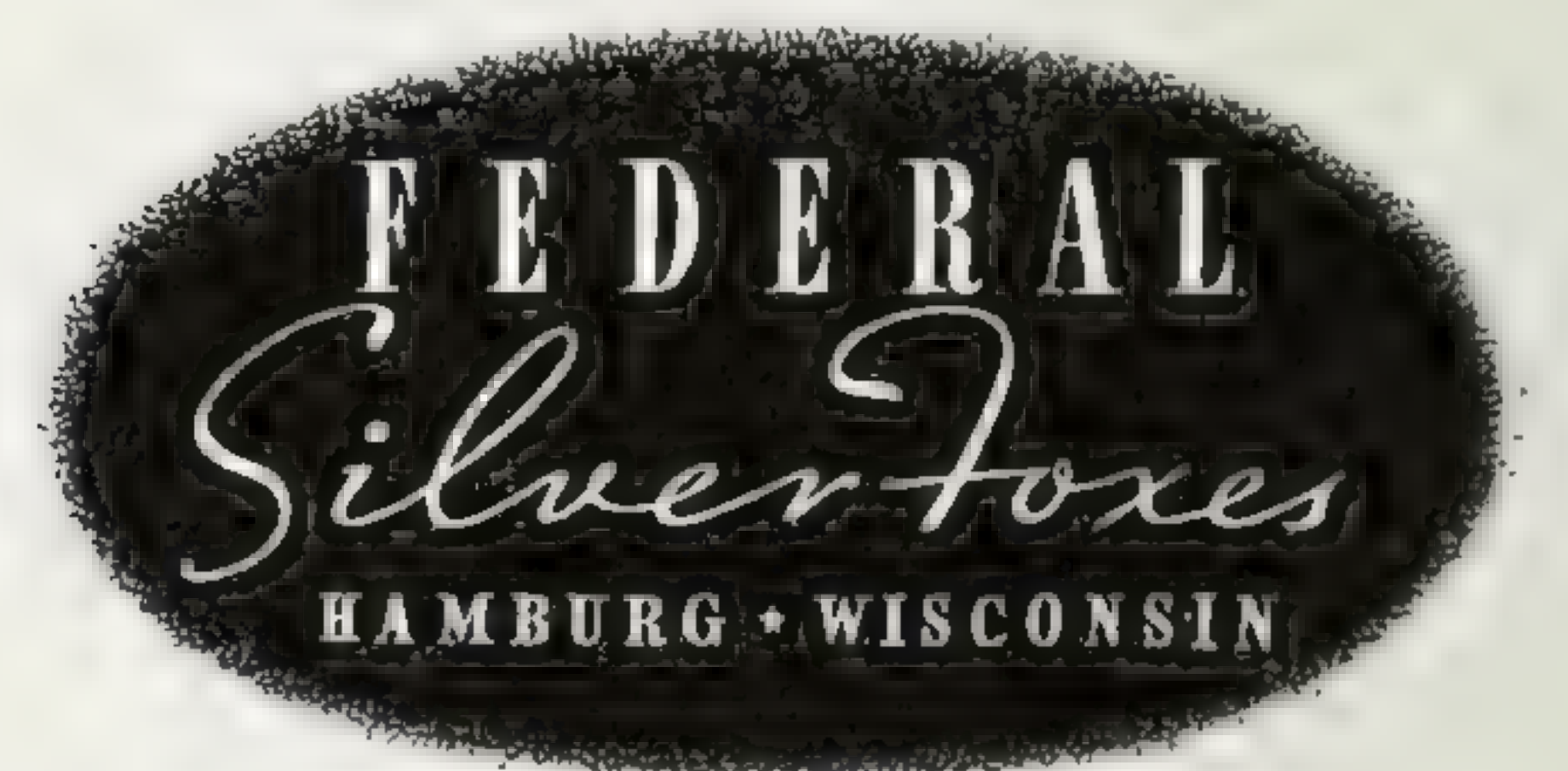
THE MOST EXQUISITE PERFUME



FLEURS DE ROCAILLE DE CARON

© 1937 Caron Corp.

Look Your Loveliest in Silver Fox, this gay Yuletide season. Nothing is so brilliantly flattering as a cape of soft FEDERAL Silver Foxes . . . graceful adjunct to chic evening gowns. No other fur has such gleaming elegance for daytime wear. All FEDERAL Silver Foxes bear the FEDERAL name sealed to the ear and stamped on the pelt side . . . your assurance of *lasting* beauty.





Drawings by Vincentini

IS THIS SCARLETT?

Again Vincentini scores—with this picture of Scarlett, as Photoplay conceived her. The prime requisite was, we told him, that Scarlett must be in Gable's arms, for, you see, we still insist on Clark as Rhett. For the rest, she must have the fire of Paulette Goddard; the acting ability of Shearer; the voice of Alicia Rhett, Southern girl candidate, whose name is really identical with the hero's. The artist, we believe, has endowed her with all these qualities, and a few individual charms of her own, for isn't she still Scarlett O'Hara, Miss Unknown? Now turn the page and read her story



HEARTACHES IN THE

Great stars, famous socialites and unknowns — behind these Scarlett aspirants run tales of broken dreams

BY ADELHEID KAUFMANN

THE greatest woman hunt in all movie history has been going on for more than a year now, and many the heart that has been broken and many the thousands that have been spent.

They are searching for Scarlett O'Hara in "Gone with the Wind" and as yet she is nowhere in sight.

The newspapers have frequently printed headlines over all these months about the signing of this star or that. But those statements were simply dreamed up, usually by the actress' agent, and had no basis in fact.

You have heard stories about Tallulah Bankhead and Margaret Sullavan, of Miriam Hopkins and Bette Davis, of Paulette Goddard, Norma Shearer and Margaret Tallichet, and you have probably read that each of them in turn has been signed for the Selznick production of Margaret Mitchell's novel. Fine reading, but none of it is true.

David Selznick, the producer, wishes it were true that he had his Scarlett. George Cukor, the director, would be delighted to know that the cast question was settled. For everything is set to go. The script is all finished. The costumes have all been designed.

Most likely applicant at present is Paulette Goddard

Now it can be told why Shearer is no longer a candidate



Margaret Sullavan



Tallulah Bankhead



Miriam Hopkins



Margaret Tallichet

The settings are all ready. Rhett Butler—and more of him later—is close at hand. But Scarlett, that minx, still remains as elusive as she was in the original story.

BEHIND all this, however, run tales of true heroism, the stories of the girls who have tried for the rôle and failed.

First of all, you must understand that Selznick has had more than a hundred talent scouts searching every part of the country for the right girl. They combed the South, invading every school, every dramatic society, every little club below the Mason-Dixon line.

Added to the professional scouts, there have been the wistful amateur ones, the proud Aunt Nellies and Uncle Zeds of Smalltown, who see in their niece, Lilybelle, just the girl to play the rôle. When these amateur scouts reported they had the ideal heroine right in their own homes, or towns, or country, the real talent scouts checked up. Several village debs were put under contract by just this method.

Other youngsters, who weathered the tests of the field talent man, then an interview with Director Cukor, and finally Producer Selznick, were even brought to Hollywood for a while. Besides this, orders were given that any woman, regardless of age or appearance, who either called in person, or even wrote a letter saying she believed she could play Scarlett, should be given an interview.

And out of all this just one girl has emerged with a permanent contract. But it isn't a contract to play Scarlett. Her name is Bebe Anderson and her history is typical. She is the daughter of a real-estate broker in Birmingham, Alabama, where a talent scout discovered her. Bebe, who is in her teens, is five feet two and weighs one hundred pounds. She is not only very pretty but really cute. She is accustomed to admiration, having been voted the prettiest

girl in her high-school class, the cutest girl in her freshman class at college, the cutest girl in her sorority, and just this year, her sophomore one, the most glamorous.

Which is just the kind of nice going that gets a girl to Hollywood and makes her stick, if you ask us.

CONTRAST to the lucky Bebe the tragic bravery of a young Southern girl who continues to haunt the Selznick studio. She came to California with the few pennies she'd managed to save from her small job back home and a stack of clippings from her local paper to the effect that "Gone with the Wind" read like her own life story.

"It would be unfair to cast anyone else as Scarlett when the story was written about me," she will tell you. "Why, everybody down South knows that I'm the real Scarlett O'Hara and that Miss Mitchell got the plot for her book from the facts of my life as told to her by one of my girl friends.

"Of course," she adds magnanimously, "many incidents have been added in the book and the part about the Civil War was put in simply as background. 'Tara' with its avenue of cedars was my grandfather's place."

Her eyes fill with tears whenever she talks of her youngest child, who was killed going over a jump with her Shetland pony, just as Scarlett's child met her death in the book.

"The studio might find an actress with more acting experience for the part but she wouldn't be the real Scarlett," she declares.

The studio has firmly told this deluded girl she isn't right for the rôle, but she hangs around, hoping.

Among the stock qualities found in almost all these aspirants who have Scarlett ambitions are, first, that they have read the book and consider themselves to be "exactly like her." Second, they have a Southern accent and come from Georgia. Third, they are excellent horsewomen, let them tell it, and al-

most without exceptions, their grandfathers were Southern colonels.

One girl came all the way by bus from Minneapolis to Hollywood to see Director Cukor. She was down to her last penny, but she was more fortunate than the other moneyless girls (and most of them are absolutely broke), in that she had a round-trip ticket in her purse.

"I realize I'm not the Scarlett type," one tall, raw-boned matron from Kentucky offered, when she was ushered into the casting office, "but I would be very valuable as her stand-in, knowing the story as I do."

Or there's the girl who painstakingly studied every character in the book because she felt the studio might hire her as an understudy if they realized she could be dropped into any rôle.

A YOUNG girl visitor at the studio, who with a group of others had come out from the East, encountered Director Cukor interviewing a group who wanted various assisting rôles. She confided that she knew she could play Melanie, if not the high-spirited Scarlett. She wanted to give him a reading on the spot.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," the director protested kindly. "I'm going to make a test of another girl, not for Scarlett, but for a small part. I'll throw you in on the other girl's tests background." Later, Leslie Howard happened to see the test and voiced his enthusiasm for the figure in the background. On the strength of this recommendation, an agent immediately called upon the girl to see if she couldn't stay in Hollywood and study in stock. But now the poor girl has no money left.

Many of these inspired arrivals have novel qualifications. Take, for example, the determined girl who had memorized two-thirds of the book. Although it had taken her

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Considered but not chosen were coed Susan Falligant of Georgia (left), debutante Alicia Rhett of Charleston, socialite Louisa Robert of Atlanta

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF

Spectacular success was the lot of a little 14-year-old girl—then came the inevitable temperament rumors.

Here's the real story of Deanna

BY JESSIE HENDERSON

It was Papa Durbin himself who opened the door of the house on the hill—in his shirt sleeves, because he had been mending something—but it was Deanna who instantly came bounding out into the hall with the zest of any average fourteen-year-old who sees comp'ny on the front step. She bounded so fast, the brown dog Tippy at heel, that she had to check her feet, smile flashing, to keep from a slide over the threshold. . . .

They are a family without pretense, these Durbins. Though they number among them the most extraordinary child soprano in the world, who is at the same time one of the best actresses in Hollywood, they feel no itch to impress people. Somehow you can sense this—the sincerity and simplicity of her background—from Deanna's own air of modesty on the screen.

"100 Men and a Girl" had recently emerged from the studio. A year to a day from the time when she first stepped, unknown, before a movie camera, this child had attended the première of her first starring picture, wearing her first formal gown: a blue marquisette "made over" from a party dress she had on hand because she "didn't feel comfortable" in the more lavish frock that had been especially purchased for the occasion. The press notices, the roared ovation of the crowd, might easily have turned a little girl's head as well as the heads of her parents.

Yet Daddy—chancing to be in the hall—admitted you without waiting for the single servant to get there from the kitchen. And Deanna, watchful of everybody's comfort, waved a slender brown hand to the couch near the living-room fireplace. "It's soft," she said hospitably, dropping down on the far end of it.

SLIM-WAISTED in a darkish blue linen dress with white embroidery across the bodice, Deanna is as beautiful a child as you'd find in ten counties, far more beautiful in life than on the screen. And beautiful is the right word for her, for she has a sensitive face delicately tan and rose, and a sweet mouth that parts eagerly as her interest in the conversation mounts.

She has also a gift for sitting quietly and attentively, yet with an air of great animation because of the enthusiasm in her shining



In just one year Deanna went from obscurity to world fame. Autographed pictures by the thousands she's signed. But her reactions to such thrills as string-pulling at the Olvera Street Puppet show (you see her above, right, buying her ticket), to the selection of her first formal gown, prove her a normal child

blue eyes. A ladylike little girl, with graceful manners and an intelligence beyond her years (you can look up the birth certificate at Winnipeg, Canada; December 4, 1922), she's no sissy. Her favorite sport, for example, is roller skating.

"Only I can't do it any more!" she said, with genuine regret.

It's a penalty of popularity. A young artist who, via two pictures and an Eddie Cantor radio program, has so endeared herself to the public, is hard put to it to have a private life.

When Deanna, hat swung in hand, came all unaware down the terraces of Hollywood Bowl after listening to a concert the other night, the fans mobbed her. She signed autographs for an hour. If she went roller skat-

ing on any sidewalk upon the planet (the grounds around her house are too hilly), the public would bother the life. . . .

"Oh, no!" Deanna interrupted, a trifle shocked, "they don't bother me. It's only the time it takes. I like to sign autographs—but I just wouldn't get anything else done."

And she has plenty else to get done, every day and throughout the day. Determined that, come what will, their little girl shall have a life all her own for some portion of each twenty-four hours, the Durbins took the first step by leaving their comfortable small home in the section where Daddy has a real estate business, to move into the seclusion of a large, rented house with an acre of land, on a remote hillock. The studio doesn't give

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DEANNA DURBIN



A family without pretense, Mr. and Mrs. Durbin (top), lunching with Deanna, determined that their daughter should have a life of her own. Her picture and radio work, the heavy fan mail, which she collects at the studio Post Office, her school routine, singing lessons (under the tutelage of Andres de Segura, above), the fans who mob her wherever she goes, are items Deanna takes in her stride. She pays the penalty of fame in many ways but she's found there are compensations in stardom, too—such as the day the studio gave her a car



Not even the parents know which of their twins played this scene

This angel was limousined to sleep

BABIES RAISE HELL

This highly amusing revelation explains those

"little bundles from heaven" and their not so

heavenly antics that drive directors daffy

BY LUPTON A. WILKINSON

YOU think they're lovely? Pooie!
You think they're angelic? Hah!
Hah!

Adorable? Sweet? Cute? Precious? You take 'em. Take 'em away. Any director will give 'em to you gladly. Directors, in their working selves, love babies like W. C. Fields loves Charlie McCarthy.

And studio treasurers? They gnash their teeth. When you see a brief flash of some darling infant in a feature picture, it's a cinch that that heartwarming glimpse set the producing company back \$25,000. It often goes as high as fifty grand.

S. Goldwyn made a picture called "Stella Dallas." It was quite a picture.

On the set of "Stella Dallas" occurred a triple drama of rivalry, defeat and triumph that makes the feuds of older stars seem pale and trivial. And it cost Excitable Sam plenty of dough.

The first baby we will leave unnamed and unpictured. Who wants to spoil her career? She may come back.

She was a true heartwarmer, that baby. She curled her sweet, intent seriousness around the consciousness of everybody on the set. And smart! Under two years old, she could take direction like a trouper. In every rehearsal she did everything they wanted her to—perfectly.

Then, when King Vidor called "Camera!

... Speed!" the awful weight of responsibility descended on this conscientious mite. She set herself. She almost gritted her teeth. She tried too hard!

This went on for three days. In rehearsal—perfect. When the camera turned—grim. Like a horse who leaves his race in his workout.

That expensive company marked time while perspiration ran down King Vidor's face, and everyone desperately tried to make Sweetie Pie relax. No business!

On that lot they had had experience (more of that later), so now they sent for *two* babies. The first to be tried was Mila Samrich, the darling in the picture. She, too, was very, very cooperative. But she seldom smiled. To her, acting was a serious job and she meant to do it.

Jack Reynolds, assistant director, fixed that. Just outside the camera's range he set up a Christmas tree with red and green bulbs—dark. When Vidor wanted Mila to smile, Jack pressed a switch and the lights blossomed. Did she smile!

For two days this was swell. Then came a scene in which John Boles quarreled with Barbara Stanwyck. Mila was supposed to be frightened and weep. Applesauce! She had decided that everything on the Goldwyn lot was a picnic plus Christmas. Weep? Never!



genuity put Mila Samrich into a smiling mood



Acting was serious business when Mila played this scene from "Stella Dallas" with Alan Hale, John Boles and Barbara Stanwyck. But when she had to cry—!

Jean and Joan Kelly, the "You laugh—I cry" twins at 7 months. At 2 (below), they no longer look alike and it costs them money



ON THE SET

This was Jack Reynolds' first job as assistant director. It nearly became his last. He said, "I can fix it."

He took Mila to one side. He told her gravely, in kind but regretful voice, that everybody loved her, but that she didn't quite fill the bill. They would have to get some other baby.

She cried, all right. She cried for an hour, inconsolable. Jack didn't need the black looks of the Health Department nurse, or the usually even-tempered Vidor, or the grip-boys and light men. He ceased to walk. He began to creep. He may be cast in the near future as the Man Who Shot His Grandmother, though he and Mila made up and are friends.

There's always a pay-off. While this excitement fascinated the set (and the Treasurer moaned) another blessed infant—let her be nameless—waited, patiently, three days. She would have had her chance—if Mila had failed. Better luck next time, Miss Anonymous!

YOU, Mr., Mrs., and Miss Reader, ought to meet Sheila Cumnor.

When I went to her home she was just a round-eyed, brown-eyed baby with a mop of half-blond hair, beautiful as the Lord ever
(Continued on page 93)



The budget mounted on "Rama" when the frightened 10-months-old Beverly Firestone bellowed. Now, at the age of 2 (right), she's camera-wise



PARTY LINES

*It's not for the sourpusses—this grand yarn about
the hilarious high life of the swimming-pool capital,
by the famed columnist-critic of café society—*

LUCIUS BEEBE

HOLLYWOOD parties, popular legend maintains, are madhouse affairs of positively Babylonish elegance and no taste whatsoever, peopled with high-salaried ruffians whose notion of the ultimate in swank whimsy is swimming in their evening clothes and throwing plates at footmen. For once popular legend can neither be gain-said nor amended: Hollywood parties *are* madhouse affairs of positively Babylonish elegance and no taste whatsoever, peopled with high-salaried ruffians whose notion of



IN HOLLYWOOD

the ultimate swank in whimsey is swimming in their evening clothes and throwing plates at the footmen. That's one reason Hollywood waiters are as they are: only reasonably competent in the service of wine and food, but infinitely adept at dodging and fleeing the premises when the inevitable blizzard of cutlery, crockery and crystal gets under way.

SINCE the days of Mabel Normand film folk have been fools for elegance. Refinement

and chic have stood out all over their private lives in chunks as big as the Hope Diamond, but the saga has it that the last word in gracious magnificence wasn't achieved until Tom Mix acquired his first butler. Mr. Mix's butler, it seems, had formerly been a cowhand and a familiar of Tom's on the range and in the various oases and pool halls of cow towns. That being the case it was difficult to break him of his habit of saluting the master and mistress of the household by their first names—Tom and Victoria. Once

this feat was accomplished, however, all that was necessary to transform him into a very Crichton of Jeeveses were seven suits of livery which Tom bought him, each accompanied by a cap to match bearing the legend "Tom Mix, Monday," "Tom Mix, Tuesday," etc.

Hollywood, stunned by this miracle of elegance, flocked to Mr. Mix's parties in increasing numbers, while Tom, himself, was hailed as the Arbiter Elegantiarum of Beverly Hills, a veritable Ward McAllister of the West Coast. Now and then Jeeves, in friendly mood, joined the party and shot craps on the floor after dinner with the other celebrants, and once when Mrs. Mix was describing, in a vein of wistful reminiscence, an occasion when Tom had drunk down a whole saloonful of cowhands, the sepulchral voice of the perfect butler was heard muttering from the pantry, "And you had something of a slant on yourself, Victoria."

All this was a long time ago and since that time Hollywood has put away such naïve gestures of opulence. A recent check-up revealed that not a single butler now wears a cap engrossed with his employer's name and that most house servants now prefer bridge to the rowdy indignity of craps.

TREND finders maintain that the new elegance came to Hollywood with Clifton Webb, just a year or two ago. Mr. Webb, rumor had it, was the only man in the film colony who appreciated and understood the correct use of the fish fork in dining, and the subjunctive mood in conversation. With his coming, Hollywood life took on entirely a "Clifton Webb atmosphere" which, removed from its proper original, was not without its humorous overtones.

Directors, quite lacking in the lean proportions of the dancer, came to the studio, their chunky midriffs swathed in outrageous tweeds which vividly parodied Mr. Webb's sport clothes. Conversation was altogether dominated by the subjunctive, and rich producers, who a year before had been making their mark with an "X" in legal lieu of handwriting, were bandying such airy phrases as, "Were I you" and "Would that I might."

Actors who knew that when Mr. Webb gave large parties he employed a secretary to check off the invited guests as they arrived amazingly adopted this practice for all occasions, and three or four familiar intimates arriving for luncheon in Santa Monica villas would find themselves stopped at the threshold and properly identified to a secretary with a check list. The Clifton Webb saga still influences Hollywood parties, although some of its aspects would undoubtedly surprise its author.

TO convey some hint of the flavor of Hollywood parties, some vague suggestion of the index of dementia, which is characteristic of rooftop raisings, corn huskings and communal Morris dancing routs in the swami and
(Continued on page 77)

DRAWING BY
WALLACE MORGAN

The formal Hollywood party—"Ah, there you have something," sighs the eminent author, remembering forthwith some amazing tales about the private party manners of a host of film famous





What manner of man is Ronald Colman—star these many years; yet stranger to you, to me, to Hollywood?

BY IDA ZEITLIN

FIRST of all, Ronald Colman is an English gentleman. No longer youthful (and he himself would be the first to admit that), he still has charm enough to so delight women of all ages that his current picture, "The Prisoner of Zenda," is the outstanding box-office smash of the present season.

Extremely handsome, intelligent, reticent, one has to guess, however, at this Englishman's true nature, rather than discover it directly from him.

For example, he doesn't like to eat in public places. Being no fanatic, however, he does occasionally go out to dine. On one such occasion recently, he had ordered his meal and was turning to address a member of his party. Two cameras blocked his vision. "Just a couple of pictures, please, Mr. Colman."

"Go ahead."

When the cameramen had finished, Mr. Colman, ignoring the food that had been placed before him, sought out the manager of the café. "I came in here, like anyone else, to pay for my meal, expecting to be allowed to eat it in peace. You telephoned the cameramen. I don't blame them. They're doing their job. I do blame you. It's your job to supply the public with food, not to trap them into posing as advertisements for your café. Now you have your ad. I don't

see why you should get your money too, do you?"

The incident reveals Colman. Despite his years in a business whose life blood is publicity, he shrinks from the limelight. Too fair-minded to penalize the defenseless, he is also too self-respecting to be played for a sucker.

His aversion to the ways of ballyhoo is as genuine and instinctive as Garbo's. Perhaps because he's a man, his practical handling of the problem is more moderate. As an actor, yes, all the publicity you like. As a private citizen, no.

When he was engaged by David O. Selznick to make "The Prisoner of Zenda," Russell Birdwell, an astute worker in the publicity field, put the case to him. "I don't know what your policy is in such matters. I'd like to tell you what ours is. We believe in publicity to the hilt. We believe that anybody who's making a living in motion pictures should be sold continuously like a can of tomatoes. We believe you should be photographed, interviewed and talked about—in relation to the movies. We won't ask you to name your dream girl, or the ten most beautiful women in Hollywood. We won't quote you on any subject without your confirmation. We will ask you to let us make public whatever you do in motion pictures. The rest belongs to you."

Colman heard him out. "I couldn't have put my own position better," he said. "You can count on me all the way." He was as good as his word.

It has been said that through every actor runs a streak of exhibitionism, else he wouldn't be an actor. If this is true, Colman is the inevitable exception to the rule. He refuses, for example, to attend the premières of his pictures, to place himself in any situation which would make of him its central figure. To be stared at, pointed out, buzzed over, makes him flinch with an almost physical distaste. He cannot help that.

Sometimes he finds it necessary to wear dark glasses, to pull his hat brim down over his eyes. For this he apologizes. He feels he's making himself conspicuous in another way, but it's the lesser of two evils. He'd like to be able to walk down Hollywood Boulevard and look into the shopwindows, to roam along the water front and watch the fishermen. He can do neither. He doesn't moan that his liberty of movement is curtailed. He knows he's been adequately compensated in other directions. "It's not that I mind giving autographs," he says. "It's this sense of eyes all over me—"

There's no mystery about his attitude. A man of reserve, he finds the attention of strangers painful. A courteous man, he finds the need for rebuffing them still more painful. Therefore, whenever possible, he avoids them.

Now and then his courtesy gets the better of him. A woman of his acquaintance begged him to drop in at her home one afternoon "just to say hello to some dear friends from the East." Knowing how he felt, she assured him that neither newspaper people nor cameramen would be present. He went in good faith. Scarcely had he appeared, before he was led, with pretty apologies, to a room where four or five cameramen waited. He was photographed with his hostess and with each of her guests. After forty minutes, having done what he'd been expected to do, he left.

Two days later a gossip column ran an item to the effect that "the great Colman had demanded a guest list before consenting to attend his friend's party—a piece of rudeness that would be unthinkable to a man of his instincts—and had then refused to be photographed with the guests."

"Maybe they didn't recognize me," murmured Colman, on seeing the item. "I felt like a prize pig. Maybe that's how I photographed."

He has been called the hermit of Hollywood.
(Continued on page 72)

WHY CAN'T THE STARS

STAY MARRIED?

BY DAVID SEABURY

NOTED LECTURER, JOURNALIST
AND MODERN PSYCHOLOGIST

THE theater was dark. A deep, troubled sigh broke the spell of silence. Stirred by the romance on the screen, someone was thinking of his own problem. For, young or old, love troubles us all. You and I have felt it—the thrill of anticipation while waiting for the one whose touch we crave, the ache of loneliness when he departs, the dull sadness when misunderstanding enters and the romance is ended.

We go to see picture after picture, sometimes to escape our own unhappiness, sometimes to dream of the joy we seek. Now and again, a scene, a word, tells us a little that is helpful about the strangest of all life's forces: this mystery of love. Now and then, some great story of affection in a film gives us confidence that we can capture happiness ourselves. More often, we saunter home still wondering.

SOME time ago, when I was last in Hollywood, a well-known actress put a question to me that indirectly has to do with all our lives. What is wrong with love nowadays, and why can't the stars stay married, she wished to know. I doubt if love is more unruly in 1937 than it has ever been. Divorce, it is true, is on the increase, but it is doubtful if our ancestors were any happier in intimacy than we are. In the old days, many a man was married several times, too, but in those days, it was death that terminated the union, as can be proved by reading the headstones of those

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Constance Bennett has been thrice married—but why? John Barrymore has had four wives—what's the meaning of it? Some say Gable has a mother complex—that Stanwyck loved too much—all conjectures that are analyzed in this frank discussion of marriage



The famous author of "How to Worry Successfully" takes a look at the Hollywood scene and comments astutely on the marital problems of the stars



SKATING

*The applause of the world or
the homage of a man — one of
these Sonja Henie had to choose*

Little star, big star, both masters of
showmanship: Shirley Temple and Sonja



THROUGH LIFE

BY HOWARD SHARPE

[PART 2]

"AND what did his Majesty say to you?" asked Mrs. Henie, excitedly. "By all the Saints! King Haakon himself—!"

Little Sonja, newly the world's champion ice skater, smiled smugly. "He said, 'Norway is proud of you, my child. You gave a beautiful performance.' And I curtsied and said, 'Thank you, Sir. Your presence inspired me.' Was that all right?"

Mrs. Henie stood staring silently at her offspring. Finally she touched the girl's head and said softly, "Sonja, you will go far."

Sonja leaned down to inspect her shoe, grinning. "I know it."

She was just eleven.

Before this, there had been years of solid healthy work, a magnificent willful determination, the applause of victory set to the music of silver skates. In 1920 had come her first pair of skates; 1922, her first championship; and now, at eleven, she had flashed before the judges of the World Championship to find such triumph as few men or women dream of.

AND it was 1924. In New York Paul Whiteman was still fat and interesting people with his introduction of a controversial piece called "Rhapsody In Blue," by a fellow named Gershwin; Jeanne Eagels on the stage and Valentino on the screen were important; skirts and hair were getting shorter. In Geneva the League of Nations was mapping a Lasting Peace; in Paris fashion and sin held a more superlative world place than ever; in London and all Britain young ladies of marriageable age were discovering that there weren't any young men left. . . .

And in the wealthy Henie household at Oslo, Norway, there were changes, too. Sonja, heretofore a precious but not exceptional member of the family, a normal little girl with an instinct for showing off that sometimes reached the point of irritation, was suddenly a personage. She was famous; she was a champion; a King had honored her; newspaper headlines throughout the world had included her name.

And she knew this, and she was glad. To the abounding ego and the passionate need for applause that early had been established as her entire motivation, such acclaim was not unpleasant. To find that it was extended now to her own house was an even greater triumph.

Her brother was no longer allowed to tease her, as had been his wont. "It might make her nervous," said Selma Henie sharply on the first occasion. He had draped himself with a folded sheet to mimic Sonja's flaring white skating costume and was engaged in an outrageous pantomime which consisted of bowing elaborately before an imaginary com-

pany. "Your presence inspired me, Your Majesty, Sir," he whined in an imitation treble.

Sonja, standing white-faced by the wall, kept her poise where another child would be stamping and shrieking. "I simply pay no attention to him," she told Selma calmly. "He's jealous because he can't skate so well."

"Nervous!" Lief hooted. "That one?" His exaggerated young laughter filled the room.

But thereafter, whether because of this or because he was forced at last to respect his sister's accomplishments, Lief joined worshippers at Sonja's shrine.

So, there was that triumph, for her special glee, and the new attention accorded her by the servants, and there was the new tutor.

Wilhelm and Selma Henie had decided that now, since their Sonja was different from other girls, she should have a special master. The measured pace of ordinary teaching would, in all probability, be too measured indeed for her quick mind: she caught at knowledge exuberantly, without effort. Ordinary classes would absorb too many of the valuable hours needed for practice on the frozen pond near the house.

When the new tutor first arrived Sonja observed him with concentration, proceeding warily for the first few days. She was attentive, she was a little shy in her answers, she studied diligently. She must measure his strength. Then, one afternoon, during a dull session in geometry, she looked up and said, "My brain would be clearer if I went down to the pond for a little while."

"Miss Henie, please! Your theorems."

"I am going to be a great skater, not a bookkeeper," she told him. "You may come along, if you like. Perhaps I may teach you how to skate."

She got up and walked assuredly to the door. Once outside the room, she did not look back, but her heart slowed its pace. Would he follow her? Or was he already straightening his tie, preparatory to an interview with her mother?

His voice at her shoulder startled her. "If you really think the cold air will help you," he said. "But for just an hour. Uh—although I skate quite passably, I should appreciate some instruction in the more intricate figures from—a champion."

Sonja suppressed her desire to shout.

FOR a few months this was enough, this knowledge of superiority, this homage from her family; she needed nothing else, not the companionship of other little girls nor the playtime games, not the old familiar bickering with Lief. She knew that when she walked down the street her erstwhile playmates stared at her enviously, that when she was practicing, the group of people gathered



Sonja and Lief Henie on the set of "Thin Ice." They can smile now at the memory of a teasing little brother

at the edge of the ice had come especially to watch her.

Then, inevitably, the newness of her glory lost its first bright sheen and with it went the unaccustomed deference which she had already accepted as routine. Lief one evening ventured to reply sarcastically to one of her remarks. Sonja waited composedly for Selma's quick rebuke, but Mrs. Henie looked thoughtfully at the two children for a moment and then turned away, saying nothing. The tutor decreed no more skipping of lessons and when, insolently, she ignored the edict, he had a little chat with Wilhelm, who thereupon had a little chat with Sonja.

There came a day when only two other people visited the pond while she was there, and they had come to skate themselves. It was the final humiliation. She locked herself in her room at home and faced what had happened.

You made a great success, and everybody clapped and said, "Isn't she wonderful?" and made special concessions about everything; so life was fun and you had that unexplainable, glowing surge of pride always inside you. But it didn't last. And when it was gone things were worse than ever before—because you'd given up other possessions, other consolations; and you had nothing now.

Then quickly, before the last shred of
(Continued on page 88)

The Laughson Hollywood

BY IRVING HOFFMAN



Portrait of the author
by Rouben Mamoulian



Left: the author who modeled the
heads and drew all these figures.
Above: Groucho Marx — Nuts!

—says this well-known movie columnist as he exposes all the private jokes of the film colony's famous

MARK TWAIN twanged that there is no humor in Heaven, and that's conclusive proof that Hollywood isn't Heaven, no matter whose sweet mama came from there. For there's lots of laughter in—and at—the Cinema City. Yet, somehow, it's kept kind of secret, as though Hollywood were afraid to be caught giggling by the rest of the world—afraid to indulge the one manifestation that sets mankind apart from the allegedly dumber animals.

This particular Photoplayboy has scanned

the words of Hollywood's farthest-famed visiting firemen for some sly gag or nifty, but there's nary a quip from any a lip. Now, of course you wouldn't expect any conscious belly laughs from Herbert Hoover, Albert Einstein or the King of Siam. It seems fair enough, though, to expect a snicker from a pungent poke at Filmland's funny bone by George Bernard Shaw, or a razzing rapier from Sinclair Lewis. But they all pretend to take Hollywood as seriously as Hollywood pretends to take itself.

Perhaps the deluge of wit which ebbs and flows on the Hollywood tides is stemmed within its dam because of the local value of bright banter as a commodity. They need those jokes in pictures, and they hoard them like gold or sweepstakes coupons. Being comical is a serious business. The saddest men off screen are the cinematic clowns. Their lives depend upon your laughter. They're haunted by a fear of being unfunny. To them, each joke's a gem to be hidden deeply in a secret place until it bursts in dazzling radiance upon the silver scream.

Funny Fred Allen, for instance, is a laugh preserver. He'd sooner give you the proverbial shirt off his chest than an off-stage screen or radio jest. Says Fred: "I don't exactly get my bright dialogue by visiting pet shops and eavesdropping on parrots!" To him, you see, each pun's a pearl. And I don't mean Jack.

Of course, the prodigals are always with us. Groucho Marx and Georgie Jessel possess an inexhaustible fund of wit, and "give" in spendthrift fashion. So come with me be-

It was incorrigible Gable who spread the report that when Arliss wants to be incognito he wears a smoked monocle

A balooney view of "W. C." who says, "Authors who knock wood when they're successful, will knock Hollywood when they're not"

hind the screen scene and we'll hunt some jibes and jests corralled during joke-jotting days and nights in the jungles of Hollywood.

Now, Hollywood's wisest wits are possessed of a pertinent philosophy. Mervyn LeRoy, for instance, observes: "To be a success in Hollywood a man must be a contortionist: he must have his back to the wall, his ear to the ground, his shoulder to the wheel, his nose to the grindstone, and finally, he has to keep a level head and have both feet on the ground."

Eddie Cantor once remarked: "Being the Man of the Hour in Hollywood has only one drawback—you generally last about that long."

W. C. Fields feels: "Authors who knock wood when they're successful will knock Hollywood when they're not."

Then there's Mark Hellinger, who will tell you, "The only difference between a Hollywood phoney and a Broadway phoney is—3000 miles."

One of the more troublesome stars is always squawking about his photographs. The other day he cornered Hymie Fink (PHOTOPLAY's photographer) with a proof and shouted at the hocus-focus man, "Do I look like this picture? Have I a squint? Do I look like a prize fighter?"

"The answer is in the negative," was Hymie's rapid reply.

Nunnally Johnson was chatting with an interviewer. "What line in your latest movie

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Lazlo Willinger, famous European photographer, turns his lens on Nelson Eddy and this pianist who really isn't Eddy's accompanist but Larry Barbier of M-G-M, arranger of portrait sittings

THE

camera SPEAKS

ON THIS AND THE FOLLOWING PAGES PHOTOPLAY
BRINGS YOU HOLLYWOOD AT ITS PICTORIAL BEST



THE BALLET COMES TO HOLLYWOOD





"The world's most beautiful ballet dancer," is the way Joseph St. Amand, noted French portrait painter, describes American-born Heidi Vosseler, above. One of the world's outstanding toe dancers, she makes her screen debut in "The Goldwyn Follies." Below left, George Balanchine, internationally famous director of the American Ballet, rehearses Giselle Caccialanza, Daphne Vane and Miss Vosseler, while Zorina, renowned Norwegian dancing star of the Ballet Russe, and William Dollar, premier male dancer of the American Ballet, exhibit a hand and arm movement





FAMILY MAN

With a typical and timely grin, and only slight evidence of nervous tension, Gary Cooper has assumed the responsibility of being a prominent Hollywood father. Mr. Cooper holds the record for successful transition to the parental state: his convalescence required only one day's absence from his duties of portraying a swashbuckling Venetian on the set of "The Adventures of Marco Polo." Congratulations to the lucky daughter of Rocky Cooper and the famous "Long Tack Sam"



IRISH "YANK"

Imported eight years ago, Maureen O'Sullivan became, by studio demand, a Celtic Elsie Dinsmore. Then came the Irish Rebellion; she would be herself or nothing. The spoils of war was the love of appreciative John Farrow. Good-natured endurance of the Adventures of Tarzan made her apple-cheeked and agile in the art of climbing. To success? Of course! The envy of practically every American girl—and most English—she sailed for London to costar with the handsome Taylor lad in M-G-M's "A Yank at Oxford"



HAVE YOU A LITTLE CAMERA

Here's the answer from PHOTOPLAY readers, who, when urged to focus on Hollywood's great, sent shots even Hymie Fink envies



When Gladys Swarthout and her husband Mr. Chapman waved good-by as they sailed for Europe, Helen Coyne of Jackson Heights was there to snap them, and to win our first prize!



There were camera fans way back in 1920 when the Fairbanks went honeymooning. Miss Hotchkiss was one



Before a thrilling game of polo waged at Burnt Mills, Leslie Howard takes time to light up and pose for Mr. Kozma



Patricia Feeney's shot of Janet Gaynor proves that candid cameras can be kind



Clark Gable looked as if he weren't used to it, when Jimmy Gaynor took this picture



From Bertha Friedlob comes this shot of Ernest Torrence and Jack Holt on location for the 1924 film, "North of 36"

YOUR HOME?



When Helen Freyman visited Hollywood she had the luck you've all dreamed of—for she met Bob Taylor. Here's the proof



Even a trip on the Normandie does not shake Marlene Dietrich's poise. That's what Madeline Nueske discovered as she clicked her camera's lens at the star



And when Martha Raye made her gala personal appearance in New York City Miss Nueske was on hand again with trusty camera



The day Randolph Scott was steward at Del Mar Race Track, Miss Joan Hazard of Mission Beach, Cal., was there, too



A famous dancer shows he likes animals as well as dance steps. Jane Flinchum took this of Fred Astaire at ease with his "pooch"



Miss Feeney of Detroit has a gift for taking charming pictures. Without a doubt this proves that Shirley is the Darling of the Regiment



"THE
PERFECT
SPECIMEN"

AND HUSBAND
ROMANCING AT
CATALINA

Joan Blondell may be the heroine of Warners' "The Perfect Specimen," and the no less perfect wife of Dick Powell, but she refuses to be the exponent of the art of female wrestling. Cast as a lady grappler in "Swing Your Lady," she decided she preferred the more sentimental side of life; walked out on the studio and into a marital vacation, thus carrying on the year-old honeymoon atmosphere of the perfect marriage



B A B Y S T A R

The call number of stardom is up for Jane Bryan, Warners' shy, freckled-faced young fledgling. Born O'Brien—in Hollywood—Jane trained in Jean Muir's Little Theater. Her work in "Kid Galahad" and "Confession" startled the front office into these camera stunts. They sent her out to shoot prop ducks, mend prop nets, pick prop pumpkins—the sure indication that a new star is on the way



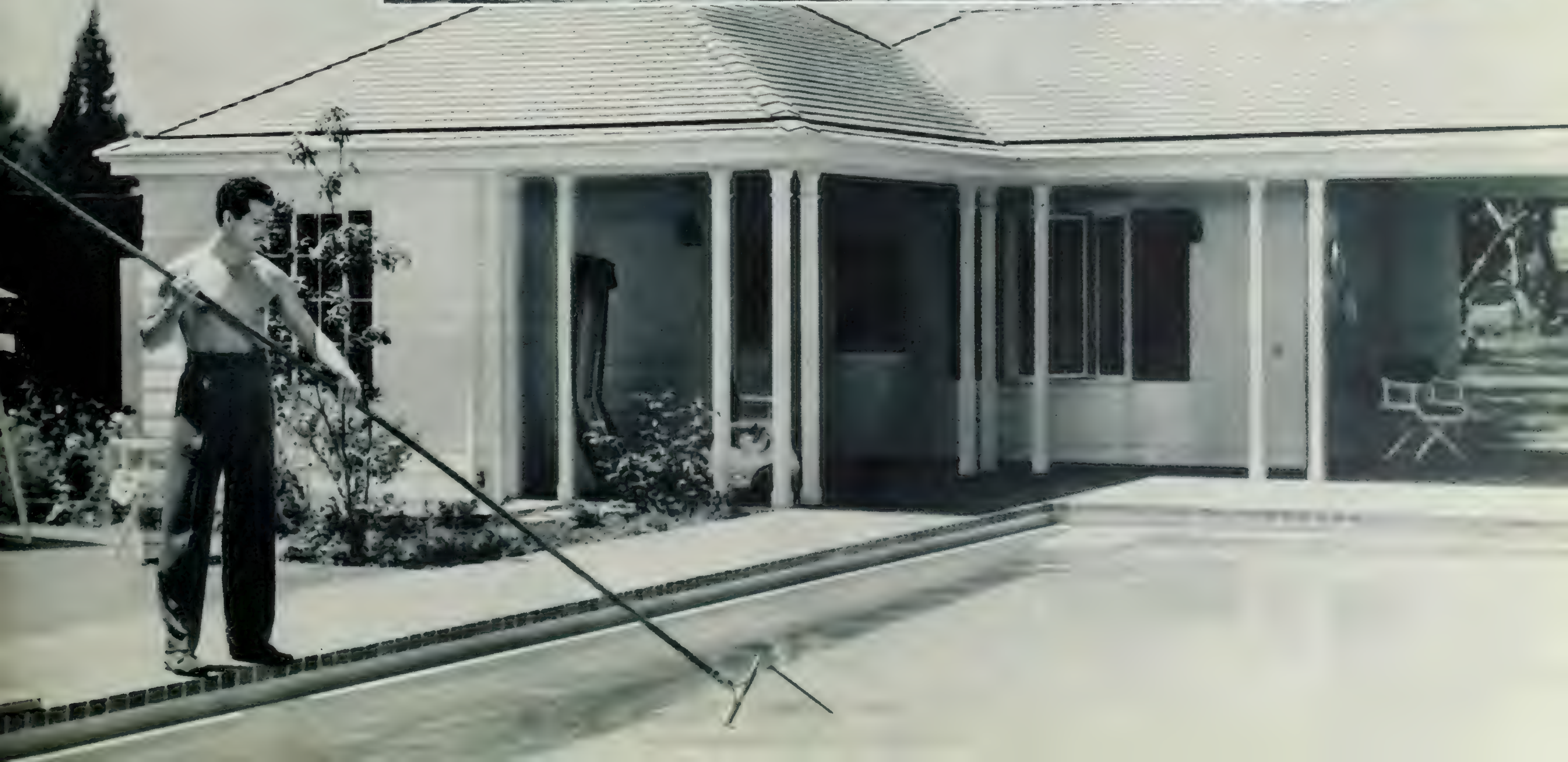


LITTLE
GAY HOME
IN THE WEST





Into the making of this early American house in Bel Air, has gone months of careful planning, hard work and many dreams. Haunted by the gypsy heritage of show people, the young MacMurrays had but one wish—to have a home. So, despite the illness of Mrs. MacMurray (the former Lillian Lamont), they built by bedside-conference method, with Lillian the legislator, Fred the executive. If the gods (and these pictures) are just, there's health, wealth and happiness ahead





Hair a bit too bright, voice a bit too Broadway, confidence a bit too lagging—that was the Alice Faye who came to Hollywood with Rudy Vallee to appear in "Scandals" and remained to become a star. A studio artist managed the hair; a diction teacher smoothed the voice; Irving Berlin took care of the confidence by calling Alice the best film song-plugger. At first, resemblance to Harlow was a bug-aboo, but Jean's death made Alice the star of "In Old Chicago." Courageous in all things, sensible in most, she keeps her chin up about her work, fingers crossed about her marriage (p. 49)



The shining highlight of W. C. Fields' private art collection is this caricature of himself sent him by a fan. It represents the dry version of Utopian Fields, and as such is one of his favorite masterpieces

DO YOU REMEMBER?

Fill in the blanks below the picture with the correct name of each star. Then check the correct answer in the statements that follow. If your memory fails, see page 74



1 Cameolike ----- was the nation's sweetheart before Mary Pickford or Shirley Temple. Her fans loved her in "The Goose Girl." She walked off the lot to marry: 1—Mahlon Hamilton; 2—Harold Lockwood; 3—H. Palmerson Williams. At present she is: 1—editing a magazine; 2—living in New Orleans; 3—running her own film company

2 One of the screen's first heartbreakers, ----- thrilled audiences in "Watch My Smoke" and "The Hell Diggers." He died in 1923. His widow is: Cleo Ridgely; 2—Gloria Swanson; 3—Dorothy Davenport; 4—Billie Burke. Carrying on his name in film rôles is: 1—his wife; 2—his brother; 3—his son; 4—his youngest daughter



3 A runner-up with Mrs. Buddy Rogers for blonde fame, ----- and Harold Lockwood formed a romantic team in "The River of Romance," "Big Tremaine," and other memorable pre-1920 films. Her lovely smile, her dimples, her fluffy golden hair were lost to the screen when she forsook her career to marry: 1—Maurice Costello; 2—Carlyle Blackwell; 3—former Photoplay editor, James Quirk; 4—Charles Ray. To-day she finds time to: 1—make lecture tours; 2—be domestic in Cleveland; 3—teach in a girls' school



4 The shamrock her trademark, ----- was the heroine of "So Big," and "Ella Cinders." Her name changed three different times to Mrs.: 1—Marshall Neilan; 2—Owen Moore; 3—John McCormick; 4—Gilbert Roland; 5—Al Scott; 6—Elliott Nugent; 7—Homer Hargrave. Her latest interest is: 1—managing a chicken farm; 2—exhibiting a doll house for charity; 3—making a comeback



5 Formerly one of the screen's most chic, ----- played society rôles in "Black Oxen" and "Six Days." Her trio of husbands included: 1—Jack Pickford; 2—Lew Cody; 3—Webster Campbell; 4—Tony Moreno; 5—Walter Morosco; 6—George Marshall. Today she is: 1—painting in Mexico; 2—managing a book shop in Hollywood; 3—keeping house in Texas; 4—traveling abroad



6 In 1923, ----- was an awkward girl playing in Westerns. In 1936, she retired temporarily after a lead in: 1—"Taming of the Shrew"; 2—"Romeo and Juliet"; 3—"Midsummer's Night Dream." She lived: 1—a producer; 2—a director; 3—a noted playwright



7 The movie career of blonde -----, who won fame in "Ponjola," was interrupted when she: 1—had to care for her invalid mother; 2—fell from a horse; 3—campaigns for Roosevelt. She now: 1—lives in Sweden; 2—writes scenarios; 3—plays minor film rôles

8 A top-notch comedienne of her day, ----- appeared in films with Harold Lloyd long before she starred in "Rio Rita." Called The Most Engaged Girl in Hollywood, she finally picked: 1—John Boles; 2—C. B. De Mille; 3—Howard Hughes; 4—Ben Lyon; 5—Dick Arlen. Today she is: 1—studying voice; 2—devoting her time to her child; 3—playing in music halls abroad





REUNION IN HOLLYWOOD

—and it brought a lump to the throats of those who witnessed it when Tommy Kelly—the lonely little chap from the Bronx—saw his mother and sister after a separation of many months. It's predicted that "Tom Sawyer" will do for Tommy what "David Copperfield" did for Freddie Bartholomew



At the very moment Hymie snapped his shot of Clark Gable and Carole Lombard, radio gossip announced split. While the subject's still fresh, here what Cal cheerfully says below



Gossip of Hollywood

*In one ear and out the typewriter
come the choicest items behind
Hollywood headlines and heartlines*

OF THE HAPPILY MARRIED

THAT smug look you see all over PHOTO-PLAY'S face this month is because it predicted, exclusively, the marriage of Miriam Hopkins and Anatole Litvak almost six months ago. For a little while, there, it looked as if the petite and lovely Miriam had changed our minds for us—then each time we saw them in public we were reassured. She met famous director Litvak on shipboard, returning to America, you remember, and knew almost at once that here was her happiness. Certainly she deserves it; she has worked too hard for too long making a career for herself and a fine home for her little son.

An amusing inside angle on the romance was that Litvak, for about a week prior to the marriage, drove the cast of "Tovarich" nearly crazy. A great artist in his own right, he, too, was given to a bit of temperament. The actors couldn't quite imagine what had happened to him until the night he slipped off and became married. After that he was a perfect angel. The cast relaxed and realized it must have been uncertainty as to whether or not the brilliant Miriam would marry him

that had been bothering him. He's been the ideal director ever since and peace has reigned on the "Tovarich" set.

WE are still gasping with surprise, on the other hand, over another marriage that took place on the same week end. Surely, after all the endless quarrels they had had, it was pretty amazing that Alice Faye and Tony Martin should decide so suddenly to try and make a go of it.

Out at Universal, where she was making a picture, we found Alice the next day and had a chat about the situation. She seemed a little surprised herself, and just a shade dubious. Of course, that was because Vic Orsatti was on the set (Alice remembered his quickly broken marriage to June Lang) and also Buddy Westmore, make-up artist. Buddy had only that day filed an answer to Martha Raye's divorce suit. It was a dismal company and enough to make any newlywed think carefully about her future.

"Tony and I aren't saying that ours is the perfect marriage," Alice told us very frankly. "We know perfectly well that anyone who gets married in Hollywood is starting with two strikes against him. But at least our eyes are open, and so we've a better chance. I'm not going to try to hold him—he'll have to love me enough to want to stick, that's all. And I hope we can be honest with each other about other people."

That sounded pretty smart to us, and we said so. "Absolutely best wishes," we added. "Thanks," Alice said. "We'll need them."

ON THE OTHER HAND

GEORGE BRENT wasn't very happy when his Mexican marriage to Australian Constance Worth was held valid, but the sigh of relief that went up throughout Hollywood was like unto a small tornado. In some of the very best homes here the question for a long time has been, "Are we married or aren't we?"

Brent's next move, we understand, is divorce. Incidentally, under California community property laws Mrs. Brent now is entitled to half of whatever her husband owns.

AND WHILE THE SUBJECT IS FRESH

WE don't know just how near Mrs. Rhea Gable is to suing her famous husband for divorce, but to all appearances Clark and Carole Lombard are preparing for the eventuality. Carole has bought fifty acres in San Fernando Valley; fifteen of the acres are under cultivation and the rest will be left for Clark's horses to wander over.

It's our understanding that when and if he is ever free to marry Carole, they'll put up a ranch house there.

A STAR IS BORED

RECENTLY we trotted over to a near-by radio station to watch Janet Gaynor and Robert Montgomery rehearse for the airing of "A Star is Born." It was incredibly hot but Janet and Bob, both dressed alike in linen



Hollywood tennis fans came en masse for the annual September matches at the L. A. Tennis Club

PHOTOGRAPHS
BY HYMAN FINK

Cameras were as thick as tennis balls!
Frank Milan snaps as Ann Sothern looks

Charming Virginia Bruce enjoys every play

Wilmer Hines and Claire Trevor
take their tennis so seriously

Marian Marsh obliges the autograph fans while her brother Edward Morgan looks on

slacks with soft shirts open at the throat, seemed to be having a wonderful time.

When it was all over, however, a young man who was almost overcome with heat came moistly from the little box of a control room, where he'd been waiting and supervising. After he'd patted his hair down and wiped his face we saw that it was Tyrone Power, and he didn't look very happy. He went off for his car but Janet lingered on, chatting with Cecil B. De Mille.

It was rather interesting to us watching Tyrone amuse himself while Sonja Henie was away. He took Loretta Young around town for a time, and then he discovered the winsome little Gaynor—but with rejoicing. There's little enough doubt that he has just about the worst case of love-bug-bite in Hollywood—most of the time he even forgets to put on his make-up before he goes to the set.

The funniest thing, though, is hearing close friends of both give out with pity for Tyrone. "Poor boy," they murmur sympathetically, "other youngsters have fallen in love with Janet and she's been very sweet to them, but—"

Well, we know Mr. Power pretty well. And if we are preparing to shed any tears over the possibility of broken hearts we'd never fear it would be Tyrone's heart. He's too intelligent.

POOR PRODIGY

BOBBY BREEN'S family got into quite an argument as to when the popular young star was to commence his next picture. According to his contract, Bobby was not subject to studio call until early this winter. However, when the studio succeeded in finding the story they wanted for him sooner than expected, they phoned his mother and father. Would the boy like to start his next picture early in the fall instead of early winter?

Absolutely not, was the answer. Bobby needed some time off, now, to be a regular boy. Then the members of the Breen family went to the mat in attempting to settle a production date. Nobody thought to ask Bobby, himself, when he would like to do his next picture, until they discovered him in his bedroom one day recently, weeping bitterly.

"I'm—m just lonesome," he sobbed. "When I'm working in a picture there's always a lot of kids around. But when I'm home, there isn't anyone. I wish I could start working tomorrow."

With that, the family finally got together and phoned the studio that they could start Bobby's new picture any old



etta finds a devastating way to keep the sun out

me they wanted to—the sooner the
etter.

ONE of the least publicized children
a Hollywood is Peter, Connie Ben-
ett's little nine-year-old boy. He's a like-
able little chap, full of spirits that don't
ave much chance to come out, since a
overness is always within eye-and-ear
shot. He has a private dining nook that
opens off his room and he takes his meals
ere. It can't be a very exciting life for a
id of that age, but he must have the con-
olation of knowing that there are a lot of
her children in town who've had the
isfortune of being the youngsters of



Ruby De Remer, of early screen
fame, chats with the Eddie Lowes



Gilbert Roland and Constance Bennett never miss a good tennis match



Ainsworth Morgan, the writer, and Fay Wray discuss the merits of a serve



Devotees of the game—Mr. and Mrs. Stephen



The gold rush days rip-roared again at the 49'er Ball held at the West Side Tennis Club after the tennis tournament. (Above) Ida Lupino, Louis Hayward and Claire Trevor yodel á la cowboy. (Below) Gloria Stuart flips her dance-hall skirts to beguile the mysterious prospector—none other than husband Arthur Sheekman



famous and wealthy people. After all, Hollywood stars have no other choice than to keep their offspring confined and closely guarded. Little Pete even has to shop at home, with a store representative bringing down stock for his selection.

Perhaps this is another reason why the glamorous ladies of the movie city seem so loath to have and rear large families—or any family at all. Aside from the effect on the figure, it's hardly fair to the children.

Connie, by the way, is chuckling quietly at those who said she was through with pictures for good and all. After "Topper," and with her Hal Roach contract tucked safely away, she's now on as good a footing as any actress in Hollywood, particularly since the craze for light and goofy comedy seems to be as potent as ever.

WHAT'S THIS WE HEAR DEPARTMENT

SOMETIMES it seems to be a real romance between Ginger Rogers and Robert Riskin, the director-writer. At other times Lew Ayres is again head man. The fact is nobody knows what's going on.

Lana Turner has reluctantly turned her eyes and heart away from Wayne Morris' direction and is being comforted by Warner's new pride and joy, Ronald Reagan.

That reported wedding between Bruce Cabot and an Eastern socialite is off. Young lady's mama flew West to take care of that little thing, and fixed it proper, we understand.

UNSENTIMENTAL FAREWELL

THE lovely Mrs. Buddy Rogers has concluded the sale of that great house she once shared with Douglas Fairbanks.

For the first time the gates to Pickfair will remain permanently closed. As long as Mary Pickford was in residence, the gates were left wide open so that the public could look in at the house and grounds.

"The public helped build Pickfair," Mary once said to us, "and I feel it partially belongs to them." The fact that Mary constantly gave her house and grounds for charity fetes proved the sincerity of her words.

But now Buddy Rogers and his wife are leaving the house forever, and all the old traditions and ideals that surrounded Pickfair will leave with them.

"Are you sorry to go?" we asked Mary.

"No," she said. "I have never allowed this house to possess me. I feel free to go on to a new life and create new beauty somewhere else."

BIRTHDAY PARTY

ON her birthday this month Claudette Colbert got up at six, had breakfast and was on the "Tovarich" set by nine. At ten A.M. she had to go back to her dressing room and take a shower because the heat was so intense on the Warner lot. At eleven she gave an interview, then worked until twelve. At lunch she studied dialogue. At two there was a take of drenched clothing, which necessitated another bath and redressing; at three another interview; at four a huddle with

(Continued on page 87)

WE COVER THE STUDIOS



Fredric March turns on a pirate's scowl in "The Buccaneer,"—the film which introduces Franciska Gaal



Lily Pons, in a costume such as no operatic star ever wore before, proves she can take Jack Oakie's ribbing

From the land of make-believe come thrilling glimpses of the latest masterpieces in the making

Not only is she the first foreign find to make her debut in a gangster picture (even a big one like this), but she is also the first potential glamour girl to start a Hollywood career in a young-mother rôle—a rôle in which she ages twelve years during the time from the opening shot to the fade-out.

Mlle. Stradner has courage. She proved that when the studio changed her name to "something more glamorous": Andrea Marlo. She fought to have it changed back. She argued:

"If I succeed, it will not matter what my name is. People will repeat it. If I fail, it will make no difference what my name is. Perhaps 'Stradner' suggests nothing. But what does 'Marlo' suggest? A combination of Harlow, Garbo and Margo. I am not that!"

Her logic was unanswerable. She won the battle. The rôle came later. And here she is, in a satin negligee on a luxurious interior set, playing—today—a mother with a six-months-old baby.

It is her first encounter with motherhood, make-believe or otherwise. And she tells us, with a rueful smile, "I always wanted a baby. Now I wonder. Or aren't *all* babies temperamental?" We catch the infant napping.

WE have to tiptoe away to the set of "Rosalie," which is a musical comedy with a West Point background. It costars (for the first time) Nelson Eddy and Eleanor Powell, and cofeatures Ray Bolger and Ilona Massey. Eleanor and Ray take care of the dancing; Nelson and Ilona, the singing.

The studio changed Ilona's name, too. And she raised nary an objection. Her last name used to be Hajmassy. It was famous in Viennese operatic circles, along with her voice. Her face and figure are all right, too.

She has just started work. She has the first-day jitters. Also, she is not used to such fast English as Director W. S. Van Dyke's.

She is walking along a path with Tommy Rutherford, movie newcomer. Behind them rises a steep slope of rock (plaster to the prop boys). She is to pause, look down at the river, then say, tremolo, "Zis is Flirtation Walk!" They kiss. And, presto, the camera tilts upward, focusing on the top of the rock. There is Nelson, enviously eying the embrace.

One-take Van Dyke has to make a second take. He stands about six feet in front of Ilona. "No, no," he tells her. "The river is not back there"—he gestures behind him. "It is where my feet are." Ilona looks at his feet, registers a thrill at the view, says "Zis is Flirtation Walk!" and embraces Tommy. The second take is successful.

On Stage 4, Joan Crawford is doing something that no one does better. A realistic Cinderella story. A story of a girl chained to life in a tenement, who breaks her chains

(Continued on page 84)

BY JAMES REID

HOLLYWOOD'S foreign finds aren't what they used to be.

Time was when every new fetching foreigner was another Garbo or another Dietrich. She couldn't be anything else. She was that glamorous, and seductive, and mysterious, and elusive. Her publicity said so.

But times, we are happy to report, have changed. Now you never know what to expect from a newcomer with an accent.

Take Rose Stradner, and Ilona Massey—as, we trust, you will be only too willing to do. Both are Viennese. Both are blonde. Both are busy at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Rose, in Vienna, was a rival of Luise Rainer. Now, in Culver City, the rivalry is renewed. Rose is making her bow in a rôle once mentioned for Luise. The picture is "The Last Gangster," with Edward G. Robinson, James Stewart and Lionel Stander.



★ MADAME X—M-G-M

NO matter how many times you have seen this famous tear-jerking melodrama you will weep again at Metro's new version. Mainly because of Gladys George's magnificent acting and also because of Sam Wood's fine direction, the cinema bromide emerges once more with its banalities nearly gone and a new scope and restraint added.

Miss George plays with feeling and exquisite technique the misunderstood woman who, cast out by her rigidly moral husband because of an indiscretion, gradually becomes dissolute and a slattern. The story of her downfall has been given new interest, and her slow disintegration is one of the best portrayals of the year. Climax is the famous courtroom scene, in which her own son defends her. Warren William and John Beal are both splendid.



★ 52ND STREET—Wanger-United Artists

WHAT should have been a smash musical, scintillating and brilliant, here becomes a wandering story of two families. A great deal of fairly good entertainment is scattered throughout but the historical saga and the comedy numbers conflict with each other.

Story begins in 1912 when 52nd Street was lined with mansions; Ian Hunter plays an aristocrat who starts a feud with his two strait-laced sisters, Dorothy Peterson and ZaSu Pitts, by marrying Marla Shelton, an entertainer. The years go by and Hunter's daughter grows up to have a romance with Kenny Baker, son of a street singer. Coincidentally with these developments, 52nd Street is shown as it degenerates into an avenue of speak-easies. Leo Carrillo is funny, Baker croons well.

The Shadow Stage

A Review of the New Pictures



★ STAND-IN—Wanger-United Artists

C. B. KELLAND'S fine story of a mathematician who invades Hollywood in an effort to save a picture studio from failure is howling laugh-material for the movie colony's selected few, but probably will mean little to an average audience. Leslie Howard, never so colorless in portrayal, is the financial wizard who hates fun and sin of any description, but is interested only in saving his studio from C. Henry Gordon's evil machinations. He meets Joan Blondell, who tries to make him a human being. Marla Shelton does grand work as the star whom Howard compromises, Humphrey Bogart is authentic; Alan Mowbray hams well, and Miss Blondell is appealing.

Warning: don't believe all this Hollywood portrait tells you about that glamorous town.



★ DOUBLE WEDDING—M-G-M

IN its efforts to capitalize on the William Powell-Myrna Loy team, of box-office fame, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has leaned over backward in this, and, at times, has fallen. The entire film is a stew of romance with high fever and of comedy without subtle implications; nevertheless, it's tremendously funny in a boisterous fashion.

Powell plays a roustabout adventurer who lives in a trailer. Deciding Hollywood is his goal, Bill attempts to coach Florence Rice and her beau, John Beal, in a homemade drama. When Myrna, staid and businesslike sister of Miss Rice, hears of the goings on she barges in to investigate and gets a good look at the fascinating Powell; then the trouble starts, because by this time Florence has grown tired of Beal. Better go, but don't expect perfection.



★ THE PERFECT SPECIMEN—Warners

ERROL FLYNN as a comedian must have sounded a little silly to the frères Warner, too, when the idea was first suggested to them. But when you see the Irish adventurer in this cinema clambake you'll realize Mr. Flynn can do a "Mr. Deeds" type of rôle as well as his blood-and-thunder films. He is cast, here, as the heir to a \$30,000,000 utilities company—a boy who has always been shut in from the outside world and educated as "the perfect specimen of his class and species." But he hasn't lived; when Joan Blondell crashes through the fence of his house, therefore, and tempts him to run away to tilt windmills like Don Quixote, he strikes at the lure.

The rest of the picture is a running portrait of this essentially naïve person fighting at a truck drivers' picnic, clattering around the countryside with Miss Blondell, and generally getting himself into trouble. The complications are amusing, since his tyrant grandmother, May Robson, has called in the police to find him. There are some good bedroom scenes.

Dick Foran and Beverly Roberts form an interesting secondary romantic team, and the more goofy comedy is supplied by Hugh Herbert and Edward Everett Horton. Allen Jenkins contributes his usual rowdy tramping with gum-chewing Dennie Moore helping out. You may find that everyone has gained so much momentum they can't stop when the picture does, but you won't mind. You'll be chuckling too much to see or hear the ending anyhow.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

Oscar Homolka in "Ebb Tide"

Barry Fitzgerald in "Ebb Tide"

Irene Dunne in "The Awful Truth"

Cary Grant in "The Awful Truth"

Ralph Bellamy in "The Awful Truth"

Errol Flynn in "The Perfect Specimen"

Joan Blondell in "The Perfect Specimen"

Bill Powell in "Double Wedding"

Myrna Loy in "Double Wedding"

John Beal in "Double Wedding"

Gladys George in "Madame X"

The Ritz Brothers in "Life Begins in College"



★ THE AWFUL TRUTH—Columbia

THIS is the best picture that has ever fallen to the happy lot of lovely Irene Dunne. For that matter it is the best picture to come out of Hollywood in a year that has seen many superior productions. Addressed to both cultivated and casual audiences, it is terrifically funny from its inception to its brilliant close. There is not a line wasted, not a piece of acting business bungled. That it successfully combines wistful but genuine romance with legitimate slapstick is its chief virtue, but outside of analysis, it is simply superb entertainment, charming, beautifully produced and with nice people in it.

Miss Dunne, well dressed and warmly engaging, plays with a happy combination of insouciance and satire the quick-witted wife of Cary Grant. They're in love with each other but like to play around a little, and after a particularly exhilarating argument they decide on divorce as a solution. Irene meets Ralph Bellamy, a rich but naïve Oklahoman, and agrees to marry him out of sheer boredom. Grant, meanwhile, has tracked down a young heiress and got himself engaged to her. Then comes the clam-bake, because both Irene and Cary discover the divorce was a mistake, and set out to compromise each other into a reconciliation.

Bellamy gives his finest performance, Grant has never been more charming; Cecil Cunningham and Joyce Compton contribute hilarious bits; Leo McCarey has directed with cunning. It's a command performance for every picture addict.

THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

Ebb Tide

The Great Garrick

Madame X

Stand-In

Breakfast for Two

The Perfect Specimen

Life Begins in College

Double Wedding

52nd Street

The Awful Truth



★ BREAKFAST FOR TWO—RKO-Radio

IN Barbara Stanwyck's first picture since "Stella Dallas" hokum and exaggeration are employed to good advantage. Where *Stella* was a pathetic figure in her overstuffed clothes, Miss Stanwyck's newest cine-character is a smartly dressed, dominant and gay Texan who works wonders with a New York playboy's life, home, and business.

Barbara meets Herbert Marshall on one of his romantic drunks and, finding that he is neglecting the business inherited from his family, proceeds to put him firmly on his own feet by (1) giving him a black eye in a fight, (2) buying out his business, and (3) preventing his marriage to Glenda Farrell, a gold-digging showgirl.

Eric Blore plays the rôle of assistant to Cupid; Donald Meek and Frank Thomas contribute too.



★ THE GREAT GARRICK—Warners

IT all depends on you, whether or not you'll find "The Great Garrick" your type of entertainment, for this farce is by no means general in its appeal.

Set against the colorful background of the Eighteenth Century, it centers around the personality of David Garrick, England's most famous actor. The actors of the Comedie Française, hearing of Garrick's impending visit, are inspired by their jealousy to try to make a fool of the famous David. They hire an inn, man it completely from their troupe, and plan a major deceit. How the Englishman foils their plot is the story.

Brian Aherne, very swashbuckling in the leading rôle, lacks needed warmth. Olivia de Havilland, opposite him, is, as usual, completely enchanting.



★ LIFE BEGINS IN COLLEGE—20th Century-Fox

THERE is no story to speak of, much of the acting is bad, and the situations are unbelievable, yet this must be rated as top-notch entertainment. The Ritz Brothers make it that. Spouting energy and madness from every pore, they work so hard at comedy they literally bludgeon you into laughter.

Released at a time when college and football are starting together, the film uses a Midwestern school as setting and revolves about a washed-up but still good football coach, Fred Stone. An oil-rich Indian, Nat Pendleton, enrolls and not only saves Stone's job but the old man's reputation. Always in the background are the Ritzs, laughing and scratching; Joan Davis does a Martha Raye as Nat's affinity and Gloria Stuart pairs with Dick Baldwin (a newcomer) for serious love interest.



★ EBB TIDE—Paramount

FOR those of you bored to jelly with stock movies, this should be an orgy. Filmed in Technicolor, it offers two new sensations; the sea in all its majestic beauty, and Britain's Oscar Homolka, a genuinely fine actor. With two friends, Barry Fitzgerald, and Ray Milland, he takes over a schooner, plans to steal the cargo. The owner's daughter, Frances Farmer, is aboard. After a terrific typhoon, they land on an island where dwells murderous Lloyd Nolan.

Here justice is dealt to all concerned. Director James Logan has kept the strange flavor of Stevenson's story, and he is aided by the clever cast, each of whom gives a masterly performance. It's a picture you will long remember.



THE BRIDE WORE RED—M-G-M



THIS WAY PLEASE—Paramount



EXPENSIVE HUSBANDS—Warners

HEAVEN help the actors on a script like this. In a Viennese version of the Cinderella legend, Joan Crawford impersonates a cabaret girl chosen by an impish count to pose as a lady at a fashionable hotel. Here she comes upon a passionate postman, Franchot Tone, and a playboy, Robert Young. Miss Crawford offers a performance both gracious and compelling, but the weary plot defeats everything.

YOU'LL find this a mildly entertaining musical, well constructed and scored, but without distinction. Betty Grable, a theater usherette, falls in love with crooner Buddy Rogers and, after a quarrel, usurps his place as stage attraction number one. Mary Livingstone smart-cracks, Ned Sparks dead-pans as usual and Fibber McGee and Molly (of radio fame), add their bit of fun and nonsense.

BEVERLY ROBERTS plays a movie star on the skids in this tiresome pseudo-exposé of the Hollywood publicity racket. Hoping to gain a new contract, Beverly marries Patric Knowles, a rundown nobleman, in order to interest her public. The trick works and Beverly resumes her career, leaving the disgruntled groom in Europe. You'll see "Expensive Husbands" at the expense of a good evening.



FIT FOR A KING—RKO-Radio



A BRIDE FOR HENRY—Monogram



MUSIC FOR MADAME—RKO-Radio

HEREWITH Joe E. Brown in a "you chase me and I'll chase you" comedy, with all the usual Brown antics. Joe is a reporter sent to cover the story of a Kansas-born princess (Helen Mack) of some mythical kingdom who is about to be assassinated. Poor Joe is scooped at every turn by a rival reporter, Paul Kelly, until the real showdown, which is riotous fun. Brown fans will adore every reel.

A LIVELY comedy with a novel triangle idea, this has Anne Nagel marrying Warren Hull to spite Henry Mollison, who forgot to show up at the altar for their wedding. Mollison joins Anne and Hull on their honeymoon. Hull is a big success with the other girls at the hotel, and Claudia Dell decides she could use him. It's very light and frothy, and performances of the whole cast are capable.

NINO MARTINI'S excellent voice counterbalances the weakness of this wandering story about a singer accused of stealing a pearl necklace at a wedding while the guests are enthralled with his singing. Alan Mowbray's satirical take-off of a noted symphonic conductor is nice, Joan Fontaine is pretty and the Hollywood Bowl scenes are impressive. You'll like all the music. (Continued on page 96)



FIGHT FOR YOUR LADY—RKO-RADIO

ADD the rowdy comedy of Jack Oakie to the delightful singing of John Boles—and you have entertainment plus. Oakie, a fight promoter, decides to manage Boles. He guides his new charge from a broken romance into a duel, and then on to a fresh love. Erik Rhodes provides many laughs while Margot Grahame and Ida Lupino are the objects of Mr. Boles' affections. A lively and gay farce.

PHOTOPLAY *Fashions* BY GWENN WALTERS

Silver sequins twinkle like stars on the hemline of this blue silhouette gown worn by Irene Dunne. Her cape of natural red fox adds colorful contrast





Loretta Young, Christmas shopping in an ensemble of plaid and plain Rodier woolen created by Howard Greer of Hollywood. Her skirt, with side slits, is contrasted by a short box jacket of plaid in shades of rust, brown, yellow and red with five-eighth sleeves, high revers and carved wooden buttons. The full-length topcoat of brown woolen to match the skirt has top sleeves of beige fox. The quill that pierces Loretta's toque is tinged with the colors of the plaid. For details of Miss Young's accessories turn to the Fashion Letter on page 67. J. W. Robinson Company of L. A. wrapped these Xmas boxes for the star of "Second Honeymoon"

Photograph by Frank Powolny



HOLD YOUR HATS, BOYS

Leave it to our inimitable Carole to start a new millinery trend! In playful mood she stole Clark Gable's new winter hat right off his head and found it was just the thing to complete her sport frock of beige covert cloth. Clark had carefully selected his hat in brown velour with a matching double band silk cord knotted and fringed in back. Carole's two-piece frock is full of fashion interest. The jacket reaches below the hips and features zipper and saddle pouch pockets, leather buttons and glove stitching. The skirt is pencil-slim with inverted front and back pleats for full action



LEADING LADY CLOTHES

Christmas shopping is the only worry of this beautiful "Damsel in Distress," Joan Fontaine (Fred Astaire's new leading lady), since Irene of Bullock's Wilshire has gowned her like a queen. In Joan's casual, all-purpose spectator sport suit (above) Irene features a stunning jacket, short and boxy with five-eighth length sleeves, sans revers and fastenings, of striped woolen in chartreuse and oxford grey. The low, square neckline reveals an oxford grey cashmere sweater worn outside a matching skirt of woolen. Notice the side slits at the hemline of this pencil-slim skirt. Joan's hat of grey felt is banded with chartreuse

A new "tailored fashion story" is revealed in both of Joan's suits. They forsake the mannish mode of past seasons and introduce new notes of femininity. In a dressier mood Irene styles a suit of beige duvetyn (right) and accents it with brown. Again the skirt is pencil-slim with side slits, but here it is banded with self-fabric appliqué. The jacket, neatly fitted, and closed at the waistline with invisible hooks, is distinctive with its styled motif of appliqué and its low-cut neckline that reveals the soft drape of a brown crepe blouse. Joan's toque is of beige antelope, while her gloves, shoes and bag are of brown





During the dull winter months the flattering lines, luscious colorings and rich fabrics of charmingly feminine robes offer a welcome change from dark street woollens. Gladys Swarthout's robe (right) is of shell-pink taffeta subtly contrasted by light blue all-over yarn embroidery. Its wide front panels are gathered into an up-standing collar as they encircle the neckline, and its full sleeves flow into trim roll cuffs. Blue grosgrain ribbon ties a tailored bow at the waistline. Gladys will sing for you soon again in Paramount's "The Yellow Nightingale"

The Frank Chapmans, always included among Hollywood's "ten best dressed couples," pose together exclusively for PHOTO-PLAY. John-Frederics created the cap hat and novel bag of red and white checked woolen that dramatizes Gladys' navy serge single-breasted suit styled with flaring skirt and patch pockets. Notice the sweet white linen blouse trimmed with neck and cuff ruching, and the initial clips on the pocket. Mr. Chapman's grey worsted suit is single breasted with double button closing. Maroon and grey stripe his cravat

BEST DRESSED COUPLE



PHOTOPLAY'S FASHION

WHERE TO BUY THEM

Shirley Ross (of "The Big Broadcast of 1938") wears an ensemble of black crepe with contrast of gold in the blouse. The frock features the new high waistline and tube silhouette. Gold metallic thread embroiders the short jacket

A large cluster of tan and beige flowers accents a low V-decolletage of this beige crepe afternoon frock (below) which Shirley wears with chic. The long tight sleeves have a slight shoulder fullness

The burgundy angora tweed (opposite page) features a surplice blouse, fan-pleated sleeves and front inset. The velvet ribbon girdle runs through a shirred band and ties in a bow at the back

Black satin and crepe combine to style this smart tunic street frock (bottom opposite page). The corselet girdle of satin gives a flattering new high-low waistline. The frock closes down the back with intriguing little satin-covered buttons



THIS TAG IDENTIFIES AN ORIGINAL
PHOTOPLAY HOLLYWOOD FASHION
LOOK FOR IT

CLUB STYLES

*The smart advance PHOTOPLAY
Hollywood Fashions shown on
these two pages are available
to you at any of the department
stores and shops listed on Page 76*

PHOTOPLAY
PRESENTS A
PRE-VUE OF
HOLLYWOOD
HAT
FASHIONS



A jaunty brown quill pierces the front of this matching felt beret worn by Una Merkel, M-G-M player. Radiated tucks and jutting side brim are new dressy notes in winter berets



A crushed, tucked crown gives interest to this bottle-green felt street hat with rolled side brim. A canary-yellow pompon feather mounted on a green quill gives gay color contrast



Green leather bands, double rows of stitching on the high crown, the casually rolled back brim and the novel chin strap gives this "thrush brown" sport hat a new note of distinction





JOAN BLUE

A vibrant, ethereal hue, long Joan Crawford's favorite for wear beneath sun or stars, has become the most important color in Hollywood for holiday formals. Joan posed exclusively for PHOTOPLAY in her newest formal gown which emphasizes a moulded silhouette, high waistline and a decolleté camisole-bodice. The most priceless set of Joan's famous collection of sapphires and diamonds accent her simple gown, and a tuxedo coat of blue fox proclaims her costume a symphony of color. Joan's current film release is M-G-M's "The Bride Wore Red"



Hyman Fink's picture of Marlene Dietrich, Dolores Del Rio and Mrs. Gary Cooper entering the Troc proves a point for Miss Walters this month; and serves as real evidence of one of the most important trends in winter fashions

graph) and forefinger fit as usual, and the remaining three fingers slide easily into the little semi-mitten.

In Los Angeles Greer's unique glove is sold exclusively at Bullock's Wilshire, and La Valle's shoe at J. W. Robinson Co. Be sure to turn to page fifty-eight and see how smartly Loretta assembles these accessories with her street costume; but before you do, let me tell you about the gifts that are in the beautifully wrapped boxes she carries.

The large box on the bottom conceals a matching slip and nightie of pink satin with deep yokes of ecru lace; the black one a half a dozen pairs of "Avenue" hose (a bronze shade perfect for wear with black, dark green and red, rust or brown); the little long box holds a pair of black suede gloves run on the backs with a tracery of metallic threads (exquisite for wear with an all-black costume for dressy occasions); and the large square white one is heaped full of choice cosmetics.

Now I must get back to my story and tell you about some exciting clothes I've seen.

Designer Dolly Tree's clothes for Myrna Loy in "The Four Marys" are magnificent. You'll be particularly interested in Myrna's black Lyons velvet coat which, by the way, has the short-in-front hemline. It is form-fitting, with flaring skirt, well-defined waistline, deep cuffs and wide revers.

Crawford's clothes in "Mannequin" again pay tribute to Adrian. I told him that the serge suit he created of blue (Joan Blue too, as I described it on page sixty-six) with its jacket flap-trim, shining silver disc buttons and turkey red blouse would be a universal favorite overnight.

"Having Wonderful Time" was the note Ginger Rogers sent me from Palm Springs recently. She loved working in her picture by that name and you'll love seeing her in it. Edward Stevenson created her clothes, and since street costumes "that travel" are so important during the holidays I selected Ginger's three-piece ensemble to tempt you: a beige crepe hand-tucked, peplum blouse with wing collar and tab breast pockets tucks into a brown woolen skirt which has a contrast three-quarter length, slightly flared, collarless coat of brown and yellow plaid. Ginger's vagabond brown felt sport hat is pierced with a quill tinged in brown and yellow.

Orry Kelly smashed all previous costume records by including thirty-seven changes in Kay Francis' wardrobe for "This Woman Is Dangerous." Mr. Kelly is as famous in Hollywood for his drapery as Alix is in Paris, and he considers silk jersey the ideal medium for draping and Kay the perfect subject.

There are dozens of other novel style notes in the clothes of this picture, but I must close now. I do so with the promise that Kay will wear some of Mr. Kelly's beautiful gowns on PHOTOPLAY's fashion pages in the very near future.



La Valle's shoes, Greer's gloves, for Miss Young's costume (page 58)

Hollywood rushes its current release of latest winter clothes. Read about them here; wear them with the stars

BY GWENN WALTERS

THERE are so many interesting fashion highlights in Hollywood to write about this month I hardly know where to begin. The stars seem to have come out of hiding. They are seen everywhere, and their exquisite grooming and chic costuming take my breath with each chance meeting. There's a simple elegance in Hollywood fashion never seen before.

Silver fox seems to be the favorite fur with every star (note the glory of it on the three fashionable ladies pictured on this page),

and I see it worn not only as separate coats, capes and scarves, but also as lavish trims for coats and gowns.

There's an ingenious little fashion story connected with Loretta Young's glove that lies beside her high front, step-in shoe trimmed with a kidskin roll (both shown above). Howard Greer's glamorous patrons frequently complained that it was most difficult to pull their gloves over their jeweled fingers and asked why he didn't do something about it. Imagine their surprise when he launched this two-fingered glove called "The Frog" at his recent opening. The thumb (which is turned under in the photo-

BARBARA

The author has discovered the two prime instincts that have made Barbara an individual on the screen, and off. The first instinct is exemplified in Barbara's statement about her son, Dion; the second is the quality that has made possible her friendship with Joan Crawford



FOR HER OWN SAKE

At last! A fine searching story about the Stanwyck girl herself which doesn't ask her to bask in the shadow of Bob Taylor's—or anybody else's—glory

BY DIXIE WILLSON

DO YOU recall the theatrical season several years ago, when a slim gray-eyed girl named Barbara Stanwyck won all New York's acclaim for her characterization in the leading feminine rôle of a great play called "Burlesque?"

Since that success she has sampled many degrees of adulation. There is something poignant and grippingly real in the personalities she creates, something which makes you believe them, makes you remember them. There is fire and power in that quiet ability of hers. And of one thing you may be sure; her name is not spelled in letters of lights in exchange for merely looks or luck or imitation of drama as she imagines it, or life as she has read about it. It has taken tears more real than those of glycerine and camphor!

And in this story of Barbara herself, perhaps, between the lines, you may read the answer to that elusive quality of heartbeat she so definitely possesses.

Anent the tall dignity she wears upon the screen, it is surprising to know that she is a little, a very little girl, a small five feet three, and weighs scarcely one hundred and four pounds. And she is yet very young. The dignity she wears is bought with experience, not with years.

She laughs at whimsical things . . . the confusions of Mickey Mouse . . . loves spontaneous things . . . dinner packed off to the beach . . . enjoys serious things . . . a lake by Corot, a book by Thackeray. She is democratic and sincere, offers her hand with a quick, friendly smile. She is not beautiful, but of that detail you find yourself wholly unaware, so magnificent a substitute is her poise and arresting charm.

THIRTY miles from Hollywood Boulevard, through the roadside village of Calabasas, past the giant oak from which more than half a hundred cattle rustlers have dangled, past the trim little flower-covered post office of Triunfo, on into the country of the Santa Susanna hills, here is where you find her . . . at home. Here in her thatch-roofed Irish farmhouse, Barbara and her small son have found enviable happiness.

The house is long and rambling . . . "but a small house at that," she will tell you. "We don't need a lot of room."

It is built of rough gray stone with tones of yellow. For many months Barbara hunted through the quarries to find just

what she wanted. The porch, with its rust-red flagstone floor, is as long as the house itself, is furnished with inviting comfort in rust color and driftwood.

In the living room, a canary-yellow carpet and gamboge tapestries are the background for furniture in chintz of brown, yellow and green. There is a fascinating fireplace of brown marble, and, on the day of which I write, a crowd of red roses is a brilliantly lovely medallion against the cream-colored wall, tall deep-green stems in a bowl of crystal glass . . . a small rose-scented card tucked in Barbara's gray flannel shirt pocket.

Adjoining the Victorian living room is the "playroom" . . . here is real beauty of walls and ceiling in redwood beams. The carpet is hand-braided light gray, the furniture chromium and scarlet leather.

"But it's the hills and the valleys I love most of all," Barbara told me. "To dress in breeches and sneakers all day long; and the baby can have his own pony; and a dozen pancakes for breakfast," she laughed, "is only the beginning!"

The porch looks down across a terrace and a tropical-blue swimming pool, to where, in the valley below, in rectangular, white-washed pattern, are stables, paddocks, foaling and brood-mare barns. And circling the green turf like gray ribbon around a bright bonnet is a silken half-mile track, for Barbara is a breeder of horses, a farmer whose aim for a season's crop is one hundred and sixty acres of hay, and a string of "Kentucky" thoroughbreds.

One late afternoon we watched, from the porch, the breaking to saddle, down there in the paddock, of a pair of handsome year-old colts. The day's shadows were growing long. The distant mountains were turning from gray to cobalt blue. In dusty boots and grass-stained jodhpurs, knees locked in her arms, this girl of the husky, lazy voice sat on the flagstone floor, her head back against the rust-colored stone wall, her eyes straying often from the paddock to the terrace where small Dion struggled with the balance of bright new stilts.

"What do I like best . . . and least, about Hollywood?" Barbara Stanwyck said, repeating my question. "Best . . . that it gives me a place which is home. Least . . . the fanfare and hullabaloo that seems to be part of pictures. I really don't know why there should be fanfare," she said, "for people who play in pictures are not incredible human beings. And I never quite know why the foremost impression of Hollywood should be glamour, because glamour actually has nothing to do with pictures at all. Working in pictures is one thing. Glamour is a separate thing entirely. In Hollywood you don't have to buy a certain car, a certain coat. There's nobody to demand that of you. You can buy what you please and be what you like. All pictures really ask of you is that you do your best.

"Still, of course," she smiled, "there's my
(Continued on page 74)



ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS
PRESENTS
JOAN CRAWFORD
STARRING IN
THE DRAMATIC RISE OF A SELF-MADE STAR

PART THREE

IN her suit for divorce from Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., filed in the Superior Court of Los Angeles County in May, 1933, Joan Crawford made the familiar charge of mental cruelty.

But you can't dismiss the story of that romantic and vital young marriage with a couple of words. Once again Life had rushed Joan Crawford forward to a crossroads, and once again she had taken the fork in the road that led higher and higher toward fame and fortune; once again she had absorbed into herself and her personality all that experience and the man could teach her.

What had changed the gay and delightful Prince Charming of Joan's love dream into a "moody, sulky and overjealous husband" to quote the divorce papers? What had driven Joan Crawford, born Lucille LeSueur, in a little town near Kansas City, now one of the very top stars, from her ideal marriage into the divorce court and onto the front pages of every newspaper in America?

For five years, Joan had been madly and devotedly in love with Doug. In 1927, two years before they actually were married, she wore a wedding ring he had given her with "To my wonderful wife" inscribed inside. When they were married in 1929, they were as much in love as any two people I ever saw. Yet only three years later, in the spring of 1932, came rumors of disaster, of a possible split between the famous lovers. And in 1933, divorce.

From the standpoint of drama, of Joan Crawford, movie star, this chapter was inevitable. It couldn't have been written any other way.

I don't mean that the divorce was Joan's fault. Yet I do believe that the cause of it was written in the fundamental character of Joan Crawford, actress and movie star, and that it was the very same element that has placed her name so high on the scroll of fame and kept it there. That quality of dramatization—of vibrant vitality—of dramatizing everything in life and expecting it to be played in big scenes and to the nth degree. That's what makes Joan Crawford what she is and, psychologically, it's what destroyed that first marriage.

I AM no prophet and I am unduly optimistic. But I said to myself upon a certain night only a few months after the famous marriage of Joan and the Fairbanks heir, "It can't last.

Isn't it too bad, but it can't possibly last."

I was dining with Hope Loring Lighton, scenario writer and social leader, at whose home Mary Pickford and Buddy Rogers were recently married. Across from me sat the most discussed bride and bridegroom in the world—Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. The candlelight shone on Doug's smooth, blond head, made him look more than ever distinguished and aristocratic—a young blood if ever I saw one. (And that was long before the days when he became the crony of the Duke of Kent and the friend of both the present and the ex Kings of England.) Joan, in lemon-yellow chiffon, was actually breath-taking.

But—but—they were too high-keyed, they were too absorbed, they were too dramatic about their love. They just missed being a little—what is the word—not vulgar, not shocking—but they couldn't keep their hands or their eyes off each other for a moment. They were most dramatically and violently bride and bridegroom.

I KNOW that sounds brutal and I couldn't and wouldn't have said it then, for in a way their love was rather wonderful to watch. They were beautiful, their love for each other almost pagan. They were flaming youth in real earnest. But it made me terribly afraid for them. Love can't go on at that pitch. It never has in all history. But they said it would, they believed it would, they expected it to. They had dramatized it and the world had dramatized it. But they were so frightfully young and inexperienced in the long business of everyday living. What would happen when the inevitable moment of readjustment came—the mellowing of youthful passion into the fine but much less dramatic and exciting business of marriage?

I remember that after dinner, while the men talked books in the library, Joan and Hope and I went upstairs. Joan was completely restless, unhappy, because she was away from Doug for even a few moments. But she was interested in her domestic arrangements—the redoing of her house in Brentwood. It had been, during the hey-hey days not so far in the past, a gay incongruous sort of place, very Spanish outside, with a mixture of early American and Spanish and Hollywood inside. In Joan's own room was a collection of dolls—hundreds of them. That will give you an idea of what kind of a house



it was. Now she was doing it over to suit Doug's tastes and there was talk of apple-green draperies and yellow chintz and English oak tables.

So then we have for a year—two years—young Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. And Joan Crawford was as completely young Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., as she had been the hey-hey girl who won Charleston contests. There wasn't anything insincere about the miraculous change in her. It was complete and honest, but only a great actress could have done it so well. Her clothes, her voice, her make-up, everything that had suited the tastes of the harum-scarum favorite of the night spots was now changed to fit the posi-



Only the heights and the depths—

never the easy middle path—could

be Life to this vibrant glamour girl

banks, Jr.” There was a moment of complete silence. Every eye turned to the door, whence the three little steps led down. No one had known the Prince and Princess were coming at last to sit at table with the King and Queen.

The two women faced each other. Joan at the head of the little steps, framed in the doorway, magnificently young and beautiful and striking. Mary, looking like a little queen, all in white, with her strangely regal, gracious air. A dramatic contrast few of us ever forgot. Mary, who had been the greatest of all stars and was just yielding her place—Joan, on the crest of the wave, just reaching the top. Wives of father and son.

It must have been a great moment for Joan Crawford. In one blinding moment, as she walked across that wonderful room, she must have realized how far she had come in these few short years, must have had a high-beating heart as the past slid by her in a swift panorama and she realized that she had conquered all of her world. For, actually, that was what the evening meant. She was a big star—she was socially within the last sacred circle. And she had done it all herself, for she knew, as she took Mary’s hand and heard the sweet, gracious voice welcoming her, that the Joan Crawford of other days would never have been there, even if she’d married the son of the house.

Perhaps that was why, for a time, she let it change her whole personality. “Montana Moon” was her first picture after her marriage, I believe. Anyway, “Montana Moon” and the two or three that followed it weren’t any help to Joan Crawford. She had become too much a lady. She wasn’t Joan Crawford; she was Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. The vivacity and vital charm that had made her a star were dimmed. Marriage had made her a Fairbanks and a relative of the queen of filmdom and she was so busy living up to her position that she wasn’t quite natural.

That didn’t last long. She struck a balance—a balance that gave us at last the Joan Crawford of today, the shining star who has held her place so long. Her new poise and polish, her new grand manner, her improved diction, her new knowledge of clothes enriched her personality, gave it depths. The old vitality and vividness came back with a rush, tempered and rounded by what she had learned as young Mrs. Fairbanks. In 1931

(Continued on page 91)

tion of an elegant and well-behaved and adoring young matron. All the imagination and genius that she threw into her screen rôles helped Joan now to make perfect the outward change that corresponded with the inward change that love had wrought. She might have stepped right out of Mayfair or Park Avenue. Our Dancing Daughter had become one of These Charming People.

THEY were never apart in those days, the young Fairbanks. And it was very pretty to watch and they were very happy.

But, for a time, it had what looked like serious consequences as far as Joan’s career went. In 1930 she had her worst year on the

screen, so far as her really great art as a personality and an actress was concerned. She took her new social position too seriously. She wasn’t on the outside of Hollywood’s new social order any longer. She was a Fairbanks. All doors were open to her now. And Doug’s wife must be a Lady in every sense of the word.

Even Pickfair yielded, after young Doug and Joan had been married eight months. It was a very stately and very exclusive dinner party at Hollywood’s Buckingham Palace. Gold plate, orchids, menus, footmen in knee breeches, titled guests. The guests were in the exquisite white drawing room. The butler announced, “Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fair-

Rough Sketch of a Gentleman

(Continued from page 28)

wood, an inaccurate tag. To be labeled a hermit, little effort is needed in Hollywood. Avoid the night clubs. Avoid a meaningless show of intimacy with casual acquaintances. Don't slap men on the back. Don't call girls you never met till five minutes ago, "honey." That makes you a hermit, a highbrow or a big stiff.

Colman has never reconciled himself to the Hollywood practice of public parties. He considers it not unreasonable to claim the right of entertaining guests within one's own four walls without benefit of camera. He has refused to alter his habits of mind to suit the standards of others, not through superciliousness, but because of an integrity which makes it impossible for him to pretend to be what he is not. He will not run counter to his own grain in order to achieve a false popularity.

He has no inclination toward a life of solitude, and as little toward indiscriminate huddling. He doesn't make friends readily. Those he makes, he keeps, and leads a normal social existence among them.

HE lives in a pleasant white house—not a show place—on the side of a Beverly hill. There his friends—Bill Powell, William Hawks, his business manager, Benita Hume, the Warner Baxters, the Dick Barthelmesses—come to dinner, usually on Friday evenings. Sometimes they run a picture, sometimes they play poker, though never for high stakes. Gambling for the sake of gambling holds no appeal for Colman. More often, they sit and talk.

He has a well-stocked library, which he uses. When a point of fact is disputed, Colman can generally make straight for the page in the book that settles the argument. He is interested in what interests most thinking men—his work, his inner life, the state of the world which, at the moment, depresses him deeply. He loathes war with the loathing of one who has seen it. It is subjects such as these that make the conversation for the group. And these are the evenings he most enjoys.

Since he's a well-balanced person, he can be lured to the Trocadero—on an average of once a year. One glimpse of the crowded floor where the movie world comes to see and be seen and, with a plea in his eyes, he'll steer his companions gently down to the quiet dining room below.

His boat is a haven, a keen delight to him for its own sake. For years, he and his friends have been chartering boats and going off on trips together. Now he has his own boat—an auxiliary ketch called the *Dragoon*, on which he spends most of his spare time. Like his house, he picked his boat, not for show, but for solid values, passing up snappy lines and chichi for strength and general seaworthiness. The crew consists of captain and cook. All the other work is done by Colman and his guests. Each morning the brass-polishing and deck-washing brigades turn out to rub and scrub away with a will. There is no shirking or skimping. The traditions of the sea demand that a boat be kept shipshape. In Colman himself there is a fastidiousness which makes him hate a bungled job. He has learned to stand watch, to run ropes, to trim sails with the skill and precision of a trained mariner.

Depending on their time, the group may head for Santa Barbara or Catalina

or Mexico. On one occasion they hoped to make Honolulu, but Bill Hawks had a business engagement and they had to turn back. Destination, in any case, is of minor importance. The thing is to sail, to fish, to read, to lie in the sun, to talk endlessly under the stars, to savor the taste of peace among one's friends.

Colman's land game is tennis. His court is a good practical one, minus frills. He and Warner Baxter are well matched. They will play to the point of exhaustion, then make for the recreation room and flop down in front of the fireplace to rest. Couches and dav-



The debut of that other noted WW of the Winchell family. Walda, daughter of Walter, dining at the Trocadero with her parents, steals the spotlight from a famous father

enports extend their inviting arms unheeded. By long habit, it's the fireplace, hot or cold, that spells comfort for the two after tennis.

Ever since they've known each other, there's been a room in Baxter's house for Colman. If he wants to spend a night or a week or a month, he has only to move in. No one else is allowed to use it.

COLMAN'S household staff consists of two Filipino boys and Tommy Turner. Tommy is Colman's indispensable, a gentleman of taste and humor, who keeps his employer both comfortable and entertained. Ten years ago he was a prop man for Goldwyn. Colman liked his qualities, and little by little appropriated his services. Now he's a kind of catchall for the other's needs. Colman drives himself, except when he's tired. Then Tommy drives. He has no valet, but Tommy takes care of his clothes. He has no secretary, but Tommy looks after his correspondence. He has no paid companion—with unerring tact, Tommy knows when to stick around and when to make himself scarce.

Not long ago these two men celebrated their tenth anniversary together. All of Colman's good friends gathered to drink a toast to Tommy. It's become a cliché to say that a man would give his right hand for someone he loves. Cliché or not, it's probably true of Tommy.

As for Colman, shy to the point of wordlessness on the subject of himself, he will brag cheerfully about Tommy Turner. He likes to tell the story of

that fishing expedition when, armed with all sorts of complicated paraphernalia, he cruised up and down the west coast of Mexico and brought back nothing. On his return, Tommy took a day off, paid a dollar for a place in a fishing barge off Santa Monica, and came home that night to deposit on the back doorstep a hundred and fifty pounds of fish. "He only did it to show me up," Colman concludes, pride lighting his eyes.

Essentially modest, Colman has too much sense to decry his own value as an actor. "Go in and do what you can for me," he once told his agent. "Before God, I'm probably worth thirty-

strength of character, which they rightly attribute to the man as well as the actor.

HIS manners have a touch of chivalry that has gone out of style in our casual age and country. With Colman, it is second nature to see that a woman is protected from a draft, to hold a door open for her, to show her the courtesies that used to be taken for granted. This is again instinctive rather than deliberate, the heritage of his background and upbringing. Born in London of a Scotch mother and an English father, one of a large family of brothers and sisters, aunts and cousins, in the English fashion of families, he was in contact from childhood with those qualities of reserve, dislike of publicity, devotion to duty, respect for women that have ever made up the backbone of the English nation.

At sixteen, after his father died, Colman bore with his mother the task of restoring the family fortune. Since it had been from her that he had inherited those two distinctive characteristics—a quiet sense of humor, and a detached and impersonal viewpoint—there was a great bond of sympathy between them. It was she who fostered the innate chivalry that has marked Colman's associations with women all through his life.

"Just the plain ordinary politeness," someone put it, "that we were all taught and few of us practice. Ronnie still clings to it."

He takes literally that counsel, given on the Mount: "When thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth." Yet grateful people sometimes find it hard to leave their gratitude unspoken, and so rumors have leaked out of the sums he bestows where he feels they can best be used. His friends, who may supply a wary answer to this question or that, are mum on the subject of his beneficence. "I have no idea," they'll tell you; or, at best, "You'll never find out from me. I'm not talking."

FROM one of them I wormed a story that he told for the story's sake, less to point up the fact that his friend was generous than that he was close-mouthed.

Arriving a little late for dinner one evening, Colman offered his apologies. "I was driving up the coast, and went farther than I'd intended."

"How far did you go?"

"Santa Barbara."

"What for?"

"Well, I picked up a man and his wife who were hitchhiking to San Francisco, and since I was pretty close to Santa Barbara, I thought I might as well put them on the train there."

"What do you mean, train? I thought they were hitchhiking."

"So Ronnie gets that look," the friend continued, "which says, 'What is this, an inquisition or something?'" and the subject is closed. I know darn well that he was nowhere near Santa Barbara when he picked up those people. And I know darn well he bought their tickets and supplied them with funds. But if I'd pushed the point any farther, he'd have found some charming way of asking me why the hell I didn't mind my own business. And if you use it in your story, we'll probably never speak as we pass by."

I'm using it anyway, in the hope that Mr. Colman's charity will cover my need for a tagline, too.

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Daintiness



See Loretta Young
IN 20TH CENTURY-FOX'S
"Second Honeymoon"

Barbara for Her Own Sake

(Continued from page 69)

good friend Joan who just can't help being glamorous. But when I go with her into a restaurant or a shop and hear the little ripple of admiration and attention that follows her everywhere, I'm sure it isn't entirely Hollywood. I'm sure she's just the dynamic sort of person who would be glamorous anywhere."

"And this house of your own," I said. "Your gardens and swimming pool and stables and servants. Isn't this glamorous?"

"Everyone in the world has a home," she smiled. "And everyone's home, whatever and wherever it is, means to them exactly what my home means to me . . . a place where, if you demand it, there can be peace."

"GLAMOUR" or not, Barbara Stanwyck is one of Hollywood's "quality" stars. Though her sheepskin isn't framed upon her wall, she has a master's degree from a great University. She is an honor graduate from the "University" in which she enrolled on the day when, at fourteen, her thin frightened little knees leaned for support against an executive desk in a Brooklyn telephone office as she answered a newspaper "ad" for a girl to file cards. Her ordinary school education ended then and there, and her "higher" education began, for she got the job and from that day on life was lived in earnest.

She remembers little about her mother and father. They died while she was still too young for memories. But, looking at Barbara Stanwyck, I feel that I can "remember" them . . . her father, squaring his shoulders against circumstance . . . serious . . . too young . . . despairing sometimes. Her mother, slender, gray-eyed like Barbara herself, valiantly shouldering the burden of too little money to take care of four children packed into a tiny flat, a burden frail hands had to give up at last.

Barbara, the youngest, was brought up by her older brother and two sisters, valiant little household still, her brother working wherever he could, her older sister dancing in a Broadway show and determinedly teaching small Barbara the entire show routine, the only kind of an education they could see ahead for this littlest one of them. And to this plan Barbara lent eager enthusiasm, promptly learned to dance, and, to her brother's annoyance, as promptly began writing her name in chalk on the neighborhood sidewalks . . . "to show everybody," she explained sagely, "how it's going to look in electric lights."

But only for triumphs in dancing was the name to be emblazoned. That the stage also had actresses never even occurred to her. By the time she was fourteen she had mastered every dance step she had ever seen.

"Did you expect to study dancing then?" I wondered.

"Oh no," she said. "You see, we were really *very* poor . . . hungry sometimes," she added quietly. "I knew that after I was fourteen I'd have to earn my own living. But I was willing to do that. I've always been a little sorry for pampered people . . . and of course," she laughed, "they're *very* sorry for me!"

Her first real milestone, then, was the job in the telephone office. The family never supported her after that.

Can you imagine the engulfing tide of apprehensions, uncertainties, fears, heartbreaks that would roll in upon you, if you were in that same position—small, and alone!

And I should think the whole story was unconsciously told by Barbara herself, when she fastened upon the wrist of her son, three months old, a bracelet he still wears, will always wear.

Noticing it, I asked her about it, about the line engraved upon it, this quotation from Hugh Walpole:

"It isn't Life, it's the courage you put into it."

"Of course, Dion doesn't understand what it means," she told me, "but I'll keep on telling him till he *does* understand. If he falls and starts to cry, I remind him of courage. I try to tell him that as long as he lives courage is what he'll need most of all. He's going to get hurt a lot of times, and he's got to take it and I want him to learn, as soon as he can, not to cry."

"When he learns not to cry about physical hurts, he'll be on the way to cope with other hurts, the kind that call for *real* courage. Physical hurts are easy. But you can't rub liniment on your heart. That beats . . . and you have to carry it around, and tears help least of all. I know. I've tried. Perhaps I'm cruel to talk to him of things like that when he's so little, but I wish I had had someone to help me learn not to cry. I had to find that out for myself."

"Many people will hurt you. And you can't change that. And you can't run away from it because at the end of every day you wind up with only yourself, after all. So I want Dion to learn as soon as he can to be a 'stout fellow.' I want him to know really what courage means. And when he does know, I'll be glad he can say . . . 'It was Mummy who taught me that!'"

Isn't that Barbara Stanwyck's story? Doesn't it tell you why she can give you drama and make you believe it?

But she didn't know she had told me so much about herself. As day turned to dusk, and purple shadows gathered around the hills, and a sleepy little boy came to tuck himself into her arms, the story she told me of herself had no note of difficulties, or discouragement, resentment or regret. Stout fellow! It was just simply . . . the story, even a little bit gay and amusing.

HER first plans for more pretentious duties than filing telephone cards came after two years, when she succeeded in persuading *Vogue* that she was the right person to assist customers in cutting material.

"But I didn't get that job honestly," she told me. "I lied. I said I knew how to cut patterns and I didn't. And when there were too many complaints from people who put paper patterns on cloth and expected a sleeve and got a belt . . . I was fired."

"So I thought that was a good time to do something about dancing, and I began finding out what it meant to try for a job on Broadway. I remember feeling my feet getting closer and closer to the sidewalk," she laughed, "and then all of a sudden I found myself with a contract for the Strand Roof."

"Some people call night spots pretty bad environment. Maybe they are. But I was completely happy for the two years I danced there. I had to earn my living and I was grateful for work I loved as much as dancing."

"Then pretty soon I heard that there were better salaries in road shows, so I went after a job in a road show . . . and got it. The day we left New York to open in Columbus, I had a new suitcase. I think I packed and unpacked it fifty times. I'd never been on a train before. I sat up all night in the Pullman just to see the towns and the country go by."

And this show was a departure from the usual. For in it one of the chorus girls was to do a scene, a scene of pleading with the Governor for the life of the hero of the play. To Barbara's complete amazement it was she whom Willard Mack had picked out of the chorus to do the part. She was certain she could never do lines, and she told him so. But he was certain she could, and so for three weeks tried. Then Mr. Mack conceded she had been right and he had been wrong.

"We've sent for someone to take your place," he told her at last, "and I'm sorry, but the girl who says the lines must also dance in your particular spot."

So this meant her job. Meant back to New York to start again.

"Maybe I could improve," she said, a little desperately.

"My dear child, you'll never improve," he said shortly. "You simply don't feel the words. You don't feel the situation."

But there was still tonight's show. One more chance! Barbara went to bat with herself.

"I could feel it in dancing," said Barbara Stanwyck to Barbara Stanwyck. "Why can't I feel it in words!"

But nothing she could think of or say about it gave her the surety to walk out on the stage that night with any delusion that she could bring new life to the part. She never knew, she doesn't know *now*, what suddenly opened the floodgates of her understanding, but as she stood there, a half-frightened little creature caught between the footlights and the "Governor," suddenly, and for the first time, she became aware of the significance of what she was doing. Suddenly it seemed real and actual to her that a man's life hung upon the words she was about to say; that she alone could move to compassion this man who was the "Governor."

The city was Pittsburgh. The play was "The Noose." And that night when Barbara Stanwyck finished speaking her lines, she heard, for the first time, the sound which was to motivate her life from that moment on, the sound of applause for a great impersonation . . . her own.

For Barbara Stanwyck who had entered the stage door a chorus girl left it . . . an actress.

AFTER that, of course, dancing seemed entirely unimportant," she told me. "I did a small part the next season, and another part the season after, and after that I went in and out of agents' offices on Forty-second Street as regularly as I breathed and ate my meals . . . in fact, *more* regularly than meals," she laughed.

"I don't know which there were more of, parts I hoped for that didn't happen, or parts that happened in shows that closed. But then came 'Burlesque' . . . and here I am in pictures," she finished simply.

"Of course, I've always had a burning desire to be the best of all, and, though I know most things you dream of pass you by, I'll go on working with that same desire till the last rôle I play."

Across the valley had come an almost sudden Fairyland of the tiny lights of many villages. A thin new moon dropped its fingernail reflection in the pool. Inside the house there were lights, now, too . . . amber and rose, and the crackle and smell of a log fire. Down around the stables the "boys" were bedding stalls for the night. Came the strains of "Susanna" on a high-pitched fiddle.

And this was the home, within it the servants, of the girl who at fourteen began the serious business of paying for everything life gave her, the pattern girl who at sixteen couldn't hold her job, the chorus girl who, at eighteen, couldn't be an actress, the girl who, as Mrs. Frank Fay, quietly, gallantly accepted the failure of that "perfect marriage."

Here she was, serene, successful, a rarely lovely portrait in her own well-ordered home, the wind ruffling her hair, her son asleep against her shoulder . . . the stars in her eyes. . . .

"If you could begin all over again," I asked her, "how would you change it?"

"I wouldn't," she said, after a long minute. "There are things I wish I could forget, but I wouldn't change them. You see I really have very little to regret . . . and I have what I wanted . . . home, and the baby."

"And now," I parried, "isn't there anything *more* you wish for?"

The nurse came to tell us dinner was served, came to carry sleeping Master Dion off to bed.

"Is there anything more I wish for?" Miss Stanwyck laughed. "No . . . nothing more. 'I've . . . stopped wishing.'"

Answers

TO "DO YOU REMEMBER?" (pages 46-47)

1. Marguerite Clark; H. Palmerson Williams; living in New Orleans.
2. Wallace Reid; Dorothy Davenport; a son (Wallace Reid, Jr.).
3. May Allison; James Quirk; to be domestic in Cleveland.
4. Colleen Moore; John McCormick; Al Scott; Homer Hargrave; exhibiting a doll house for charity.
5. Corinne Griffith; Webster Campbell, Walter Morosco, George Marshall; keeping house in Dallas, Texas.
6. Norma Shearer; "Romeo and Juliet"; important producer (Irving Thalberg).
7. Anna Q. Nilsson; fell from a horse; playing small rôles in pictures.
8. Bebe Daniels; Ben Lyon; playing in music halls abroad.

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Eleanor K. Roosevelt on the steps of Roosevelt Hall, her ancestral home, at Skaneateles, N. Y.

(Right) Sailing with a friend on the beautiful lake beyond the sloping lawns of the estate.



Eleanor K. Roosevelt

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C. B. Blakely La Salle
The Fair Oak Park
Clarke & Co. Peoria
The New Worthams Rockford

INDIANA

Palais Royal Lafayette

IOWA

The Killian Co. Cedar Rapids
M. L. Parker Co. Davenport
Younker Bros. Des Moines
Emporium Ottumwa

KANSAS

The Vogue Ft. Scott
The United Milly Co. Wichita

KENTUCKY

B. B. Smith & Co. Lexington
Brinckerhoff, Inc. Louisville

LOUISIANA

New Palais Royal Lake Charles
D. H. Holmes New Orleans
Abdalla's Opelousas

MAINE

B. Peck & Co. Lewiston

MARYLAND

Hutzler Bros. Baltimore

MASSACHUSETTS

T. W. Rogers Lynn
Chas. F. Wing New Bedford
Grover Cronin, Inc. Waltham

MICHIGAN

Seaman's Battle Creek
J. L. Hudson Detroit
Siegel's Grand Rapids
Elaine Shop Jackson
Style Shop Lansing

MINNESOTA

The Dayton Company Minneapolis

MISSISSIPPI

R. E. Kennington Jackson

MISSOURI

The Famous Hannibal
Stix Baer & Fuller & Co. St. Louis

MONTANA

Hennessy Co. Butte

NEBRASKA

Thom. Kilpatrick Co. Omaha

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Gaby's Exclusive Shoppe Nashua

NEW JERSEY

Green Shops, Inc. Atlantic City
Tanney Millinery Hackensack
L. Bamberger & Co. Newark
Lillian Charm, Inc. Trenton

NEW YORK

Fowler, Dick & Walker Co. Binghamton
Abraham & Straus & Co. Brooklyn
Flint & Kent, Inc. Buffalo
Nugent's Glen Falls
F. Stern, Inc. Newburgh
R. H. Macy & Co. New York City
Boeckl Shop Poughkeepsie
Hollywood Milliners Troy
Pierre Campbell Yonkers

NORTH CAROLINA

Toachey Womble Raleigh
Toachey Womble Rocky Mount
Rosenbaum's, Inc. Tartoro
Sher Lynn Shoppe Wilmington

OHIO

Robinson-Schwenn Co. Hamilton
The John Ross Co. Middletown
Edward Wren Co. Springfield
The Hub Steubenville
Lamson Brothers Toledo
Livingston's Youngstown

OREGON

Chas. F. Berg Co. Portland

PENNSYLVANIA

Sachs Braddock
Leonardsons Du Bois
Henry & Fisher Hat Shop Greensburg
Bowman & Co. Harrisburg
Ann's Millinery Johnstown
Gimbel Brothers Philadelphia
Gimbel Brothers Pittsburgh
Scranton D. G. Co. Scranton
Leonard's Uniontown

SOUTH CAROLINA

May Bond Simpson Columbia

TENNESSEE

Schumaker's Chattanooga
Grace's Nashville
Morgan-Vehine Union City

TEXAS

Volk Bros. Dallas
Sakowitz Bros Houston

VIRGINIA

Style Shop Charlottesville
Sydney & Be'man Lynchburg
Capin Hats Norfolk
Jonas Shop Richmond

WASHINGTON

Alexander's Spokane

WEST VIRGINIA

The Diamond, Inc. Charleston
The Floradora Shop Morgantown

WISCONSIN

Gimbel Brothers Milwaukee

CANADA

Hudson Bay Co. Calgary, Alberta
Hudson Bay Co. Winnipeg, Manitoba

Party Lines in Hollywood

(Continued from page 27)

swimming pool capital, it might be well to tell you about Peter Arno.

A few years ago this most sophisticated of caricaturists had professional occasion to be in the celluloid citadel. Within a week he found that the greatest problem which confronted him nightly was that of costume. What in the name of holy hatboxes to wear! If he wore the conventional evening tail coat, he was certain to find himself surrounded by other masculine guests in golf suits, sports clothes or beach pajamas. If he elected to go native and arrived in flannel slacks, everyone else, perversely enough, was rigged out full fig, with white tie, stiff linen and an air of disdainful superiority. If he attempted a compromise and dressed in a dinner jacket he would discover the other assembled chivalry in Norwegian skiing outfits or bathing shorts.

Suddenly this ingenious gentleman hit upon a magnificent solution and, hopping into his car, broke all speed limits scorching down Wilshire to his tailors where he commanded what came to be known as the "All-Purpose-Arno-Convertible-Hollywood-Party-Suit." The double-breasted jacket was made of shaggy tweed on one side and, upon being turned inside out, proved to be a conventional black broadcloth dinner jacket with neat grosgrain lapels. The trousers were on the same order. A simple dicky, or waiter's dress shirt with collar and tie attached, could be rolled up and carried in a small brief case in the event Mr. Arno found it expedient to appear in dress attire, and a pair of detachable tails could, in an instant, be

attached to the hem of the jacket, making it possible to sport a tail coat or a dinner jacket as the occasion might seem to require. Instead of running drawers, he adopted for evening wear a pair of swimming shorts and in this manner could, on a moment's notice, appear in any one of four changes of attire. Through this simple invention Mr. Arno regained his tottering sanity and became one of the most appropriately garbed males ever to walk the streets of Hollywood.

Now for the parties—and party crashers in Hollywood. Despite the dictates of sanity which should impress any normal citizen of his good fortune in escaping such holocausts of good taste, there are impertinent hundreds in Hollywood who exercise a perverse ingenuity in getting to parties where they aren't asked and where they certainly aren't wanted. Some seep in through unguarded entrances, others march boldly through the front door in the guise of invitees. They urge each other on to the consumption of ever greater quantities of caviar and champagne with the fervid hospitality so often characteristic of those who are not paying the check.

There is one persistent party cracker whom we may call Don Drizzlesmirk who came unbidden to a certain party at the Victor Hugo which Jimmy Shelton was giving for his mother. The uninvited guest arrived so early, that when Mr. Shelton put in his appearance, a moment in advance of his guests, he supposed Don was one of the managers

of the establishment and raised no questions. The management, in turn, thought him a representative of Mr. Shelton, since he seemed so concerned for the service of the hors d'oeuvres and highballs. In fact, it wasn't until Sam Hofenstein identified him to Mr. Shelton that the gent was propelled gently but firmly out into the night.

The same Drizzlesmirk for several years had made a practice of seating himself at a table at the Troc near the entrance to the Rose Room when he knew a private party was impending. No one ever saw him make his entry, but sooner or later, there he would be, chatting amiably with celebrities, downing fearsome quantities of strong waters at somebody else's expense. But—sad to relate—a career of such insufferable manners can't last very long even in so tolerant a community as Hollywood and the colossal Mr. Drizzlesmirk, the last we heard of him, had transferred his activities to New York where opportunities for party mooching are almost limitless.

MOST Hollywood parties fall into three generally recognized categories: cocktail or guzzle-and-gallop bouts; formal dinner or supper entertainments crossed with just a touch of the Ritz Brothers; and fall-of-Babylon parties or monster shebangs of a fancy order usually involving balloon ascensions, feu d'artifice, battles of flowers and the presence of Hymie Fink, the candid photographer.

The first enumerated, the cocktail party, differs little from the same article

elsewhere except that it is apt to last longer, result in more falling-down souses and involve the consumption of a more frightening assortment of dead fish pastes on soggy wafers impersonating hors d'oeuvres than can be found anywhere else in the world.

But the formal Hollywood dinner—ah, there you have something! Such entertainment is usually held in a public restaurant and, unlike formal dinners in any other community, it is not served in the customary sequence of soup, fish, entree, game and so on, for all the guests as a unit; instead, each course is served to suit the convenience and arrival of each guest. Miss Garbo, let us say, who has conceivably arrived on time, or not more than two hours after the hour nominated in the invitation, will be in the midst of her *soufflé au fromage* and *framboise d'Alsace* while Harpo Marx, a trifle tardy, is just sitting down to his clear turtle soup and saltines. It is not unusual for guests to arrive at midnight for a dinner announced for eight-thirty and anyone actually making the mistake of putting in an appearance at the hour named on the invitation will find the waiters just starting to set the tables.

Memory serves of a dinner organized a while back in honor of Mrs. Libby Holman Reynolds by a group of her friends and admirers, the repercussions of which were still echoing around Beverly Hills drawing rooms long after the broken glasses had been replaced by the restaurant management.

This exquisite levee took place at the Trocadero and the courtly celebrants included such a mixture of notables as

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Prince and Princess Sigvard Bernadotte of Sweden, the Nunnally Johnsons, Errol Flynn and Lili Damita, Auriol Lee, Mrs. Clark Gable, Thyra Samter Winslow, Tyrone Power, Roland Leigh, Louisa du Pont Carpenter, Roger Davis, Lady Duff Cooper and the Salvator Dalis (M. Dali is an exponent of the modern school of surrealist art). Toward the end the party also embraced most of the patrons of the Trocadero, who, apprised by their senses that big doings were toward in the Rose Room, joined the party and lent it their moral support for several hours.

Perhaps the high point of the evening was when the Princess Bernadotte, oppressed beyond further endurance by the fatiguing weight of a cabochon ruby and diamond necklace—a gift from Queen Victoria to the Princess' grandmother, the Queen of Sweden—simply checked it with the colored attendant in the ladies powdering room. The maid had a fabulous time for the rest of the evening playing queen.

THERE was, too, the encounter between one of the top-notch actors present and a celebrated producer. The actor swung on the producer, who ducked the haymaker, but in doing so contrived to fall to the floor where he remained in a state of tranquil repose for the rest of the evening. Yelled the director in a panic: "I've socked him too hard and maybe killed him! Let me out!" With that he fled and wasn't seen again for days. Rumor had it he was hiding from the police whom he imagined to be searching for him with assorted warrants.

It fell to Mrs. Johnson's lot that night to do top honors by the visiting Dalis, since she, alone, of those present was familiar with the fashionable French language. Conversation was animated on both sides and extended well into the small hours, and it was not until the next day that Mrs. Johnson confessed to knowing no French whatsoever. Thyra Winslow still claims they were speaking Turkish.

Another tale that comes out of this one evening's entertainment was the

embarrassing moment when Mr. Lloyd Pantages spilled a bit of salt on the table and threw the soup over his shoulder.

M. Dali was later heard to remark that he felt that Hollywood was more than ready to be schooled in the tenets of surrealism and had, in fact, apparently anticipated his own exposition of its gaudy mysteries.

PERHAPS the outstanding party of the Fall-of-the-Bastille or St.-Bartholomew's-Eve order ever to come out of Hollywood was the festival which attended the super-monster, epoch-making, eye-compelling, terrific-stupendous world première of "The Good Earth."

Records of this epic convulsion were charted by the seismographs of Fordham University and the British Museum, and Hollywood's saloons and powdering rooms are still aquiver over the positively Field-of-the-Cloth-of-Gold proportions of the première itself and the subsequent Morris Dancing at the home of the Phil Bergs (she was Leila Hyams).

The Carthay Circle Theater, where "The Good Earth" had its première, was, heaven knows, Chinese enough. Such a Bannerman's window of paper lanterns, rickshas, water wheels, opium pipes, pottery ovens, chopstick lathes, joss house interiors and varied Ming and Sung symbols of vaguely Oriental significance as were assembled outside the playhouse hasn't been seen since the Richard Barthelmess version of "Broken Blossoms" opened in the Colonial Theater in Boylston Street, the off-center of Boston's Chinatown, some years ago.

But the Berg's shebang, following the opening, was, in a word, something.

MR. WILLIAM HAINES had been engaged to transform the Berg villa into a temple setting of positively Houqua opulence, for this party. In the front hall was a towering eucalyptus tree, stripped of its native foliage and richly refurnished with what can only be described as clumps of gardenias. A super life-size statue of a Mandarin princess, with outstretched hands, offered the arriving chivalry still more gardenias in

wreaths, leis and corsages that would have bugged the eyes of M. Goldfarb or Max Schling. The entire premises were decorated in ferns of undoubtedly transpacific origin, cunningly twined in Oriental festoons by that old Manchu artificer, Foo Haines. The coup de grâce, to borrow an interior decorator's phrase, was supplied by a number of stuffed white doves, conservatively estimated by trained observers at something in excess of two hundred brace, suspended by invisible wires and cords in lifelike attitudes from vantage points of the ceiling and convenient projections.

Among the guests were such notables as George Jessel, Norma Talmadge, the Raoul Walshes, Barbara Bennett, the Ernst Lubitsches, Pandro Berman, the Hal Roachs, Aileen Pringle, and an unidentified lady celebrant, undoubtedly of Mandarin caste, who went home with one of the stuffed doves worn at a fetching angle over one eye in the manner of the moment in evening hair ornaments.

The polite sensation of the evening was supplied by the arrival of Mrs. Libby Holman Reynolds on the arm of Lloyd Pantages, the latter variously identified, by two divided schools of thought among the assembled onlookers outside the Berg mansion, as Clark Gable and Leslie Howard. Mr. Pantages, since he neither wore Elsinore smalls nor the sideburns which Mr. Gable had adopted for his rôle in "Parnell," was bewildered but gratified by the reception accorded him and acknowledged the mistaken cheers with gracious salutations.

A corps of Asiatic cordons bleus had been recruited by the Bergs for the special preparation of such traditional native dishes of the Manchus as Chicken Maryland, hamburgs with melted cheese and Perrier Jouet, 1928. Everyone was home and in one bed or another by seven the next morning, and trained observers are of the opinion that there won't be anything so Chinese this side of Grauman's Theater until company call is issued for the next Charlie Chan episode.

Hollywood's Junior Legion

(Continued from page 8)

Jane are both redheads and all four are Irish. The girls had promised to help Tommy and Jackie wrap gifts but not a great deal was accomplished. In no time there was an argument. Jane said that all she wanted for Christmas was Charlie McCarthy and Ann said she'd be satisfied if she could just have his autograph. Tommy made the ungallant remark that they were just the type to fall for a dummy and Jackie said that if it weren't for Edgar Bergen where would Charlie be? Ann quickly resented that and went on to explain that Edgar Bergen is just a press agent who takes ten per cent of Charlie's salary, and if it weren't for Charlie's salary where would he be?

The war really started when Jackie accused Charlie of being descended from a long line of crab apples. He said he could tell by the expression on his "goofy pan." Jane went into action then with a vengeance and I seriously considered calling out the riot squad. But I'd heard they were all Irish, too, so I thought it best just to wait until the fracas naturally died down. It finally did and we took the picture you see on page 8.

THE doll I am holding in the picture was purchased by Tommy for his five-year-old baby sister, June Marie. The

doll's name is Patsy Ann and Tommy says he chose her because she looks Irish. Having June Marie and his mother with him in Hollywood for Christmas is the grandest thing that ever happened to Tommy, as you can see on page 48.

He is so fond of June Marie that he's almost ashamed of it. When he was at home in New York he took care of her after school and taught her her first prayers and Mother Goose rhymes.

"Look at this snapshot," he said, taking from his pocket a snapshot, mangled and torn. "She looks awful sweet, doesn't she?"

In general Tommy thinks girls are about the most unnecessary things in the world, but with June Marie it's different. He loves to talk about her and tell of the cute things she says and does. He was willing to have Ann and Jane tie most of his gifts "any old way" because "what did the fellows care about a lot of tissue paper and ribbon and junk?" But June Marie's doll had to be wrapped just so.

Tommy didn't act in "Tom Sawyer." He was just himself. He loves old clothes and hates to wash, and Jane and Ann both agreed that the way he and Jackie Moran can stuff cookies into their mouths looks like a stunt.

The boys told them to wrap up the

presents and keep quiet. Then—well, as I told you—it is a big mistake to get four Irishmen together in one room on a rainy day!

I almost forgot to tell you about the interesting contest we have planned in connection with our story for next month. We're going to begin the New Year by presenting the Junior Legion Medal of Honor to a little star whom you all know very well—Shirley Temple. The Medal of Honor is a solid-gold medallion which is given once a year to a child under seventeen years of age whose outstanding accomplishment has made him or her merit distinction.

This is what I want you readers to do. Write a short story, not more than one hundred and fifty words, telling me why you think Shirley Temple deserves this medal. The letters received will be judged upon the basis of convincingness and logic and the prizes for the fifteen best letters will be beautifully bound Junior Legion snapshot albums.

And be very sure to have your letters in before midnight, December 5th (the closing date of the contest), so that the prize winners will have their albums by Christmas Eve. Address your letters to Marianne, care of PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 7751 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, Cal.

The Private Life of Deanna Durbin

(Continued from page 22)

out the address; the telephone number is changed every couple of weeks. These are Private Life Safeguards Numbers 1 and 2. The least snooty folks in Hollywood, the Durbins have found such precautions necessary if Deanna is to have a normal upbringing.

"This house is too big for us," Deanna observed now with a deprecating wag of her tawny head toward the expanse of walls and the vast rug. "I like tiny houses. Why, we have five bedrooms here! Of course, Daddy took it for the grounds. I think perhaps later we may build; just a small place. Just for ourselves, and my sister when she comes to visit."

Deanna would far rather talk about her older sister's success than about her own. She adores Edith, who, with money earned as a school teacher, paid for Deanna's first voice lessons.

Edith still teaches in a Los Angeles school, though recently she married; Deanna sang like a nightingale before the ceremony, then raced upstairs in time to descend sedately with the wedding party as bridesmaid. Incidentally, Edith is a champion fencer. "Lots and lots of medals," Deanna confided proudly. "She's—oh, she's perfectly—"

YES, but we were talking about a day's routine in this house on the hillside. Now, the first thing—

"Well, I get up in the morning," Deanna said practically, "but not any earlier than I have to. If I'm working in a picture, I have to be out of bed at six o'clock but if I'm not working"—she giggled—"I don't get up till they call me."

"Then, of course, I go to the studio every day, to school, picture or no picture. And I practice; scales, you know. And I go for my voice lesson."

"Breakfast? Oh, yes, I forgot that. I don't like to eat breakfast; it's my worst meal, really. But if I'm in a picture, Mother makes me eat bacon and eggs beside the orange juice. Generally I have lunch at the studio, usually at school noon hour; a sandwich and fruit, something of the sort. . . ."

They had to give Deanna a key to the side door of the Universal lunchroom, so that she could slip in without going around by the street entrance. So many people wanted autographs that she hadn't time to eat.

"If I'm working in a picture, I go out to the hokey-pokey cart—everyone does—for soda pop; the man comes by in the afternoon; no, I don't like ice-cream cones, only soda pop. Dinner at night's my best meal; vegetables and meat."

"Well, then," Deanna proceeded in a conscientious attempt to sum up her day, "I play Ping-pong. I wish I knew how to play tennis! And I swim whenever I get the chance—Mother has arranged for me to have some play hours, you see, each day when I'm not in a picture. And I go to the movies. I love that. Especially Mickey Mouse."

Her chief playmate is a girl cousin from the near-by town of Inglewood. The cousin, by the way, was born only an hour and a half before Deanna. It's a red-letter week when the cousin arrives to spend a day or so.

"I miss the girls I used to go to public school with," Deanna added pensively, "but my hours are so funny now that I hardly ever get to see them. And it's no use my going to visit their

classes—I did once or twice last season—because this year they're all scattered in junior high schools through Los Angeles. Still, I wouldn't have much time to spend with them, anyway. Unless perhaps they lived right next door."

She sighed. But immediately brightened when somebody mentioned another so-to-speak playmate. Naturally, Deanna no longer plays with dolls; she's studying second-year high school subjects now—Latin and algebra and Shakespeare and world history, as well as reading such books as "Tish" and "Gone with the Wind"—but there's always Henry. She flew upstairs to get him; you could hear her feet buoyantly scampering across the floor overhead, the floor of her blue, white and pink bedroom. She's unusually fond of color. Of blue, to wear; but of all colors, so that she couldn't pick out a favorite.

Down she came with Henry clasped in her arms. Henry is the rabbit that Henry Koster, director of "Three Smart Girls" and "100 Men and a Girl," gave her at Easter; a velvety, soft white bunny of remarkable size, remarkably garbed in pale strawberry plush rompers that match the lining of his great, floppy ears.

Henry is a rabbit with personality. His large, brown eyes are so placed beside his cuddly white nose as to give him an effect of peering upward with a shy, ingratiating expression delightful to behold. Deanna has carried him to Boston, Philadelphia, Winnipeg. She keeps a special chair for him in the corner of her room.

SHIFTING Henry to a nonchalant pose beneath her arm, she held out her hand with another prize possession in it. A thin chain bracelet of gold hung with "charm" doodads. "See?" she said, spinning a gold bangle balanced on an infinitesimal bar, also the gift of Director Koster. "When this spins, it spells out 'Three Smart Girls.' And, watch!" She spun another bangle, the gift of our Associate Producer Joe Pasternak. "This one spells '100 Men and a Girl.' Your eyes have to get used to the letters whirling. . . ."

She sat down on the floor, her wide blue skirt spread around her, and from under the arm not busy with Henry, she took a huddle of small silver horses, three of them. She put each separately on his feet. "Aren't they cunning? They were on one of the sets; I liked them, so they gave them to me." Wild silver manes tossing, the colts stood in lovely, static flight. Deanna's hand hovered over them caressingly.

Gifts, however, don't inflate her ego. Her sense of friendliness is too keen for that. When Universal's executive producer, Charles R. Rogers, gave her a handsome sedan after her first picture, Deanna couldn't believe that it wasn't merely a loan.

TALK next turned to her schooling. She likes arithmetic; she even likes algebra! In public school, she was selected to tend the cash register in the cafeteria. She loved doing sums and making change. Her studies she takes pretty seriously. Member of a well-educated family, she is eager for knowledge. At the moment, history holds her spellbound.

"We've been studying the best history book!" she exclaimed, "I'll show it to you." Up the stairs again—lightly two at a time—she darted; the scam-



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per of feet overhead; a swoop downstairs again. "There's the most wonderful paragraph summing up the World War. Wait. I've marked it with red pencil."

Strange conversation for a juvenile! But a juvenile with brains.

She pointed to the paragraph. Each word was underlined. It was Nicholas Murray Butler's estimate that for the money spent on the war every family in ten countries could have had a \$2500 house, \$1000 worth of furniture, several acres of land—with enough money left over to build scores of universities. "Isn't it dreadful?" said Deanna. "Not so much the money, as the millions of people killed?" So she's a pacifist? "I am!" answered Deanna with emphasis.

Notwithstanding the youthful mannerisms that crop up now and again, the girl knows her own mind. Nevertheless, it isn't true that she is high-handed, despite certain rumors of late to the effect that she can put people off the set if she likes—and sometimes does.

The truth of this story is that when one scene in her last picture required tears, Deanna approached Director Koster in embarrassment. "I just can't cry with people looking at me," she confessed miserably. By "people" she meant outsiders. So, reasonably enough, the visitors were asked to leave till the scene ended. Deanna did not "put them off;" the studio reports she has no say as to whether visitors shall or shall not be admitted.

There's the other story, too, about how she wouldn't pose for photographs. Well, she posed for all the publicity pictures they wanted till they asked her to be photographed in bed. There seemed no reason for her refusal, but Deanna simply didn't like the thought of being photographed in bed. Since a star ought to be permitted some leeway in preferences, she got her way. However, her associates will tell you that even after her mind is made up on a point, she will change it readily if the arguments sound sensible to her.

She knows what she wants, but she isn't stubborn.

At the moment, she rather wants the hat with the little feather spiral on it turned back to the wardrobe department; the hat she wore with such comic effect in the opera house scenes of "100 Men and a Girl." Deanna thinks it might be nice for a souvenir, since people liked it so much.

"We had a good time doing those scenes," she remarked, "though I had to run as hard as I could to get from one opera box to the next in the 'Alleluja' song." They used the same set formerly used for "Phantom of the Opera," the set with a tin roof, and the weather was broiling. "It was 125 degrees under that roof one afternoon," said Deanna. "That night, I was in bed by six. But I don't stay up after ten, anyway, as a rule; often not after seven when I'm working. I like quite a lot of sleep."

AS her clear, nicely modulated voice ran on, an unearthly sort of chirp came from around the corner. "That's Ferdinand," Deanna explained, "my bird. He likes to sing."

A canary? No, Ferdinand's a parakeet. Dark-haired Mrs. Durbin, who had entered the room a short while before (Deanna rose and stood till her mother sat down), gave a gentle laugh. "I don't know that you'd call it singing, exactly, the noise Ferdinand makes."

Deanna looked surprised and a bit hurt. "But he *does* sing, Mother," she responded, quick to defend her pet. "He does the best he can!"

Ferdinand, dog Tippy, and rabbit Henry are companioned by an artificial koala bear. Deanna explained, "it's pronounced 'koola,' and he's a native Australian." The koala bear has a place by the living-room hearth, where he is propped against a hassock.

"He's life-size," Deanna exulted, picking up the little fellow, who is about as large as a collie pup, "though he's not nearly so big, full-grown, as an ordinary bear cub—is he? The

koala bears carry their cubs pig-a-back. Oh, I do think Australia must be the nicest country, with koalas carrying their children pig-a-back and kangaroos carrying theirs in that cute pouch on their stomachs."

The topic—animals and their habits—led less illogically than one might suppose to Adolphe Menjou. He's Deanna's top-flight actor. Not only because he's such a good actor, but because he can make such frightful faces.

"He does a leopard face," she chuckled. "He does it every time I ask him. Honestly, he looks exactly like a leopard! Honestly!"

Spots and all? you inquired.

"Well, no," Deanna admitted, "but anyway, it's aw-ful."

WHILE she talked you recalled that for three months after a talent scout found her, young Deanna had been under contract to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and that this studio, through an inadvertence, did nothing about her. Yet now, in one brief year since she was snapped up by Universal, she's a full-fledged star for whom the impeccable Menjou makes leopard faces! Just one of those distinctions—stardom or Menjou making faces for you—would be enough, yet this lucky youngster...

Not all luck, either, for there is hard work, and a private life that is cupped within a few hours daily: hasty visits with friends, a book (she reads over thirty books a year), a horseback ride with adequate company. And a few months ago she could roller-skate on good, smooth concrete wherever she found it, and run with other school-girls to the candy store. Fame has its drawbacks.

"...he used to get offside, away from the camera," Deanna was giggling, still intent on Menjou, "and make the most horrible faces at me, trying to get me to laugh. Right in the middle of a scene. Sometimes, truly, it was—it was serious." She giggled again. "The movies," said Deanna, who works harder at them than many a grownup would, or could, "are fun!"

Why Can't the Stars Stay Married?

(Continued from page 29)

earlier days: "Martha Jane, beloved wife of Ezra Jones"; "Ann Louise, beloved wife of Ezra Jones"; "Mary Eliza, beloved wife of Ezra Jones." Maybe the stars prefer another way of solving their love problems than that chosen by their great-grandmothers.

My companion was not satisfied with my generalization, however, but wanted to discuss the special problem of the screen stars. We all know that John Barrymore, for example, has been married four times. His trouble isn't that he can't fall in love, but perhaps that he does it so easily.

When a great lover is an actor, he is faced with an especially difficult problem. To act well, one must have imagination and sympathy; one must be able to put himself intensely into a part and yield himself to its appeal. Now that's a great gift. But it's as dangerous in life as it is necessary on screen and stage.

An actor like Barrymore begins to fancy how it would feel to be married to some lovely girl. Pretty soon his imagination makes him picture himself in that relation. Then he feels just how it would be, holding her close, and by-and-by marrying her. Every time he meets her, he unconsciously plays the part he has allowed himself to imagine.

And, of course, all the feeling, all the sympathy of his dramatic gift slip into his behavior. Before she knows it, the girl becomes the heroine in his personal play, caught by the power of his emotional intensity. Now, just as no actor plays the same part for years, so a man like Barrymore, even without knowing it, begins to dream after a while of the excitement of a new romance.

Of course, we all have something of that tendency, but it's not so hard for ordinary people to keep from exercising it as for a screen artist. Creative natures in any field find it more difficult to keep their imaginations from being too active in their personal lives than do sedate natures. It's easy enough for an accountant to remain loyal to the woman of his dreams. His fancy seldom bothers him. But for one whose feelings become intensely stirred, while vivid pictures race through his brain, it's another story.

THERE'S more to the question than feeling and imagination, however. My Hollywood friend referred to Constance Bennett, whose romances and marriages have continually kept Hollywood on its toes. She pointed to those two early marriages of Connie's—the first, an

elopement with the young student, Chester Moorehead, which ended promptly in an annulment; the second, the society marriage with young millionaire Phil Plant, which again ended disastrously. She followed through, in her remarks, with mention of Connie's third marriage to Gloria Swanson's "ex," Marquis Henri de la Falaise, and told me of the prevailing gossip which indicated that Connie's recent trip to Europe was for the purpose of divorce. Those marriages of Constance Bennett's seemed to her to be a pretty fair indication of how most stars choose their husbands—hurriedly, recklessly, with no plan for marital permanency. There are plenty of other people with this same attitude, apparently, so it is not why the stars can't stay married, but why, having married and remarried, they're so cynical about it now.

Of course, to generalize, marriage isn't so simple as a business partnership, or even a friendship, and it must not be judged against those standards. There are more intimate, more personal sides to it, and when those aren't right most relations cease. There does not need to be—as most people seem to think—a triangle to incur a couple's unhappiness.

Miss Bennett's marriages prove this point. Both of her first two marriages

occurred when she was still very young, immature emotionally, as any girl is at that age. The Chester Moorehead type of marriage has happened to thousands of schoolgirls; the Phil Plant marriage was, on the surface, perfect in every way—the society bride and bridegroom. Notice that it was not until Connie herself definitely knew that she needed a career to bring full happiness, that marital difficulties arose in this, her second marriage. There was no mention of another man in the case.

When she met Henri de la Falaise, her present husband, she was a mature woman, who knew without a doubt what she wanted. The Marquis, having been married to an actress, recognized and accepted at once Connie's viewpoint on a career. He wanted her to go on with her work.

And, for six years now, they have carried on what appears to be a successful marriage.

Will it last? I don't know. No one knows; but whether it does or not, I am willing to bet that Connie, along with many another woman, has a feeling that marriage—every marriage—presents almost insurmountable pitfalls to anyone whose career depends on talent for emotional dramatization of everyday facts.

There is, after all, a pretty big conflict between a career in pictures and our unconscious longing for domestic life; reason enough why many stars are afraid to try marriage again. In every woman's heart there is an age-old expectancy that her man will be a caretaker, protector, and earner. While part of her wants her own career, with its glory and its wealth, the rest of her wants her husband to bring her everything and to be just as interesting and glamorous as her career itself. He must compete with the whole American public in offering homage. Obviously, no man can live up to that requirement.

AND then, there are the things a man wants of his woman. He dreams of a wife in the home to take care of him and give all her attention to him, seeking in return, his affection. But he also wants the money and the reflected glory that her career makes possible. Of course, most artists aren't conscious of this reasoning. This sort of thinking is not deliberate with them. It's just human nature to wish all worldly wealth and power, and, at the same time, to keep our loved ones just to ourselves.

Many of my readers may insist that moving-picture people don't do much to keep their marriage partners just to themselves, or set that sort of example. I didn't mean to imply anything so unsophisticated. Just the same, these people would like to have their cake and eat it too. Did you ever hear of a man who wanted to be as free as air in his own love affairs, but preferred to keep his little woman in the home?

The truth is, if the marriage is to be a success, he expects that little wife to be five different persons in one—a beautiful girl, a brilliant listener, a passionate, intimate partner, a nice domestic caretaker, and, nowadays, a good provider as well. But can any one woman's nature incorporate all five facets? Take Carole Lombard, for instance. She has the looks, the brilliant mind, and I don't believe she's patterned after a marble statue. But no one could suppose she was motherly to her husband. And maybe she has her own queer mixture of requirements. Anyway, a marriage fails when one isn't satisfied, and not because of the coming of the other woman, or a more charming man.

I've never seen a triangle in my life, but I've known plenty of cases that seemed to be. Something is wrong with

a relation before anybody else has a look in. I'll admit this, however. Those who constantly come in contact with other stars, either ravishingly beautiful, or else full of magnetism, have much more temptation to find fault with their marriages than ordinary people do. If you'd lived all your life in a little Midwestern village, and never seen a girl with Carole Lombard's looks, or a man like Clark Gable, you wouldn't be so restless in the home.

PEOPLE constantly ask me what I think of Gable, and why he wins love so easily. I've never had my mental microscope on him, but I'll give you my guess. In the first place, he's all male, but not a gorilla like some of our heroes. And next, he's not afraid to be human: sympathetic without being soft. But maybe he's protected by the memory of his mother. I don't say he has what people call a complex on her, but you notice he takes to older women. All his wives to date have been several years his senior. Yet even that doesn't seem to keep him married; it keeps him marrying.

Any sort of fixation will do that. In childhood, we seek what we psychologists call a contact person. It may be a mother, perhaps a nurse. Some men never get over the impression this youthful desire makes. Then the love pattern gets mixed up with this nursery image. And thereafter, those men will seek older women. If these good ladies don't do their caretaking properly, then its heigh-ho for a new nurse every so often.

When I was a boy, I adored my grandmother. She was in her eighties, and she'd had all those decades to become wise and kindly and gentle. In my teens, I compared every girl I knew with the ideal I'd built on Grandmother. If they weren't as sweet, as patient and as understanding, I bellowed like a mad bull.

You see, it isn't just one thing that breaks a marriage and after a while causes a fear of wedlock. It's many types of emotional maladjustment. Most people have a conflict between what they want in love and what they think they want. And some are so doubtful as to what they want, they can't even decide.

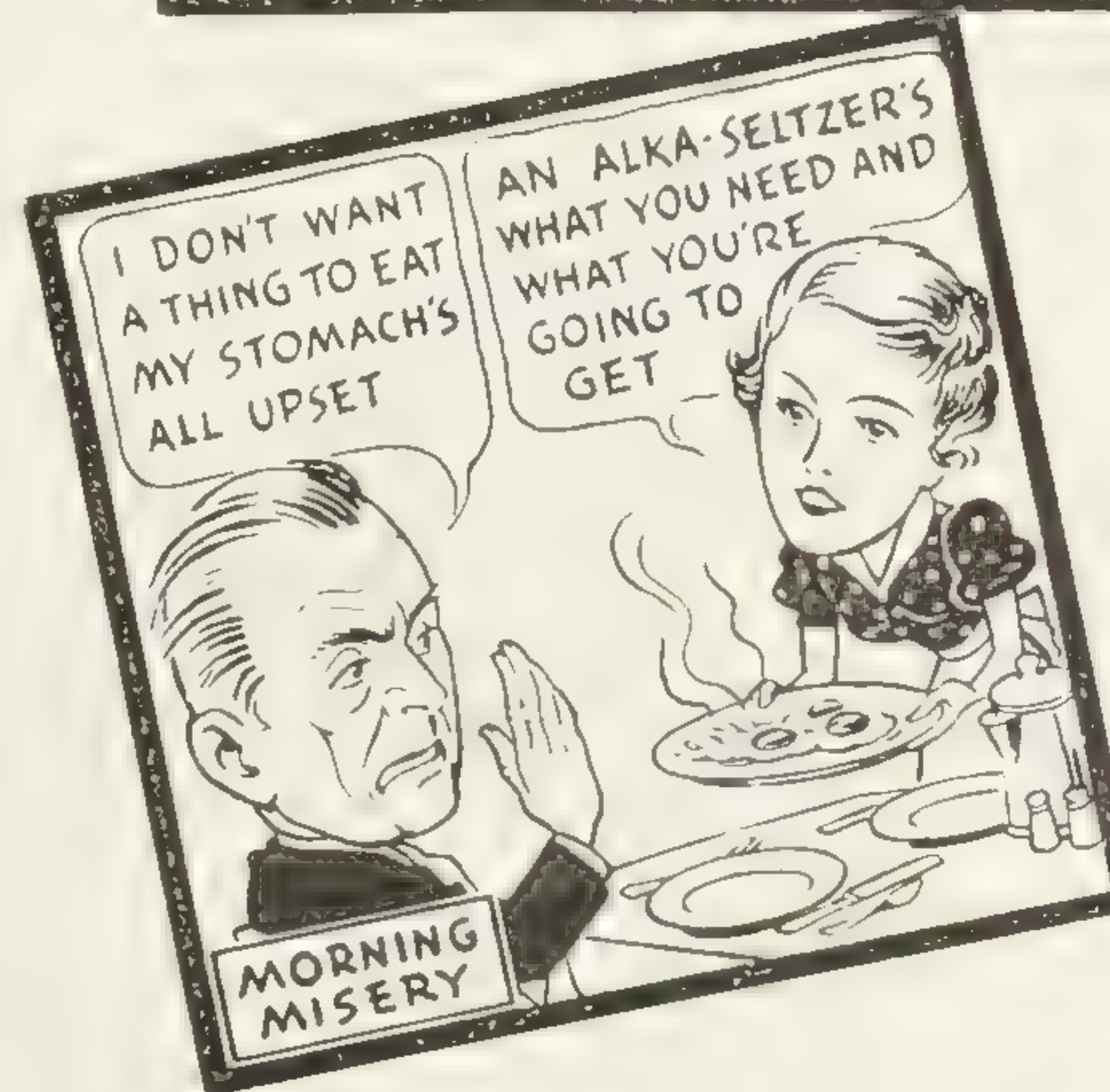
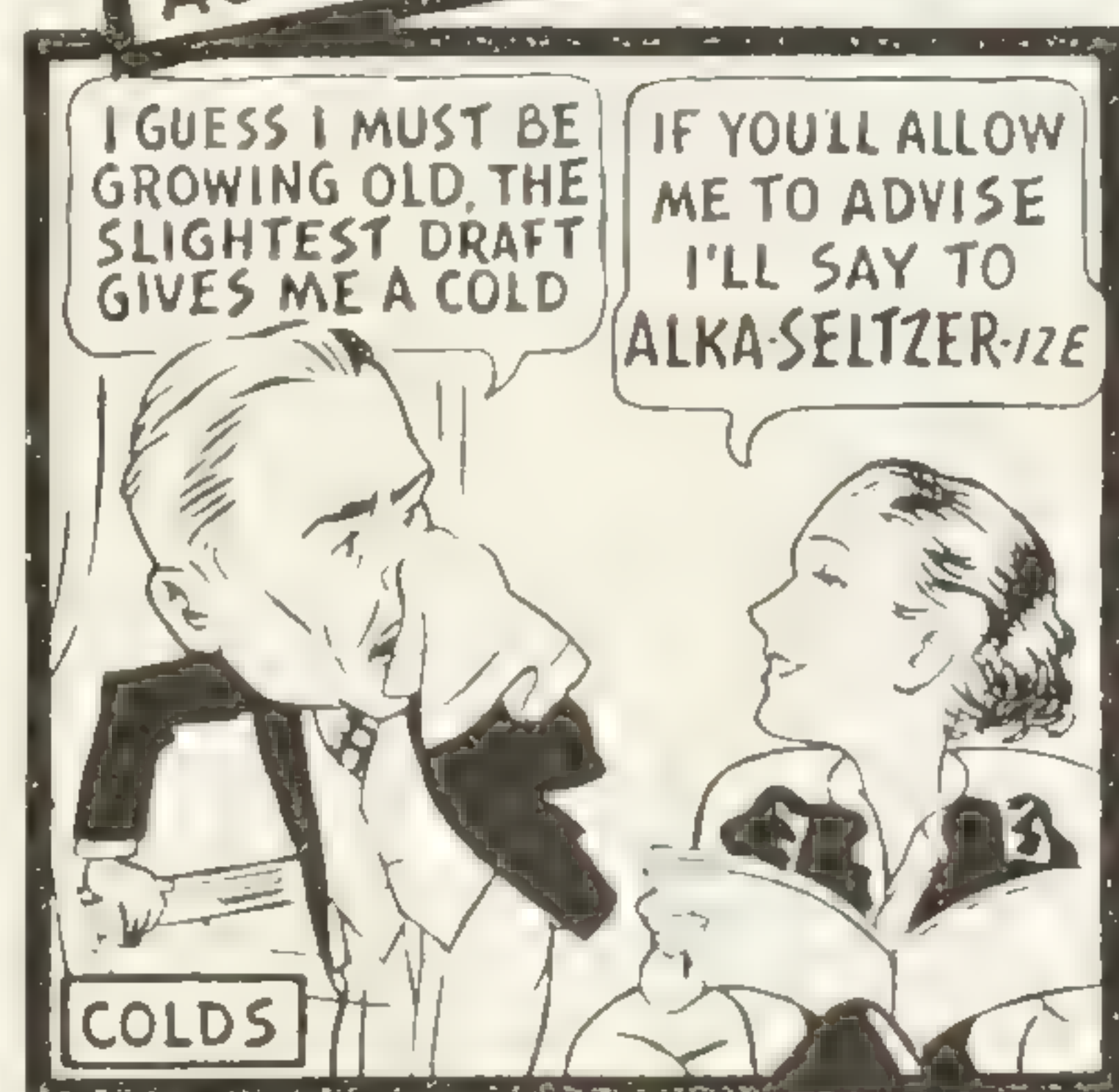
It may be that way with Robert Taylor. If one's parents were happily married, one wants no less in one's own love life. It's just as great a barrier as when youth has witnessed the mess their seniors have made of double harness, or has counted up the cost of alimony. Few actors lack love, in any case. I'm told that before Taylor had his great romance with Barbara Stanwyck, he was very much in love with Irene Hervey. Now he seems just as devoted to Barbara.

Of course, it's quite as possible to be monogamous in love as in marriage. In the ancient jungle, it wasn't a matter of ceremony. Man and wife probably stayed together about as well as we do now.

In the final analysis, the success of an intimacy depends upon what each of the two gives to it, and what each gets out of it. If each one doesn't expect too much, and spends more time thinking about what he can do for the other than what is done for him, all is pretty likely to go well. It's when we ask the impossible that trouble starts.

So you see that what's wrong with our actors is this: if one experiment fails to produce the perfect mixture, they seek another—either in or out of wedlock.

But if you suppose they make these changes quite easily, you are only echo-



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ing the opinion of thousands of censorious moralists, who think stage people can't stand anything difficult in their intimacies. Everyone knows that Barbara Stanwyck was unhappy in her marriage to Frank Fay. Yet she stuck it out long after a strict little Puritan would have run back to Mother. I'm merely speaking in defense of the screen stars. In view of their glamorous lives, they do about as well as the rest of us in the world at large. People, including the stars, don't rush to the divorce courts quite so easily as many suppose. Like the rest of us, they don't make the break until after they have taken quite a bit of drubbing.

People hate to face the fact that they have to separate, and hate to hurt each

other. That's certainly borne out in the case of Herbert Marshall. Anyone in Hollywood can tell you that Marshall was certainly infatuated with Gloria Swanson, and that for two years they practically never drew an individual breath. Perhaps that ended because love can't be taken in such constant applications. Too much of anything leads to saturation. It seems strange that people can't learn that lesson.

I'm told that when Marshall met Miss Swanson, his love for his wife, Edna Best, faded rapidly. But did it? Who knows? At any rate, Herbert Marshall is not on unfriendly terms with Edna Best, for on his recent trip to Europe he was frequently seen with her.

And how could he be unfriendly to-

wards her? Weren't they once known as the happiest couple in England? That means there were some centers of compatibility at least, and those would hold even after the marriage had ended. Maybe we take intimacy too seriously.

I'm not advising vacations, separate domiciles and breakfasts apart to keep people together, but I'd like to see married couples as courteous to each other as they are to strangers.

To make love permanent, we must never destroy its mystery.

A little reticence, a great deal of respect and much caring for the realities of romance are necessary to save it. Love has to be lived for and worked for. It should be quickened and refreshed every day.

Heartaches in the Search for Scarlett O'Hara

(Continued from page 21)

nearly eight months, she knew by heart every direct quote from Scarlett through "Gone with the Wind" 's 1037 pages!

Many couples appear at the studio, too, the man to play Rhett and the wife to play Scarlett. Amusing, too, is the number of social register personages who turn up, debs and matrons alike, wanting a fling at Scarlett's rôle, "Just for a lark," as they embarrassedly explain.

Few seem more eager than the mother of a three-year-old child from Atlanta, who wants her child to play Bonnie. The tiny tot arrived at the studio with petitions signed by State Senators from Georgia and the Governor of Georgia, not to mention the Mayor of Atlanta.

She and her mother have finally returned to their home in the South, but the studio has almost daily reminders of them in the form of the clippings and interviews about their Hollywood experiences and ultimate hopes that they have given out to their home-town papers. One such clipping stated that the child had just received a wire from another leading studio urging her to return to the film city to play a part in a Southern picture. According to these stories "Bonnie" won't consider the offer because she still has hopes of playing Scarlett's daughter and of having Clark Gable for her picture father.

Four hundred school girls came to Los Angeles in a motor caravan from Georgia recently and parked their busses near Director Cukor's offices. He went outside to see what all the racket was about, and remained to pick out eight of the loveliest to whom he gave photographic tests.

Meanwhile, four little girls from the South and two important Hollywood personalities were under direct consideration. The four Southerners were Susan Falligant, Louisa Robert, Alicia Rhett and Adele Longmire. They were all young and very pretty. Miss Falligant is a student at the University of Georgia; Miss Robert, an Atlanta debutante; Miss Rhett, a socialite from Charleston, S. C.; and Miss Longmire, a New Orleans stenographer. Those lucky four emerged triumphant from initial tests in their own home towns, through interviews with George Cukor when he returned from a trip to Europe, on to Hollywood and the eye of the impersonal camera. Nice girls, they were, pretty girls, but after their first little contracts with the studio were up, they were not renewed.

AS for the Tallulah Bankhead legend, here is the truth of that, for the first time. Tallulah is a friend of the whole

Selznick studio. They all adore her, and when she flew out from New York all on her own and asked for a test they gave it to her. The only thing against Tallulah for the rôle was that brutal fact of age. She could have acted Scarlett magnificently. But no longer did she look the part.

That Norma Shearer was in the running for a while can now be told. Selznick at no time has wanted a star who was under contract to anyone else. But he did consider Norma Shearer in that little interval that existed between the death of Irving Thalberg and Norma's eventual decision to resign with M-G-M. When she did sign up again, the thought of her playing Scarlett was dropped.

Paulette Goddard is now under definite consideration. She looks the rôle, but as yet no contracts have been signed with her. And the search is still going on. At the studio the letters suggesting candidates for the part have long since passed the half million mark—and every one of them, incidentally, has been answered, and each one that came from a hopeful aspirant has been investigated. Photographs flood in, too, tragic ones, funny ones, beautiful ones. They mean potential heartbreak for someone every time they are returned.

AND if, after all this about Scarlett, you wonder why there has been so little mention of the search for Rhett, here is the reason.

There are three possible Rhetts, all

in Hollywood, and undoubtedly one of the three will play the rôle.

First and foremost, both in popular voting and in the producer's opinion, comes Clark Gable, who is most certainly PHOTOPLAY'S choice, as we've announced. If Gable can be borrowed for the rôle, Selznick will look no further.

If, however, Metro won't let him have Gable, then Gary Cooper or Ronald Colman will be secured.

But there is one little story typical of this whole search that you should know.

A nice-looking young man, and you will understand why we can't reveal his name when you've read this story, sold his interest in a small business back in Tennessee to come to California to play Rhett.

So sure was he that he would be pounced upon for the rôle that he planned to send for his wife and their two tiny children when the good news was announced.

He appeared at the Selznick studios one dog day in midsummer, exhausted and penniless, to claim the rôle of the dashing young Southerner. No, he'd never been on the stage, he admitted to the studio casting office, but deep in his heart he knew he could play the handsome renegade from Charleston better than any actor alive.

It wasn't the customary thing to do but the lad was so touching and had such real personality that they gave him a job in the studio, taking inventory in the stock room.

He accepted the job willingly but lost none of his hopefulness at getting the expected "chance."

His little family soon joined him in Hollywood. They were rather happy about it all, too, until that heartbreaking day when the pretty young mother was bathing their tiny baby, while their little boy played near by.

It all happened in an instant. The two-year-old toddled over to the window, the screen fell out, he plunged downward several stories and was killed instantly.

Hollywood stepped in then and took charge.

The studio took up a collection that covered the funeral expenses. At the young father's request one of the studio's cameramen took a picture of the baby, waxen white in the tiny coffin.

Then they went to another studio where they knew a baby was needed and got the other child under contract at what seemed to the stricken parents as a very big sum indeed. So he's a coming movie star, even if his father's dreams of playing Rhett Butler have faded.



Although she's one of those "dam" Yankees," Bette Davis, too, was tested for Scarlett

The Laugh's On Hollywood

(Continued from page 32)

do you like best?" queried the querent. "The one at the box office," retorted Johnson.

It was Clark Gable who started the report that George Arliss wanted to go about unrecognized one day so he wore a *smoked* monocle! And, by the way, have you noticed that success hasn't changed George? He's still the same old Arliss—in every picture.

Perhaps the best description of the cinemetropolis is that drawn by Groucho Marx when he went into a rhapsody on Hollywood at Director Tay Garnett's home recently. He concluded his monologue with, "... I like it because if, of an evening, I go out walking with my dogs, Mrs. Jones—any Mrs. Jones—goes out walking with hers. My vicious brutes attack her dogs, and I attack Mrs. Jones. Makes it pleasant living all around!"

JESTING is not solely a man's game. Let's give the distaff side their just—or, if you prefer, jest—due. Among the Josephine Millers list Carole Lombard, Claudette Colbert, Tallulah Bankhead, Mae West, Marguerite Churchill, Clare Boothe Brokaw, and last—but far from least—Dorothy Parker, Queen of the It-Wits, who most recently referred to Buddy Rogers as "Mary's Little Lamb."

Prize Parkerisms include the following:

"Hollywood: the Land of Yes Men and Acqui-Yes Girls."

When a friend confided to La Parker that she was in love with a movie star, Dot snapped back: "That isn't love—that's ZERO worship!"

On her last visit to New York Dorothy noticed an elderly man-about-town cooing with a young ingenue at one of the night clubs. "Isn't that sweet?" Parker purred. "PAPPY love!"

Dorothy Kilgallen, flying reporter for the Hearst papers, writes with a Parker pen, too. She reported recently of a certain high-hat star, "She is frightened to death of crowds", and added: "... and crowds are frightened to death of her!"

Ginger Rogers, an expert at the quick retort, once squelched a bore beautifully. The annoying fellow managed to corner her at a party.

After much dull conversation, he finally asked, "Who's driving you home?" Fixing him with a glare, Ginger snapped, "You are!" and stalked out alone.

It's difficult to decide whether to class Gracie Allen as a wit or a nitwit. However, here are some samples you can work on to figure it out for yourself. Sez Grace: "After reading 'The House of Seven Gables' I still don't know which one is Clark!" And not so long ago we overheard her say to a friend: "Call me up sometime—even if it's only a post card!"

OUT of the mouths of babes have come some of Hollywood's cuter cracks. Irving Berlin, writer of many a Lolli-popular ditty, tells about small Linda, whose Sunday School teacher asked her one Sabbath, "What is Heaven?" "Dancing cheek to cheek!" piped up the little one.

Walter Winchell's sole topic of conversation these days—outside of himself—is Darryl Zanuck. Preparatory to making "Love and Hisses," his second peckture with Ben Bernie, Winchell had discussed the Zanuck contract at home at great length. Consequently, when the columnist's daughter Walda was asked by her teacher who was the

greatest president we ever had, the youngster replied, "Darryl Zanuck!"

Milt Gross, well-known film writer, was recently at work on an important assignment. Each evening he'd return home and report: "This afternoon I wrote a great scene!"

A few days later his son's tutor at a private school in Glendale asked Milt to come over in order to discuss the boy. "Mr. Gross," fumbled the embarrassed teacher, "I don't exactly know how to go about this. It's rather personal, but for your child's sake, I must know. Is everything all right between you and your wife?"

Gross, puzzled, assured the teacher there was no rift in his home.

"Then I can't understand it," replied the instructor, "because your boy constantly comes to me and says 'Daddy made a terrific scene today!'"

Another Hollywood instructor relayed this story. The ten-year-old son of a famous tippler was asked in the classroom to spell the word "straight." The boy answered correctly. "What does it mean?" the teacher asked next. "Without ginger ale," promptly replied the lad.

ALL the reels of film unwound since the birth of Hollywood would not equal in length the tales told about the producers and agents of blunderland.

At a studio conference the producer was one of those recruits imbued with ideas regarding the purity of the "dramma" and full of a Hahvahd accent. As usual, ideas were conspicuous by their absence, and George Jessel jumped into the breach with the outline of a story he believed was money-making cinematic material. When he finished his show spiel, the producer did everything but yawn and adjust a monocle as he remarked: "Oh, I suppose the story is O.K. for pictures"—to which Jessel (who doesn't pronounce it YES-sel) snorted, "Well, what are you making here—Tootsie Rolls?"

Another producer recently asked Bob Benchley to view the screening of a film just completed at the studio. After he had seen the epic, Bob expressed the belief that it needed more action in one place. "Where's that?" eagerly inquired the producer. "In the cutting room," was Bob's barb.

An agent who put over a big deal for Frank Fay suggested they celebrate by getting drunk. Fay protested that he couldn't imbibe as he was on the wagon. "Aw, c'mon," insisted the agent, "fall off just this once. What's to stop you?" "I went to church and signed a pledge," Frank said. "Lemme see it," suggested the agent. "I'll show you a way to break it!"

That gay group, the practical jokers of Hollywood, arouse loud laughter. Take, for instance, Charlie Lederer, Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur, who are collecting \$100 subscriptions for their new play. The C-note entitles the donor to opening night ducats and a slight percentage of what is laughingly termed "the profits." The big scene of the play, which is a modern Noah's Ark, comes when a father warns his daughter that if she sins it will rain for forty days and forty nights. She refuses to heed his warning and then a sprinkling system on the roof of the theater goes to work, letting loose a shower of water ... on the audience.

ONE of those fiends who insist on being just too cute on the phone called Fred Astaire one night. "Are you good

AW... MOMMY, I WISH THERE WERE SOME GUM IN THE HOUSE



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1/2 dozen packages of Double Mint



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Both in perfect taste. Exclusive with Revlon. You will like them. Men admire them.

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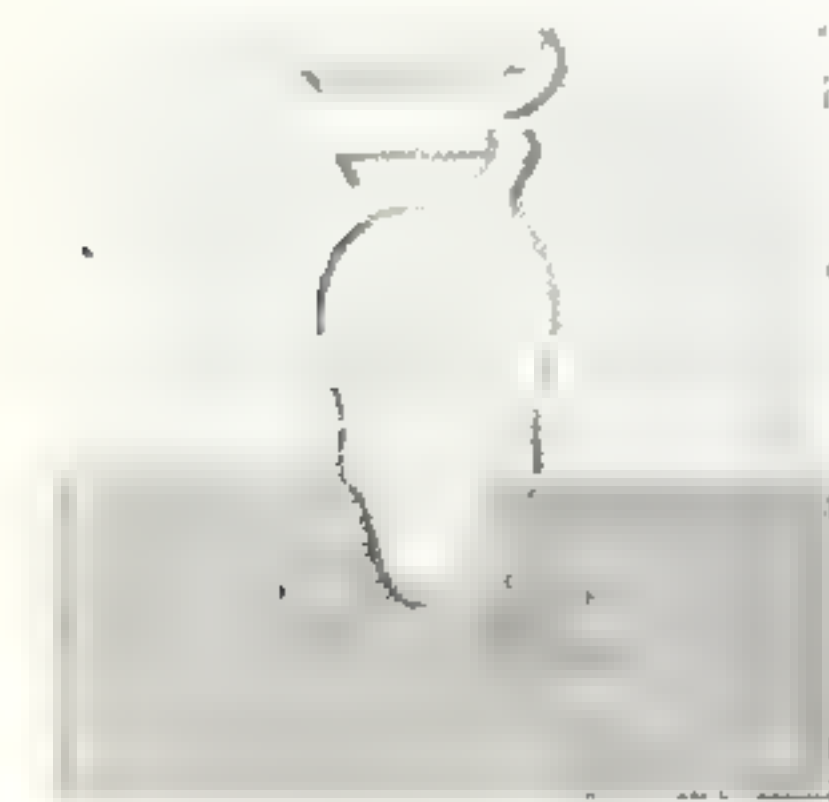
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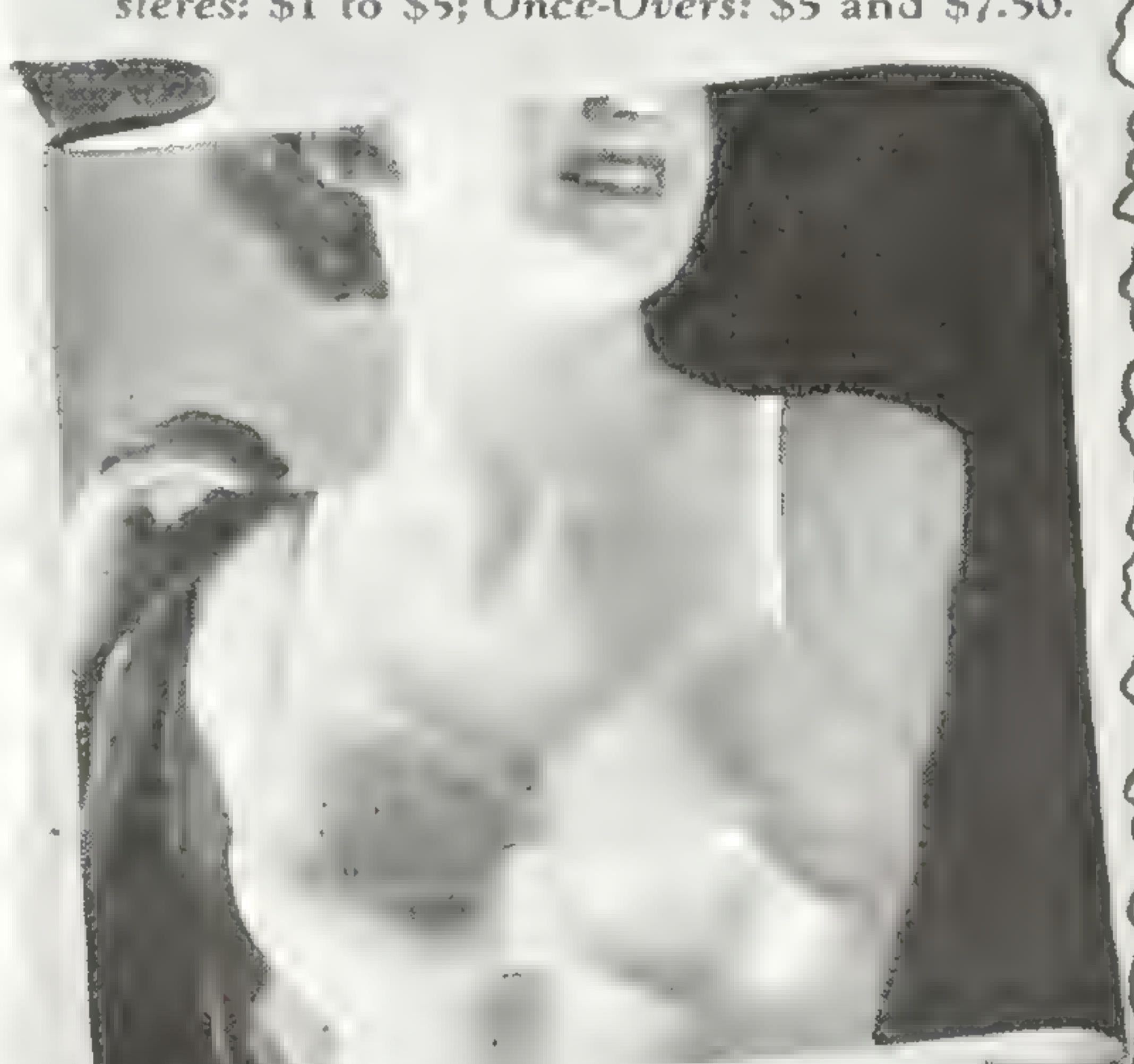


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*"Variation" (right) combines a definite line-of-separation with under-breast stitching for support—\$1.00 to \$3.50. Send for free Foundation Booklet P: Maiden Form Brassiere Co., Inc., New York, N. Y.

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*Reg. & Pat. U. S. Pat. Off.

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LOOK FOR THIS TRADE-MARK ON
BRASSIERES
GIRDLES • GARTER BELTS

"There is a Maiden Form for Every Type of Figure!"

at guessing?" he asked. "Sure," growled Fred, "I guess I'll hang up!"

Some double-feature billings cause customers to double up with laughter. As advertised on the movie marquees, the double features often have a double-entendre. Among the more printable bulb-blazings I recall:

THREE SMART GIRLS
with
BOTTOMS UP

A KING STEPS OUT
and
THE PRINCESS COMES ACROSS

MORE THAN A SECRETARY
COME AND GET IT

No treatise on Hollywood humor would be complete without some mention of Samuel Goldwyn. Alva Johnston, who did a notable series on "The Great Goldwyn," pointed out that the majority of Goldwyn gags were manufactured. The writer, who created many a quip and credited it to Sam, will swear on a stack of *Hollywood Reporters* that Mr. G. really did boast that he had produced a picture which was so successful that he planned following it up with a "squeal." "You know," he went on to explain, "like they did with 'After the Thin Man'."

That other famous dialectician of Hol-

lywood, Gregory Ratoff, approached his boss asking for a raise a few weeks ago. "But you've got a contract," his employer reminded him. "Huff cus, I know I got a contract," agreed Ratoff. "But if I got \$250 more a week I'd be satisfied. Right now, I'm only happy," he declared.

Hollywood's attitude hasn't changed since the old days when Producer Stern issued a solemn edict that his comedies were not to be laughed at! Filmland continues to take itself seriously, and that's what makes it funny. Yet some of its citizens laugh at life—and even death.

Realizing that what Hollywood needs is more taffy for the living and less epitaphy for the dead, some of the lads and lassies have cleverly concocted, for a final giggle about the great joke of existence, the following epitaphs:

"THIS PLOT'S TOO DEEP FOR ME"—
—Sylvia Sidney.

"BACK TO THE SILENTS"—John
Barrymore.

"REDUCED AT LAST—TO DUST"—
W. C. Fields.

"I'VE JOINED THE BACK-TO-THE-SOIL MOVEMENT"—Edward G. Robinson.

"OFF THE STAGE AND INTO THE WINGS"—Tyrone Power.

"LIVE ALONE AND LIKE IT"—Carole Lombard.

We Cover the Studios

(Continued from page 53)

after a luckless first marriage and a meeting with Spencer (Prince Charming) Tracy. Its title is "Mannequin."

We find Joan still in the tenement, with Spencer nowhere in sight. The immediate setting is a kitchen that looks like a settlement worker's nightmare. It is a masterpiece of squalor, from its leaky faucet to its dingy, flyspecked wallpaper. It epitomizes poverty.

Joan and her bedraggled mother (played by Elisabeth Risdon) are dishing up supper, talking over the steaming pots and pans. Joan is futilely bitter about their squalid life. Elisabeth, too weary to be bitter, tells the never-before-told tragedy of her own life, the death of her dreams. She urges Joan to get away, before it is too late.

They both are tense when the long scene ends. But Joan has a quick remedy for that. A Bing Crosby record on her ever-present phonograph.

ON a near-by sound stage, we find two alleged rivals costarring in the best Hepburn-Rogers tradition. Their names are Myrna Loy and Rosalind Russell. Their vehicle is "The Four Marys"—a title that is a contradiction. Nowhere in the script is there a character named Mary. The title will be changed.

The story is a quadrangle, à la "Libeled Lady," with Franchot Tone and Walter Pidgeon supplying the other two angles. The principal setting is a newspaper office. Franchot and Myrna are cartoonists, Walter is their boss, and Rosalind his wife.

We try to ascertain how Myrna and Rosalind rate with each other. We half expect to hear that it's nice weather we're having. Instead—believe it or not—they sound like each other's press agent.

Mildly thunderstruck, we race on to 20th Century-Fox, where, at the moment, only one picture is in production. But that one—"Second Honeymoon"—offers another promising duo of costars: Loretta Young and Tyrone Power.

The story is a comedy, about a young divorced couple who form other attachments (Lyle Talbot and Claire Trevor), then meet accidentally on their second anniversary, and fall in love all over again. It sounds like some make-believe with real-life possibilities for Tyrone and Loretta.

We see their meeting, in a hotel terrace in Miami. We see Tyrone accomplish a minor feat—lighting two cigarettes at the same time. He hands one to Loretta. She says, "Thank you, darling. I mean—thank you," and their embarrassed conversation goes on from there.

The rehearsal over, the cameraman decides to relight the scene for the take. Loretta and Tyrone do their own standing-in for this. For five minutes. Then five more. Facing each other all the time, hardly a foot apart. And they find nothing to talk about. Tyrone smokes; Loretta looks off into space. They don't seem uncomfortable at their proximity. Just disinterested.

This poses us with a pretty problem. Is this disinterest a bit of acting? Or are they acting in their love scenes?

BEFORE we can arrive at any definite conclusion, we arrive, very definitely, at Columbia Studios, in an atmosphere of hey-nonna nonsense and hot-chacha. Columbia is making "College Folies of 1938." And don't tell us that "Varsity Show" didn't start a new film cycle.

A starving college hires a handsome actor to grace the campus, to swell the coed enrollment. Collegiate comedy and musical comedy result. Involved in the frolic are Walter Connolly, Ernest Truex, Joan Perry, Charles Starrett, Gertrude Niesen, fifteen Pomona College football players, dancing damsels, and—Jimmie (Schnozzle) Durante. That man's here again.

When he was here before, he was the only one of his kind. No one else did dizzy comedy. Now, everybody's doing it. That makes him socially acceptable.

Only one thing worries him. The first time he came to Hollywood, he made his first scene on a location trip to Pomona College. And this time, the same thing happened. (The company has just returned from location at Robert Taylor's alma mater. Today they're rehearsing musical numbers.) And Jimmie tells us, plaintively, "I guess I'll never get out of college."

Like Mae West, we like a man who takes his time. So, on we go to United Artists, where Samuel Goldwyn will be spending months and millions (two, no less) on what he calls his "monument." It is in Technicolor. Its title is "The Goldwyn Follies."

We ask innocently if this is, perchance, a Hollywood cousin of "The Ziegfeld Follies." We are glared down to the size of Charlie McCarthy. This, we are informed, is the one and only Goldwyn Follies.

It is no mere revue. It has a plot. It also has everything from ventriloquism to grand opera. With a cast that includes Helen Jepson (this is her movie debut), Adolphe Menjou, Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy, the Ritz Brothers, Phil Baker, Bobby Clark, Ella Logan, George Balanchine's American Ballet and a crop of Goldwyn Girls.

BUT the name that will top the cast is one totally new to moviegoers. The name is Vera Zorina. (Look for pictures of her on pages 34-35 this issue.)

Like Sigrid Gurie, Goldwyn's other new foreign find, she is Norwegian. Tall, blonde, dramatically beautiful. When Goldwyn first saw her, she was, at nineteen, première ballerina of the world-famed Ballet Russe. She is twenty now.

We arrive too early to see her first appearance. But not too early to see Helen Jepson's. The picture starts shooting with Helen in front of the camera. Blonde, with a voice that is operatic and figure that isn't.

The setting is a theater stage. On the stage is a scene of the opera, "La Traviata." With Charles Kullman, also from the Metropolitan, she sings the Drinking Song. And, where she can see it from the stage, stands a huge basket of flowers. Attached is a card: "Good luck, Helen." That's "the Goldwyn touch."

Seeing one opera star gives us the urge to see another. We head for RKO-Radio, where Lily Pons is engaged in "Hitting a New High." And, without warning, we see more of Lily than we have seen of any star in years.

Lily is in a costume such as no operatic star ever wore before. Perhaps no other operatic star could wear such a costume. It consists of a brief brassière of feathers, a brief skirt of ditto, and a large helping of brown skin-paint.

In the film Lily plays the part of a girl who, because she can sing like the birds, has arranged to live among them, at least long enough to be discovered by two big-game hunters (Jack Oakie and Edward Everett Horton). At the moment, she is walking out of a pool in a leafy jungle glade. She has supposedly just had a dip.

Suddenly, her foot slips. With a startled shriek, she topples backward. No one is near enough to save her. She is under for the count of one before she finds her footing again. Her hair hangs in wet wisps. Her feathers look damp and dreary. But Oakie makes her laugh. "If you aren't a sight for the jay birds!" he says.

To see Fred Astaire and Joan Fontaine do their dancing duet in "A Damsel in Distress," we have to drive forty miles, up past Malibu Lake into wild mountain country. The farther we go on the narrow, tortuous road, the wilder the country becomes. We begin looking for buffalo and redskins.

Just as the road pauses to debate whether or not to become a trail, we see a sound truck parked on a side lane. We turn down the lane. We find ourselves in a grove of big, spacious trees—a phenomenon in Southern California. Through the grove flows a brook. And, on the opposite side, on an expanse of greensward stands—amazing to behold!—an old English castle, fronted with a formal garden. Neither the castle nor the greensward nor the garden was there the day before. They won't be there tomorrow. All of them are props.

The dance that Fred and Joan do is something new in Hollywood terpsichore. Refreshingly new. An outdoor dance, a country madrigal. From the castle steps, across a bridge over the brook, along the lane on the other side, through some stiles, and back over the brook on stepping stones. It is one of the simplest dances Fred has ever done. It may also be one of the best remembered. "Particularly by me!" Joan says.

ON the way back to Hollywood, we stop in Universal City for a glimpse of the bride, Alice Faye. She is honeymooning on the set of "Young Man's Fancy." And not with Tony Martin, but with George Murphy, Ken Murray, crowds of comedians, bebies of dancers. It is a comedy of show business.

We find Alice, George and Ken around a table at a night club such as New York never was, or will be, able to afford. They are supposed to be having a good time. Actually, they are having anything else but. They are in a corner, beyond all ventilation. Hot lights are burning down on them. And they have to laugh, and look cool.

They make a pact to get the scene in one take. They get it. Then, in unison, they chorus: "What's the temperature on this set?" The answer is: 122. And that's how movies are made.

At Warners, our next stop, Kay Francis is working with Pat O'Brien in "This Woman Is Dangerous."

On the set of this comedy about the advertising business, we see some unscheduled Hollywood comedy. The script calls for Pat to carry his bride up a flight of stairs, which will be easy enough for Pat to do.

Meanwhile, his stand-in, during the lighting of the scene, has suddenly found life difficult—carrying Kay's stand-in. He is a smaller man than Pat. She is a larger woman than Kay. Pat, an incorrigible better, wagers how long he will last. And loses.

We wander over to the set of "Hollywood Hotel," which is more than a set. It is architecture. It's a working model of the Hollywood hostelry of a billionaire's, or a movie fan's, dream. Nothing like it yet exists.

Dick Powell is in the grill, doing a scene with Rosemary Lane. She is a waitress. He is her boy friend, calling on her during working hours. Trying to ignore him, she starts to serve a couple. He helps her. The manager intervenes. The man at the table thereupon rises in high dudgeon and verbally flays said manager, for crossing up young love.

It is a long scene, with difficult timing. They get it on the second try. That's like catching the brass ring on the merry-go-round on the first try.

AND last, but not least, at Paramount we have a look at "The Buccaneer," Cecil B. De Mille's saga of the pirate who helped the United States win the War of 1812. It stars Fredric March. It starts Franciska Gaal, another foreign find making a surprise first appearance. This Viennese glamour girl, blonde and petite, plays a Dutch peasant girl, even to the wooden shoes.



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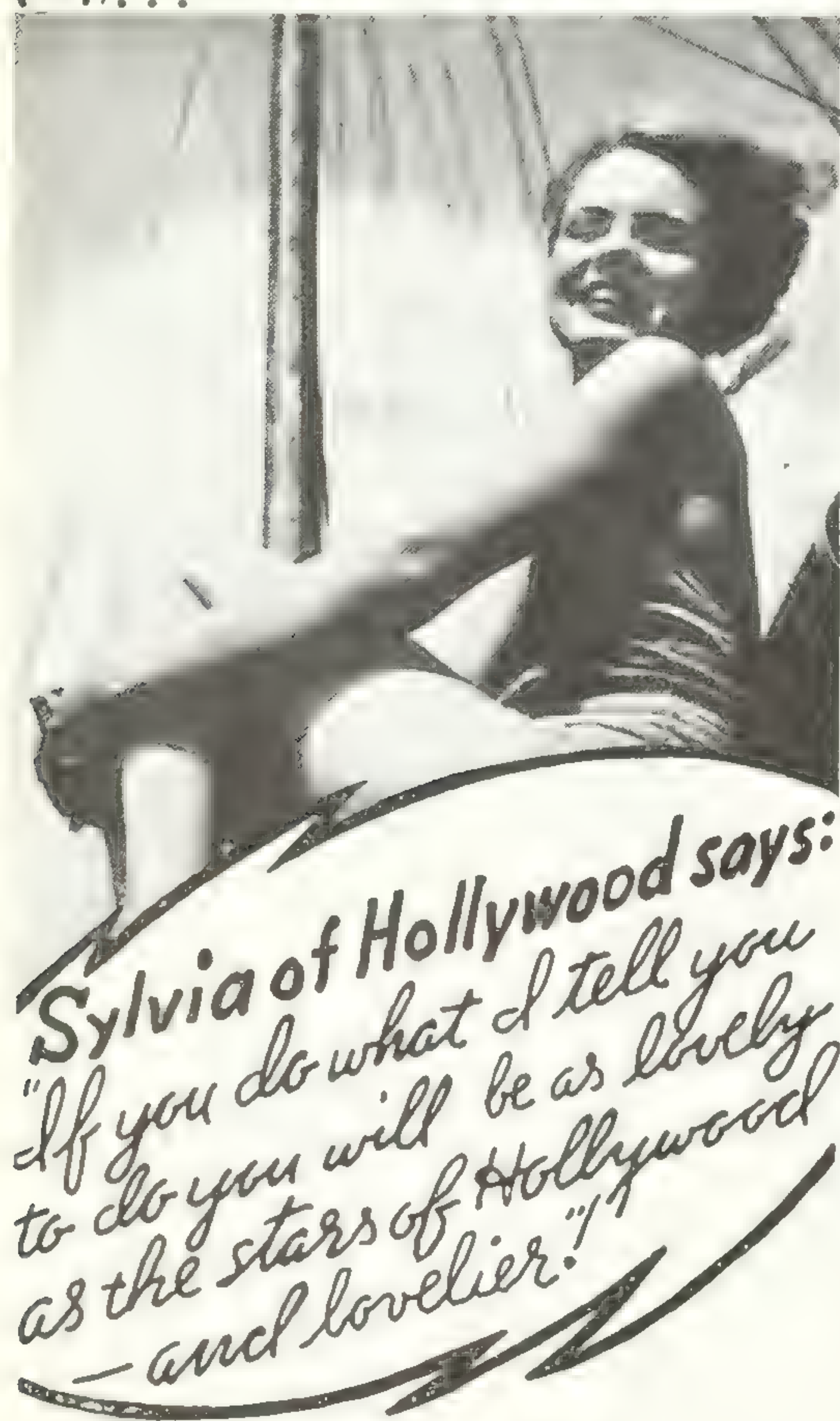
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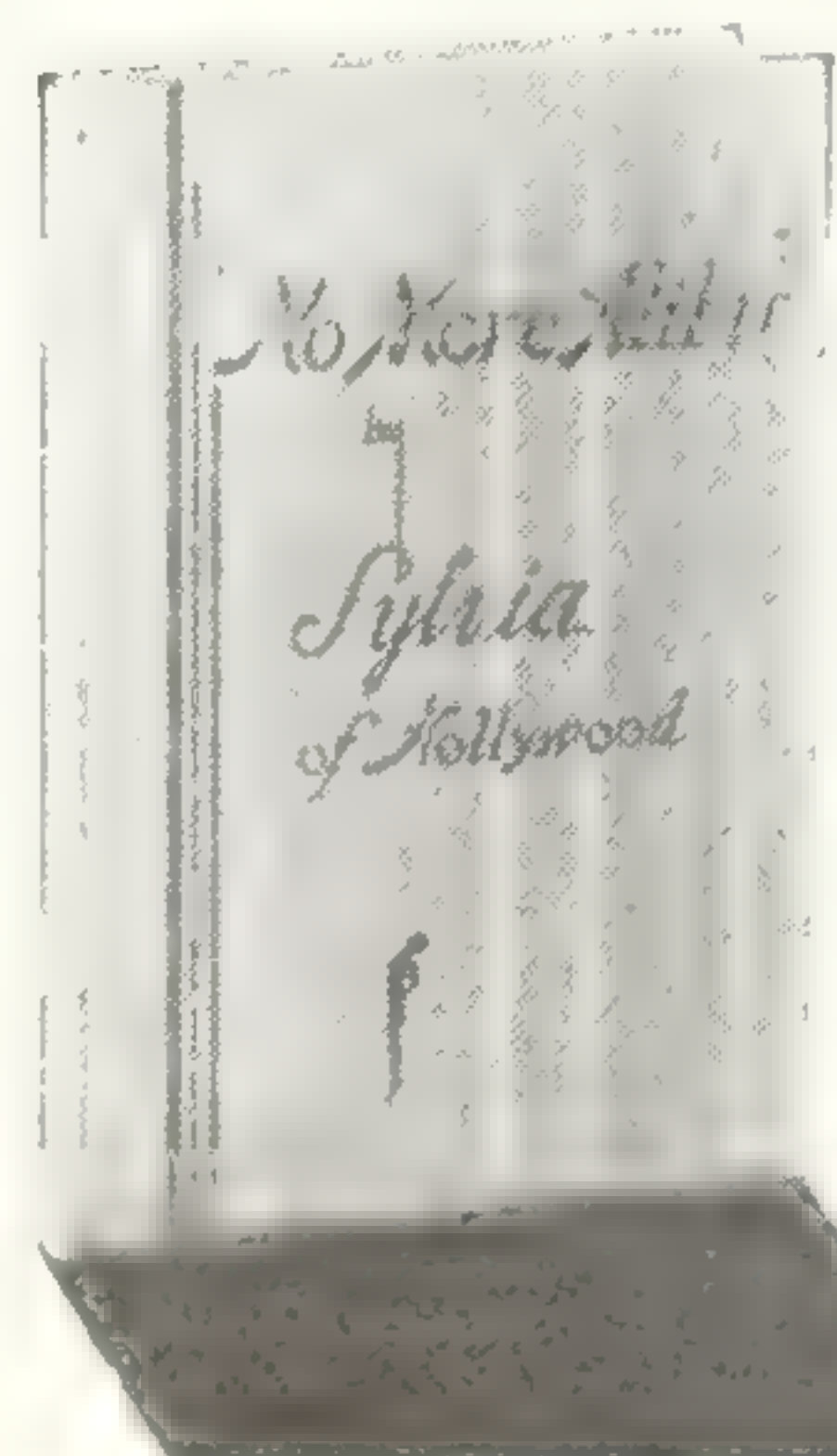
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Madame Sylvia is the personal beauty adviser to Hollywood's most brilliant stars. It is she who guards and preserves the exquisite charms of the screen's awe-inspiring beauties. It is she who transforms ordinary looking women into dreams of loveliness.

To see the company at work, we go on another location trip, this time to Catalina Island, the place where Californians appease South Sea fever and the movies make their sea shots. There, on the mainland side of the island, De Mille has built a pirate settlement of Barataria.

The ocean is so quiet here that it can pass for the Gulf of Mexico. But what of those mountains behind the settlement? They don't look like Louisiana. Simple enough. The magic of the movies will turn mountains into sky in the finished film.

We see the scene in which the pirates welcome the American fleet. They run down the beach and, in pirogues, paddle toward the ship, only to be fired upon. The scene is photographed from a platform a hundred yards from shore, where

De Mille, in dungarees rolled to the knees, directs through a loud speaker.

The scene takes hours of preparation. Arranging of sun-reflectors. Testing of the compressed-air gadgets that simulate shell explosions. Instructing every one of 300 pirate extras in what he is to do.

At last they are ready. De Mille shouts, "Action!" The pirates run down the beach, jump into their pirogues, set out toward the camera. The first shells explode. Boats upset. Men are thrown into the water. The survivors, panic-stricken, try to reach shore. "Cut!" calls De Mille.

Three hundred extras, most of them dripping, all of them exhausted, wait for the verdict. "That," booms the voice on the off-shore float, "was a very, very mediocre rehearsal."

Photoplay's Own Beauty Shop

(Continued from page 10)

you've had an operation, don't have a permanent for six months afterwards, as the ether remains in your system for that length of time, and you won't like your wave.

I asked Olga, the hairdresser at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, (she does Garbo's and Jeanette MacDonald's hairdresses when they are making a picture) what is the most common mistake women make in the way they wear their hair. She says that as a woman grows older, the lines of her face begin to sag, and, therefore, to counteract this and to give her head a better balance, the lines of her hair should go up. You can achieve this by having it curled up, or off your face, or by parting your hair on the side instead of in the middle.

COIFFURES OF THE MONTH—One of the newest and loveliest hair-dos in Hollywood is the one Ginger Rogers wears in "Stage Door." Her hair at the back is rolled under à la page boy, and at the side it is combed up from in front of her ears and brought up high on the crown of her head to curl in ringlets behind a soft wave rippling straight back from her forehead.

It looks very intricate, but is really very simple to copy; and if you have the true zeal of the experimenter, you'll dash to your mirror and start working on it right away.

Joan Fontaine's hair-do that you'll see in "Damsel in Distress" is charming for young girls and particularly lovely for formal affairs this winter. Her hair is very softly drawn back from her forehead, and a twisted coronet set way back on her head is gathered into the turned-up ends of a long bob. Just the tops of the ears are covered, and if you have a passion for earrings you can wear them beautifully with this coiffure.

I saw Norma Shearer at a preview the other night looking more lovely than ever with a brand-new hairdress. Incidentally, her hair is lighter now, and she is wearing it turned under in back, page boy fashion, and following the Juliet line in front. She has it curled back from her face with an extra curled row just below her ear.

If you want to fix your own hair in the page boy fashion, there's a way of doing it that the studio hairdressers all follow. You just take a sheet of soft cardboard like the kind that comes in men's shirts when they return from the laundry, and roll it up into a cylinder of about an inch and a half circumference. You can stick the rolls together with any sort of stickers. Turn your hair under on these and keep it in place by fastening bobby pins to the cylinder. It's comfortable to sleep upon and you'll

find your hair turns under very softly and gracefully. If you don't want to bother with these, however, you can get a very good wire roller for this bob at the ten-cent store.

Claudette Colbert, who puts her heart and soul into everything she does, even went so far as to bleach her hair, instead of wearing a wig, for her rôle in "Tovarich." Claudette still keeps her bangs, which proves that bangs will be smart all winter, and wears a twisted coronet around the smooth crown of her head. The combination of coronet and bangs is charming.

Life for a picture star is not all beer and skittles (whatever they are), because Claudette told me that she has had to change her make-up to go with her new golden-blonde hair. She is using a powder with a rose tinge to it, instead of her former brunette shade; and as her hair is brighter now, her lipstick is less vivid; and her mascara and eyebrow pencil are dark brown. And we think our lives are complicated!

TROCADERO TIPS—I snooped around the Troc a few nights ago and picked up a new tip on what to wear in your hair on a big night. Mrs. Harry Ritz, who manages to retain her beauty and charm through all the antics of her famous husband and his brothers, has a new and very amusing way of wearing a ribbon in her hair.

The hair is brought straight back from her forehead and falls into soft waves and curls at the sides and back. Just above the temple where the waves begin to fall, she fastens, with a bobby pin, a little bow of velvet ribbon the same color as her dress. It perches there so absurdly that it's smart.

MODERN MAKE-UP—Before I sign off, I want to tell you about a new make-up foundation that one of Hollywood's most famous make-up men has perfected after six years of research. It's a cream that comes in one shade and it's perfect for all types of skin except the extremely oily. It becomes invisible a few seconds after it's applied, but it keeps your make-up smooth and glamorous all day long. It's caught on like mad in Hollywood, and you'll find it on almost every star's dressing table. If you write me, I'll be glad to give you the name.

If you wish personal advice on your beauty problems, write directly to Carolyn Van Wyck, PHOTOPLAY magazine, 7751 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, Cal. Be certain to enclose a STAMPED self-addressed envelope.

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

(Continued from page 52)

writers and director; at five more dry clothes before going home; at six a dinner she couldn't eat. At seven she crawled into bed, only slightly conscious.

The inevitable comment: birthdays spent like that mean fewer birthdays, eventually.

A Melba for Rover

WHEN Ann Sothern left to join her husband, Roger Pryor, in Chicago, she warned her servants about picking the peaches that grow in her back garden—at just the right time for pickling.

But each morning there were fewer and fewer peaches on the tree to pick until finally, in desperation, the cook hit on a plan to discover the thief. She tied a bell to each tree and went to bed.

Sure enough the bell began ringing in the night and out rushed the cook in her nightie, to discover Ann's Doberman pinscher bumping the tree and gobbling the falling peaches.

A search in his doghouse revealed a large pile of peach stones.

The Man She Left Behind

JOE VON STERNBERG is a changed man these days. Out in San Fernando Valley, near Chatsworth, he sits in the extraordinary house he and Neutra, famed modern architect, designed together; sits among his books and *objets d'art*, dreaming. Outside Josef's bedroom is a roof. It is a roof with no gutters, and the rain water collects there and stays. The view beyond is of low, rolling hills, the only signs of human habitation being the newly erected homes of Barbara Stanwyck and Zeppo Marx on distant knolls. It is von Sternberg's pleasure to sit at night looking out at the stars which seem to fill the heavens and, yes, the earth, too. For, you see, their reflection is caught up in the rain water collected on the roof.

When Marlene Dietrich left with her husband, Europe-bound, Josef came away from his extraordinary house to see her off. He was at the station, they say, and Mrs. Sieber's last embraces were for him. When the train started he ran alongside, waving and throwing kisses. Then he returned home.

That night the stars in the rain water shone with a strange desolation.

Aye Tank Aye Do Good Deed

GARBO'S stand-in, Chris Meeker, paints pastels when she isn't standing in. The news finally reached Garbo's ears, and the star evinced considerable interest. One day she called Miss Meeker aside. "If you are an artist," she asked, "why do you work in pictures?"

The stand-in explained. She was trying to earn enough money to open a studio of her own. "If I could get in stock—" she added wistfully.

"What is this 'stock'?" Garbo wanted

to know. Miss Meeker said she meant a stock contract. Garbo nodded vigorously, and went to the telephone. "This is Miss Garbo. I want you to give Miss Chris Meeker a stock contract," she told the man in the casting office.

He laughed, and hung up. Some gagger, no doubt.

Eventually, however, the Swedish actress made herself understood, and her stand-in was put under contract. She has been there ever since, happy to be near her patroness, whom she worships.

It isn't often that Garbo does favors like that for people—not because she wouldn't like to, we suppose, but because her diffidence keeps her from learning of the problems of others. Many of her coworkers never get to know her. Betty Dietrich, for instance, (yes, that's the name she goes by) has doubled for her, on and off, for three years. In all that time, they have never exchanged a single word.

You can drink a toast to Garbo, by the way, whenever you wish. Boothby's World Drinks, an authentic bar-keep's manual, lists the Garbo Gargle among the few items which deign to notice the existence of Hollywood. It's concocted of cognac, grenadine, French vermouth and orange juice (one-fifth of a jigger each), and one dash of crème de menthe—shaken, with a spoon of port wine floated over. Skoal!

MARLENE DIETRICH, Ginger Rogers and Mae West rate a recipe apiece; and you'll also find the Lee Tracy, High Hat à la Norma Shearer, Elissa Landi, Lupe Velez, Mary Pickford, two Pick-fairs, Fairbanks (Doug?) Weissmuller (Johnny?) and Winchell (Walter?). It is with sadness that I report the inclusion of a Jean Harlow . . . Fame perpetuates itself in strange ways.

Here, if you care to experiment, are three formulas:

MARLENE DIETRICH

Whisky ¾ jigger
Curaçao 2 dashes
Bitters 2 drops
Lemon and orange peel

GINGER ROGERS

French vermouth..... ¼ jigger
Apricot brandy..... ¼ jigger
Gin ¼ jigger
Lemon 2 dashes

MAE WEST

Brandy ½ jigger
Egg ½ yolk
Sugar scant spoon
Cayenne over top

In One Ear and Out the Typewriter

MARLENE DIETRICH, visiting in Salzburg, Austria, wired home to her studio asking that a dozen pairs of eyelashes be sent her immediately. Austria didn't have her shade.

Bob Taylor's phone calls from London to Barbara Stanwyck in Hollywood carry one persistent plea: "Come over and join me." Apparently now, more than ever before, Taylor misses the advice of the intelligent Barbara.

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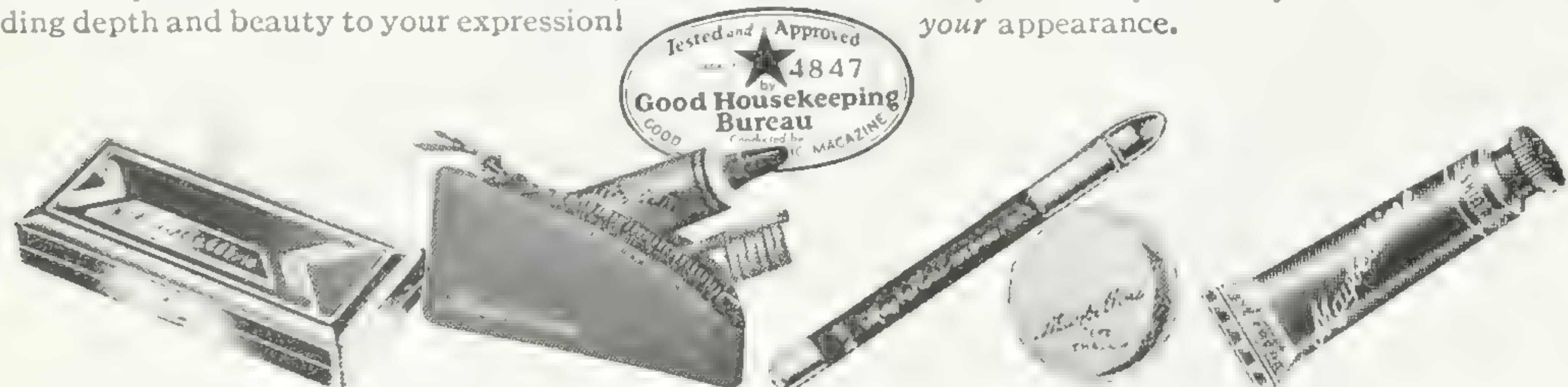
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Skating Through Life

(Continued from page 31)

honor and worship has disappeared, you must once again give these people cause for worship. After that you will never, not for one minute, give the world a chance to forget that you are what you are, and that its applause is your due.

Her mind made up, Sonja said to Wilhelm that night, standing beside his chair before the great fire: "There are many competitions and I want to win all of them. But the summer is coming and the pond will be water again, and then where will I practice? There is no rink in Oslo."

"I can't make a rink for you, Little One," Wilhelm said equably. "Aren't you satisfied? Now, already, you are world's champion—"

"No." Sonja put her hand on his arm. "There are artificial rinks in London. The Ice Club—the Crystal Palace. I've read about them. Papa, please—"

THE portrait of her life from that time until 1928 must be done with sound and color and short fragmentary pictures against the overtone of her incredible ambition which at last had become an obsession.

Summers were London, at first: the train that carried her there, the medium-priced hotel suite (these Henies were not extravagant people, ever) where Selma and Sonja and the tutor lived, the new life of a greater metropolis, the necessity for speaking English. Different food—steak pudding, savories. The surface cars. Ice carefully smoothed and lined with spectators' galleries. Going with Selma to see "Primrose" and Paul Lannin in "Stop Flirting." Fog, and the sound of the steamers in the Thames; a new skating instructor; more people than were possible all walking on the same street; Piccadilly, the Mall, and Buckingham Palace—the inside of Buckingham Palace—tea with Their Majesties, because Queen Maud of Norway was George V's sister, and the Prince of Wales, with his courtly, almost stilted acknowledgment of their introduction, after all she'd heard. . . .

She won the world's championship again the next year, and the next one, and still again, the next; she met more kings and her name was larger in type and her tutors were not exactly servile but even so— Lief, when she was home, watched his tongue; and the people who came down to the pond in winter came down by the scores. There was still another instructor, from whom she learned the crossfoot spin and three dozen new routines. She worked harder and harder and the world applauded until the sound of it was the sound of her absolute triumph. She was happy.

When the Olympics were held in 1928 she was ready for them. She knew what would happen. She had practiced this long and this faithfully, and her craftsmanship on ice was superlative. She was a showman, instinctively: her costume would be startlingly all-white, well made. She would play to the judges, offering to them her smooth flying grace and her bright Northern beauty, saying to them with these things, See: I am the best skater in all the world. I am better than any of the others in this competition. These sparkling diamonds pinned to my dress are gifts from great monarchs, and the flowers presented to me at the end of my exhibition were from a king, because my skating is not merely skating but a dance on ice, incarnate rhythm, a new

kind of beauty.

The winter games were held at St. Moritz, and it was that easy.

DURING the next four years, until there could be another Olympics, she contented herself with winning the European women's skating championships and any other honor that could possibly be fought for on ice. So that she was busy, almost always. There were no hours given to introspection because there were no hours free; she was growing up, she was fifteen, and seventeen, and finally eighteen, and the normal adolescent life she denied herself she seldom missed.

Only sometimes . . .

Sometimes, when her practice at the Ice Club was over for the day, she would walk back to her hotel alone through the twilight. Twilight is a wistful hour, especially in London, and a favorite of lovers. She would glance in the bright windows of great cafés and see men and women, in couples, seated at tables, engrossed in each other; she would look up at the open upper decks of great omnibuses and see girls of her own age, always with an attentive boy, and she would realize that there was a special something in the eyes of these people that was not reflected in her own.

For a little time a feeling of loss, an inexplicable loneliness, would enclose her; then, through the vague sadness, the murmured echo of many hands striking together would come to her and she would smile, satisfied. She had this. She was Sonja Henie.

Madame Karsavina, the famous Russian with whom she studied dancing, was a sophisticate. Sometimes she said to Sonja, with a kind of arch suggestion in her low voice, "You work so hard. When do you find time for men?"

"There are no men."

"But you are young and very beautiful—ah well," Madame's shrug was expressive, "love is for the little people who have nothing better, for the provincials. You, my dear, are a cosmopolite, a woman of the world—and a great personality, never forget that. There will be time later."

"Much later," agreed Sonja, seriously.

SET on her path, she found her own momentum carrying her higher and higher, to increasing peaks of glory. She gave command performances before the British sovereigns. She skated in France and Italy and Switzerland and Germany and in all countries, bowing afterward beneath the boxes of Hitler and Mussolini and a dozen lesser rulers. She came to America to Lake Placid in 1932 and easily retained her title there, and she went back to Europe knowing that another nation was on her list of the conquered.

Back in Oslo, in the big sitting room with its great chairs and its constantly crackling fire, she gathered with Wilhelm and Selma for council. There must be a new goal. She had won everything there was to win and made indisputable her title as the world's greatest skater.

"You must stop now, Little One," Wilhelm told her sternly, through the smoke of his meerschaum. "You can go no farther. It's time that you began to live a different kind of life, to give a little more time to yourself. You are a woman now, not a little girl—nor an automaton. It isn't natural for a young

lady of your age to spend the entire day in practice on the ice, to live only for skating and exhibitions and fame. Besides, you must certainly be satisfied at last. We are proud of you, but—but we are satisfied, too."

Sonja sat impatiently on the arm of her mother's chair. "I don't want to stop," she told her father fiercely. "There will be another Olympics in four years, and contests in between. Besides, . . ." She paused.

She had almost repeated the insidious little thought that had been growing in her heart for months, the breathless fear that had not let her look ahead to the eventual day when she must arrest her mad course upward—

If she gave up skating what would be left for her? The acclaim, the bravos of the assembled crowds, the applause would fade away because the public does not remember long and because there would be a new champion. What could she have in return? A few medals, a few trophies, a scrapbook of clippings, the memory, ever-fading, of the past. People would say, "Sonja Henie. Sonja—oh, yes, of course. She won a contest for skating once, or something, didn't she?"

And her life . . . She had made it for one thing, prepared for one career only, without forethought except of the quickest possible victory. She remembered the girls on the bus tops, the ladies in the cafés; why, she wouldn't know how to be like that, to— The sound of Madame Karsavina's wise voice returned to her suddenly: "*You are a great personality, my dear. Never forget that.*"

"I can't," Sonja told her father now, decisively. "I can't stop, at least not for a time."

"You could turn professional," Wilhelm said slowly. "Then you could work when you wanted to, play when you liked. You've never had much time for play, Sonja."

"And you could have the freedom to be a woman," Selma said, smiling. "To have a family, a husband."

Sonja stared, white-faced, at her hands. "Not yet," she said, pleading. "Not yet. . . ."

SHE met him in 1935, while she was busy preparing for the Olympics to be held in Germany the next year, and she will not tell his name, which is right. He was a gentleman's son, fantastically rich. He looked a little like one of those high, broad young men you see in the movies, being gay at winter resorts and clever with women. He had the smile, and the necessary clean-cut quality. He had the glamour.

They were correctly introduced, of course, since Selma was there, but after that they saw more of each other than Mrs. Henie knew. They did the things you do in London: the Savoy for dinner, when Sonja could make it, several musical comedies.

Sonja, reserved at first, discovered that the thing she had feared—awkwardness at the eternal game of romance because of its newness to her—was a fiction built absurdly in her own mind. The awareness of the feminine formula, of what to do and think and answer, was instinctive with her; and she found, surprisingly, that here was a new facet of living which at times could be amazingly rich. There were even whole hours, when they were together, in which she was forgetful of skating and of the forthcoming games.

She couldn't be sure if she were in love with him, although he was openly sincere about his love for her. At least he asked her to give up the idea of entering the Olympics again this time, of

continuing at all with her program of sports conquest. "There are other important things for you now," he told her. "Me, for instance."

This final argument he offered at the hotel in Garmisch-Partenkirchen, where the competition would be held on the morrow. He had followed her there. He would admit of no compromise: "I want you, not a pair of silver skates," he insisted doggedly.

She said, "It's too late to back out now, at any rate. Perhaps . . . I will let you know tomorrow."

And he had to be content with that.

SHE was not sure all that night, nor in the morning; and even as she stood off-rink, waiting for her call, the decision wavered in her mind.

She had had so much of this—even now, when she should have been trembling with anticipatory excitement, she stood relaxed and even a little bored with the long wait.

Perhaps they were right, Wilhelm and Selma. Perhaps he was right—

Then she heard her name booming out of the loudspeakers, the sudden, alive murmur that preceded the ovation which recognized her.

She shot hastily out onto the ice, hearing, with a pleasure that was almost pain, the sharp rasping sound of her cutters.

She saluted the clamoring stands and the judges.

The music blared. In its rhythm she whirled and ran and drew her classic figures, feeling in her heart and through her whole body the rightness, the perfection of each motion.

When she had finished she stood on her skate points, flushed and laughing, all thought drowned in the insane thunder of applause that said so magnificently, so conclusively that she had won again.

And in the boxes there was only one man who sat silent; because he knew, now, what her answer would be.

LATER, after the presentations, she said happily to Wilhelm and Selma, "This is enough, at last. I'm turning professional as soon as I can make the arrangements. I will go to New York, to America."

"There is money to be made in that country."

"America cares little for skaters," admonished Mr. Henie, paternally. "They want only Mr. Gable and Joan Crawford over there."

"I will get into moving pictures, then," Sonja told him solemnly. "The world has been so easy to conquer—why not Hollywood?"

Wilhelm smiled only with his eyes but Mrs. Henie laughed outright. "My child," she began, "has let the winning of the Games make her certain of too many things."

"It is not so easy—"

But Sonja didn't hear her. She was staring thoughtfully into space, already planning her incredible campaign against the closed gates of the Celluloid Capitol.

HAVING reached the pinnacle of success in amateur sports at twenty-two, lovely Sonja Henie came to Hollywood, searching for three things: a new career, a greater world audience to watch her skate, and the love which at last she had time for.

Next month's concluding installment is the remarkable story of her overnight rise to stardom and the real truth about her romance with the young Hollywoodian, Tyrone Power.



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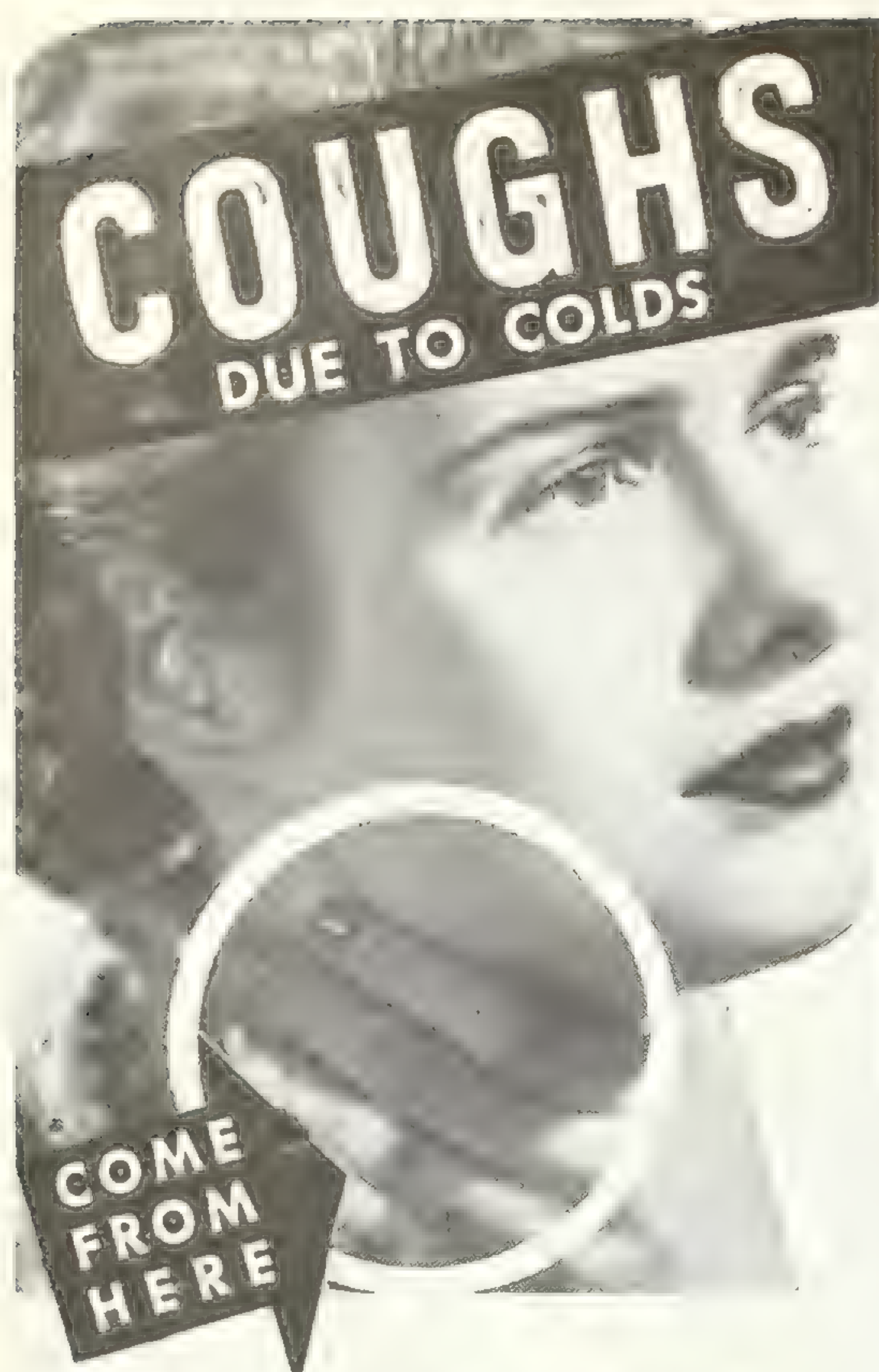
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Boos and Bouquets

(Continued from page 4)

is what pictures used to be." Ye gods! What do audiences care what pictures used to be? Haven't the recent masterpieces proved beyond all doubt the huge advancement and limitless possibilities of the film industry?

"The only trouble was that sometimes you couldn't exactly tell which... emotions she (the heroine) was feeling because the enameled perfection of her face did not once vary." Holy smoke! If that alone isn't an insult to the intelligence of the average audience! "It's as if nobody really cared about the 'B's.' In Hollywood nobody does." May I add that in any community where A pictures are ever shown—be it even at irregular intervals—nobody does.

And—"... when viewing a 'B'... one's problems fade." To me and my pals, one's problems are only beginning. To sit through a whole or a part of a B while waiting for the A picture is a decided problem; a bothersome and ridiculous experience.

And then the lady in question (may she be in the doghouse by now!) taxes the readers' patience by relating the most farfetched tale of a man who appreciated Rainer in "The Good Earth" and "was just out of everything" as a result. One whose associates lack the intelligence to enjoy "rave" performances should cease to defend that which is inferior to the whole American public. In brief, K. A., take that—and that!

K. S. CARPENTER,
Malone, N. Y.

\$1.00 PRIZE

YEAH!—FRESHMAN!

Have you ever heard this verse?
"Seniors think they're hot stuff,
Juniors think they're smart,
But it takes a little freshman
To break a fellow's heart."

I've seen adults rave about actresses but never have I heard them say they could take her off the screen and hug her. That's what they say about Deanna Durbin.

It used to make me mad when people said I was at the "awkward age" (I'm fourteen). It just seems people of our age aren't able to do anything that takes brains. If we aren't clumsy, we're silly and giggly. When I first heard of Deanna I felt maybe she could "show 'em" that we aren't so awful as we seem. When she became a sensation I certainly felt proud.

All my friends feel that she could be one of us since we read that she uses "bunk" and "swell" in her conversation, and sometimes even giggles. We lost no time telling our parents. "100 Men and a Girl" brought out Philadelphia's largest crowd ever at its recent opening. I'm glad that I'm only fourteen.

DORIS PFAFF,
Philadelphia, Penna.

\$1.00 PRIZES

THE NEW PHOTOPLAY CREATES A FUROR!

Your publication's new "dress-up" is perfect. For the first time in my life I sat down and for over two hours looked at and read a movie magazine. I came out of the test raving over how well PHOTOPLAY looks, reads, and holds the reader's interest. The size is grand, the photography superb. Congratulations.

AGNES RAUBE FINGER,
Yonkers, N. Y.

Long live the new PHOTOPLAY. We love it! My husband and his friends

were deeply interested. They exclaimed over the new writers, especially Lowell Thomas. We all raved over the fine pictures. The colored one of Carole Lombard is lovely enough to frame.

MRS. FREDERICK GOOCH,
Washington, D. C.

PHOTOPLAY is now distinctive not only in quality but in size. It looms out from other movie magazines on the newsstands like an oasis in a desert. Thanks a lot for the happy surprise.

RUTH CONNELL,
Bailey, Colo.

A great change has come over PHOTOPLAY and I regret to say it is for the worst. It has been changed from a nice convenient size to an awkward, clumsy, ungainly magazine. As if that were not bad enough, it is now filled with pictures with comparatively little reading material. In fact it is what children enjoy—a picture book.

MISS LOIS BLANCHARD,
Malden, Mass.



Glamorous newcomer—Tamara Geva, famous Russian star of the New York stage, makes her debut in Republic's "Manhattan Merry-Go-Round"

I bought the PHOTOPLAY in its new large size and think that it is the last word in "streamlined" motion-picture publications. I have been a reader of PHOTOPLAY since the days when it appeared in a size slightly larger than the average novel. Changes have taken place, but the quality of its contents remains the same—sincere, unbiased, dependable.

ALBERT MANSKI,
Boston, Mass.

I definitely do not like the size of your new PHOTOPLAY. It is over-large, awkward to read and handle, and less beautiful in the general setup. Maybe I am too conservative, but I hope you go back to the old size.

MRS. JAMES F. JORDON,
Buffalo, N. Y.

A crowd of young people returning to a Southern college have just borrowed my new PHOTOPLAY to read on the train. Can you hear their squeal of delight? Oh you did something that time, PHOTOPLAY!

FAITH F. GARLAND,
Baltimore, Md.

Your new publication deserves the Academy Award! The large colored picture of Miss Lombard done in such superb colors is beautiful. Likewise

the cover is a glorious creation and does justice to the beauty of Miss Crawford. "The Camera Speaks" section is a work of art.

ED LALLY,
Ferth, Ontario, Canada.

\$1.00 PRIZE THE PANGS OF BIRTH

Boo, "A Star is Born!" I really was let down. After expecting a fine truthful picture that would show how hard it was to get into pictures, I viewed a silly film full of coincidences and unreal characters. All Janet Gaynor had to do was to show her face to the fading matinee idol and she got a screen test. Two minutes were shown of make-up, posture study, etc., no minutes at all of the work of trying to learn how to act—and behold a star! With all the actresses in Hollywood available, this unknown, untried wisp of a girl steps into a star's part and is a sensation. It doesn't ring true.

And the idea of a press agent as embodied in Lionel Stander was outmoded five years ago. "A Star is Born" is trash as a picture, an example of how Technicolor can raise a mediocre picture to the level of a fairly good one.

SEYMOUR KAPETANSKY,
Detroit, Mich.

\$1.00 PRIZE MUNI—THE MARVELOUS

Step aside all you Taylors, Powers, Crosbys and what have you. Make way for a real actor. I will admit he hasn't a toothpaste smile, a way with the ladies or a crooner's voice, but Paul Muni has more than that. He has the true qualities of a fine actor. After seeing a picture in which he plays one of his immortal rôles, I come away enthused that there is a man in Hollywood that can play some other rôle besides that of a young man with a glass of liquor on one side and a girl on the other.

So well does Paul Muni act his part that you love, hope and learn with him. Into the character of Zola he put so much realism and warmth that the character remains in your memory long after the picture itself is forgotten. How truly Paul Muni deserved the Academy Award for this year.

BETTE SUE ROBERTSON,
Chattanooga, Tenn.

\$1.00 PRIZE JEANETTE—A WOMAN APART

She sings! She dances! In fact, there doesn't seem to be anything that lovely Jeanette MacDonald can't do in her latest picture "The Firefly."

Every time I see Jeanette I say to myself, "This is surely her peak." But each time she has fooled me and gone on to bigger and better triumphs. She is delightful in "The Firefly." She has just the right touch for light opera, and there is no actress who can match her gaiety and irresistible manner.

There is a certain graciousness and womanliness about her that sets her apart from other Hollywood sirens. Her lovely face doesn't need to be distorted by queer make-up, nor do her eyebrows reach her hairline. Her beauty is fresh, wholesome and the nearest thing to a Gainsborough painting I have ever seen. Jeanette's private life is commendable, too, and I wish her much happiness in her marriage to Gene Raymond.

MURIEL MARKS,
New York, N. Y.

Joan Crawford—The Dramatic Rise of a Self-Made Star

(Continued from page 71)

she gave us "This Modern Age" and "Possessed," then "Grand Hotel" and "Letty Lynton." The change, the new scope, the new comedy brilliance, the new air of confidence, the increased charm were all noticeable and they were part of those performances that cinched for all time her right to be a star—a real star.

THEN she made "Rain"—her one real failure.

I saw the opening night of that picture in Hollywood and I was horrified at how bad Joan really was. It wasn't just a mediocre performance, it wasn't just under par—it was definitely and completely awful. And no one knew it better than Joan.

It was another turning point in her life. By that time, her career had become the great and important thing in her life. Whether she knew it consciously or not, subconsciously she was aware, certainly, that she was an actress, that she was of the chosen few who belong under Kleig lights. Ambition swelled in her—ambition to be a fine artist as well as a startling personality.

Two things contributed to the disaster of "Rain."

I think, professionally, she made it too soon. Some day, I think, she will make it again.

Personally, her life at that time was in an uproar and she was nervously and vitally off balance in her emotions. I knew some of the cast and the crew who were on that long location at Catalina when they shot "Rain." Joan, most popular of all stars with the people with whom she works, the most charitable girl in Hollywood, nearly drove them nuts. Her nerves were ragged, her temper was on edge, her tears too near the surface. She kept her phonograph going all day and all night, and it wasn't altogether because she was playing *Sadie Thompson*.

When she did finally sue for divorce she stated that her troubles with Douglas had driven her nearly to a nervous breakdown. It is perfectly true that they had and that during the making of "Rain" she was at the breaking point most of the time.

For she was at another crossroads.

At the end of two years, the inevitable had happened. You see, there was no middle ground for these two. Joan, when she went domestic, went one hundred per cent. They put too great a strain upon their love. They concentrated their whole lives and emotions upon it. Love won't stand that.

The drama began to fade. The excitement died out. Exactly as Joan Crawford wasn't, as an actress, ready to play "Rain," neither was she, as a woman, ready to settle down to married life—one man, routine, familiar things. To the one rôle, which she had already mastered, that of Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. When the letdown, which always comes in a flaming love like theirs, came they had nothing with which to meet it. They were too young, too undisciplined, too avidly and eagerly curious about life, too greedy for its great moments and new sensations.

You see, the story Life was writing about Joan Crawford wasn't the peaceful, contented, easy story of a woman in marriage, nor the story of an average woman, one of everyday human tragedies and denials and happiness and heartbreak. It was the story of a Hollywood Movie Star. Heights and

depths, but not—at least, not then—while she was so young, any smooth, easy, middle road.

Of course, Joan and Doug got on each other's nerves. And Joan, who has that amazing emotional quality of understanding without thought or analysis, as so many creative people have, understood that again she was at the crossroads. It made her desperately unhappy, for she had loved Doug, she had believed their love would last forever. She wept many tears over the passing of that love, and I think they tried to comfort each other, but the script was already written and they had to play it through as Life directed.

JOAN and Douglas went to Europe in one last attempt to find again the enchantment of their early days together.

The trip (it was ironical that they had been trying to take a honeymoon trip to Europe ever since they were married, had planned upon it as a love journey filled with delight and romance) didn't heal the breach. When they returned their separation was definitely announced.

And in 1933, after Joan had her interlocutory decree, young Doug was in England and reported engaged to the irresistible stage star, Gertrude Lawrence; and Joan Crawford was in Hollywood, already "being seen" often with her new leading man, Franchot Tone.

We have had, through this story, perfect casting—Life, as the philosophers say, is like that when it gives its attention to the business. Joan—herself. Ray Sterling—the cultured young man who gave her that needed impulse in the early years in Kansas City. Mike Cudahy—the millionaire playboy. The Prince Charming—Doug Fairbanks, Jr. And last—the one man who fitted exactly into the rôle of Joan Crawford's second husband.

There is the complete Joan Crawford. Not the little slavey, the raw chorus girl, the jazz baby of the Charleston era, the charming young Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. But—the result of all these—Joan Crawford. Real now, having found herself, having taken from life and men and experience many things. A woman of nearly thirty—the most divine age, so most poets tell us. Her beauty richer and more alluring than it had ever been. Her art on the screen having reached a perfection where she could throw all her magnetism into any rôle. Not bothering now about being a "lady"—being very sure of being a woman, cultured, poised, beautiful, experienced. You saw that woman almost, I think, as she is in "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney."

JOAN'S intellectual interests had grown and grown from those early school days. Doug was an intellectual and she had learned from him, too. Her place in the sun was so sure that she had gained a graciousness that lacked her old restlessness, but not her old vitality and vivacity. She had begun to understand something about adjustments. The marked domestic strain in her—all emotional actresses have it strongly marked—she gave free rein within limits. She knew now that it wasn't possible to be herself, Joan Crawford, Movie Star, and be thoroughly domestic, too. Sewing she loved, and she took up embroidery, and today she sits for hours on the set making hooked rugs—that is a very real side of Joan, which must have an

outlet. But the idea that she would some day retire to be "just a wife" she knew wasn't possible.

Her social position was sure now—and it was dependent only upon herself. Joan Crawford was not only a great star, but by now a charming and thoroughly acceptable woman of the world in her own right.

But being all woman, there must always be a Man. Her Man. And because her Kansas City background, her mother's training, her schooling in the convent—all had impressed her deeply, Joan actually wanted a husband. No throwing her cap over the windmill, no free love, no love affairs condoned by friends and hidden from the public. Side by side in her complex nature, with its many sides which are all so real, side by side with the domestic strain is a wide solid strain of respectability.

She has never done anything that she didn't think was right. She measures everything by her own emotions—and lives up to her own feelings.

SO the new Joan Crawford met Franchot Tone.

It's so obvious that there isn't much to say about it. A young man of great charm, the very best example we have on the screen today of what we call "a gentleman." Well-bred, highly educated, a college graduate, and a stage actor of the very top flight. A man of the world. He didn't want Joan Crawford to become "Mrs. Franchot Tone" and act domesticity. He understood her and loved her—apparently from the first moment they met on the set of "Today We Live."

But Joan was, by now, very wary, a little cautious. She had been badly—very badly—burned by marriage. And when the rumors of her engagement to Tone were headlined she said, "No. I shan't ever marry while I'm still on the screen. A husband and a career don't work out."

She believed that. And, to some extent, she may be right. But reason has never yet stood against real love.

This was a different love, a more wonderful love. Different from her schoolgirl infatuation for Mike Cudahy, from her young first love for Doug. This wasn't based upon drama, or wholly upon emotion. It was a grown-up love for a man who understood her, loved her as she was.

In this love was companionship. Friendship. Something deep and—for the first time in her throbbing, restless, glamorous life—a thing called peace.

So today we have another Joan Crawford. The great Movie Star. The elegant woman of the world. The wife of Franchot Tone. Patroness of symphonies—lady bountiful to many, many less fortunate than she. Sure of herself, deeply interested in her work, her life, her husband, her books, her music, her charities. It looks as though she has found herself at last.

But the story of Joan Crawford will never be over.

With all the Joan Crawfords we have met, there are still more to come—and underneath she hasn't changed so very much. She is still the emotional, dramatic, loving, loyal, terribly human girl who first came to Hollywood. Things always go on happening to people like Joan.

And we can watch Life write the final chapters which I can't write for you yet.

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Babies Raise Hell on the Set

(Continued from page 25)

let live. She was a miniature edition of what the boys write home about. She sported (never tell her mother) several pink indigestion bumps.

Why not? She is entitled to indigestion.

At Warner Brothers they really wrecked the budget over Sheila. In a picnic scene this honeybunch was only supposed to do one thing. Sh— Sleep!

She was not the type. She just didn't care for it. They fed her hot milk. They brought her to the set worn to a demifrazzle. They hired real good crooners to sing her all the Mammy songs in the Warner repertoire, and that's sump'n!

Sleep? Hah! She thought the movies were grand. She loved it all—and she stayed wide awake!

They wondered whether "Mr. Dodd Takes the Air" would ever be finished.

Believe it or not, in this picture Ruth Connor, the baby's grandmother, played the mother. Mrs. Connor achieved an idea. She took Sheila for a long evening ride, in a limousine. Nighttime and soft motion of the car. It ought to work.

Out at the studio the whole technical crew drew overtime. The big black car oozed silently through the gate. It rolled, gears muffled, onto the set itself. Lights moved close. Thousands of candlepower illuminated the car's interior, where Sheila slept in Mrs. Connor's arms. Cameras turned.

The baby didn't wake at all. She rolled on home, was transferred to bed and slept the night out—not the first unconscious actress.

They cut that nap into the picnic scene.

You remember a man named D. Zanuck who took over the old Fox lot? Lamar Trotti, an ace writer there, had just done a scenario about Ramona.

Zanuck read it. He cracked his heels together and emitted electric sparks. His blue eyes glittered.

"Double the budget," he shouted, "and do it in color!"

That was the Boy Executive's big slip. He didn't realize there was a baby in the plot.

No infant was ever more beautiful than Beverly Firestone when she played Ramona's daughter. She's a beauty now—all black eyes, raven hair and personality.

They remember her with mingled affection and trembling at Twentieth Century. For one thing, the day they started to shoot her scenes, she began to teethe. That was a help.

Then the real trouble began. She loved Loretta Young with all her sweet heart. She cuddled. But when Loretta donned the black wig she had to wear in that picture, Beverly balked. Frightened, she screamed and hollered.

This held up shooting for two days. Then someone had a stroke of genius. They put a man in a limousine, with a black wig. He rolled out to the Firestone home and Mrs. Firestone wore the wig, around the house, during the remainder of the picture.

Beverly decided that if Mummy could do it, Loretta could, too. They finished the picture.

WHEN Director William Wyler was shooting "Dodsworth," he needed just one brief scene of a newborn baby. He had had experience, so he asked Central Casting to scout around Los Angeles and Hollywood for a set of identical twins.

Mr. and Mrs. Tolmasoff had come to town, from up in Ventura County, so that Mrs. Tolmasoff could have the best of care. The twins were only about five hours old when Central Casting made the discovery. Two days later they went before the camera. (It takes that long for Health Department and other formalities.) Wyler, under the rules, could shoot each baby only thirty seconds: The Goldwyn studio figures that having both available saved about \$15,000. But not even Mr. and Mrs. Tolmasoff can ever be sure which son actually appeared in the picture—Edwin or Edward.

Mark Sandrich, RKO director, found the answer to all troubles—the original Heavenly Twins. They are Jean and Judith Kercher, used by Sandrich in "A Woman Rebels." Whenever Jean sees Kleig lights, she feels sad and droopy. She is apt to cry. And Judith, on the other hand, is sure to gurgle and laugh. You play 'em, alternating, in the rôle of one and lose no time whatever.

The late Richard Boleslawski topped that. He was using Jean and Judith in



What's in a name? Mervyn LeRoy thinks there's plenty—for he bought the name of Vicki Lester, heroine of "A Star is Born," for this newcomer. She has a rôle in "Patient in Room 18"

"The Three Godfathers." But the company had to go on location. He decided to double-check. Excitedly, he demanded of Mrs. Bernice Saunders, Central Casting baby expert, that she find him another set of twins, identical with each other and with the Kercher twins, and possessing the same "You laugh—I cry" characteristic.

This is said to have been the hardest assignment in fifteen years of rapid-fire casting, but Mrs. Saunders filled it. Jean and Joan Kelly are the angels. (They've had lots of work since.) All four babies, with mothers, nurses and a doctor, went on location for a week. When "Boley" wanted to shoot a baby scene, there was always a young actress handy. All four looked exactly alike and one or another was sure to be in the needed mood!

The "twin racket," used by studios because of the great economy involved, has occasioned many humorous inci-

dents. There was the triumphant entrance of Mammy Sue.

Mammy Sue, two hundred and sixty-five pounds and black as a moonless Georgia night, received a call from Warner Brothers, where "Green Pastures" was giving employment to many members of her race.

"Be on the set at nine o'clock, with your twins," came the welcome voice of the casting director.

Mammy Sue didn't fail. She was there on time, with her twins—three pairs of them. In answer to the astonishment that greeted her, she exclaimed:

"How'd ah know which two ob mah twins dey wanted!"

BEHIND the laughter, excitement, plotting and planning that mark the attempts of the studios to put babies into pictures without putting pictures into bankruptcy, operates a system of care and precaution—for the babies' sakes—that makes Hollywood justly proud. A three-way treaty, revised from year to year until it is nearly perfect (it stems from 1922 when Will Hays asked the Russell Sage Foundation to survey employment in the studios) brings together, in mutual guardianship, the Los Angeles Health Department, the Board of Education and the Producers' Association.

All children who work at studios come under this three-ply watchfulness. Babies like those discussed here must undergo thorough Health Department examinations before and after studio appearances.

It's great for the babies, but, oh, the directors!

Edmund Goulding, wielding the megaphone for Bette Davis in "That Certain Woman," invented a variation on the twin trick. He needed a one-year-old boy. The lad he drew was just too temperamental—slowed the works for two days. So Goulding found a little girl who looked like the boy—and she took over the part. Not a trouble!

"With me," Goulding says, "women are better actors than men—at one year."

The talent discovery of the season—perhaps of all time—brightened the life of those on the set (and in the Treasurer's Office) during the filming of M-G-M's "Big City." Spencer Tracy and Luise Rainer were the grown-up stars in this picture. But the script called for a christening scene.

Word came back that Donald Fennell, five weeks old, had been visited by a casting official. He was declared "ideal." Some wisecracking occurred on the set because the description of Donald read "blond." Spencer and Miss Rainer are both dark.

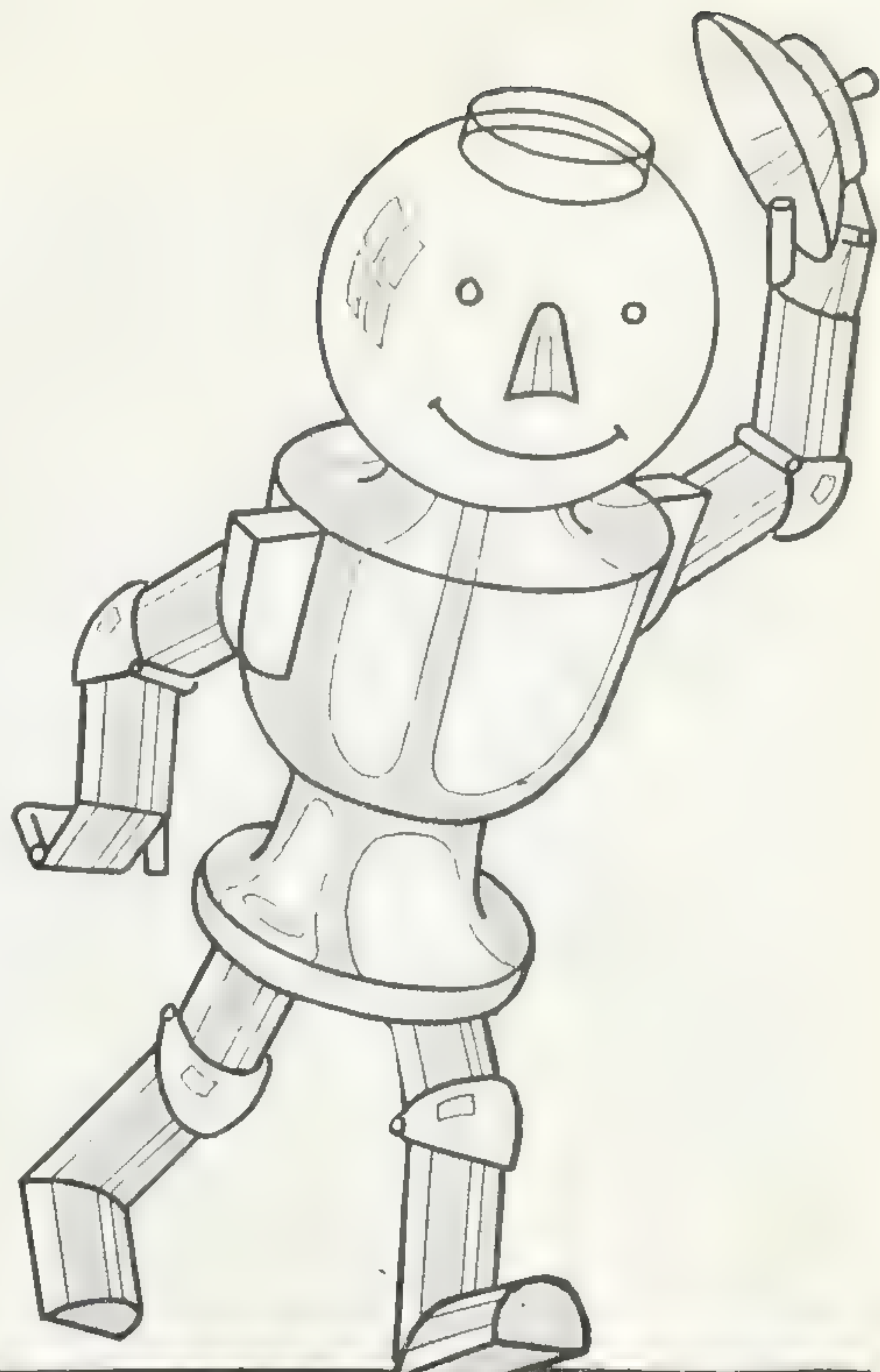
Donald, the Perfect Actor, even solved that. He turned out, on arrival, to be practically bald.

The young Mr. Fennell set this record:

He was on the lot only thirty-five minutes—on the set only two minutes. He submitted to castor oil in his eyes (so the lights wouldn't hurt them) with a bright smile. On demand, he looked exactly as they wanted him to look. The camera whirled just eight seconds.

Strange things sometimes happen in the cutting of a picture. Maybe Donald's scene will not survive to reach the theaters.

But he could win a good-will contest at Metro. He has the studio's best wishes to become the Robert Taylor of 1950!



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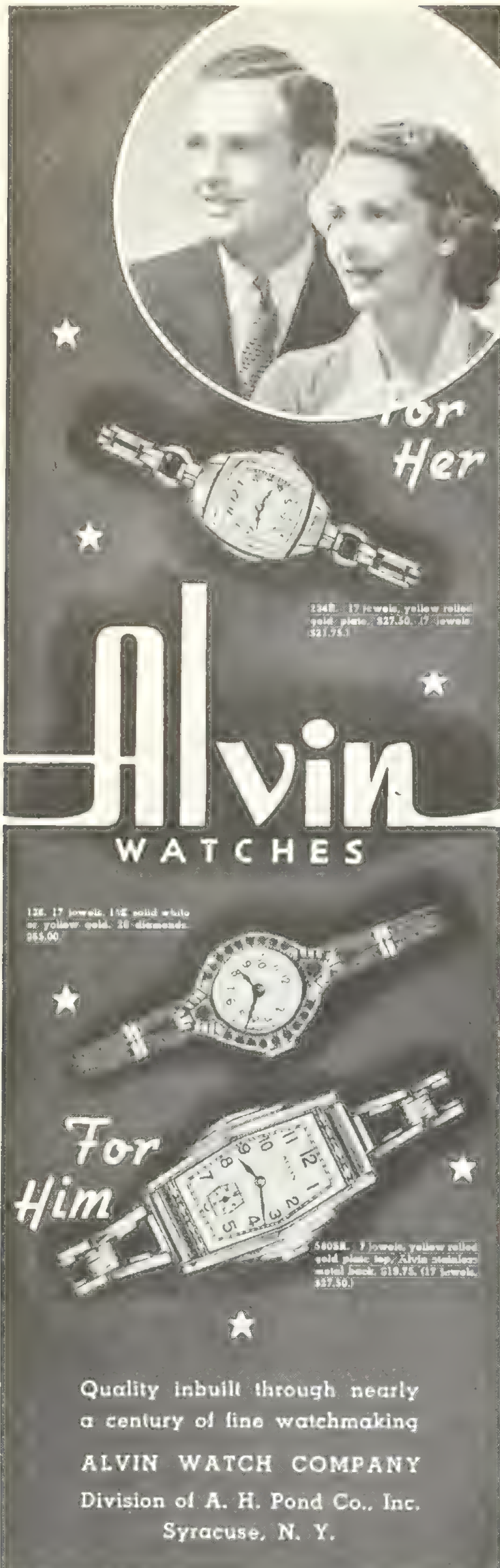
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Brief Reviews

(Continued from page 6)

★ **FIREFLY, THE—M-G-M**

Jeanette MacDonald's newest venture into musical comedy without Nelson Eddy is a well-photographed, spectacular piece with a Napoleonic Spanish background involving spy activities. Allan Jones is Miss MacDonald's love this time, and they both contribute some blue-ribbon singing. (Oct.)

FIRST LADY—Warners

Replete with the gay situations and dialogue that characterized the stage play, this satire on Washington intrigue should amuse you. Kay Francis, multigowned as usual, does a brilliant job as the ambitious wife of politician Preston Foster, and Verree Teasdale takes honors as Kay's adversary over the teacups. (Nov.)

FLIGHT FROM GLORY—RKO-Radio

This thrilling story of planes and fliers has all the symptoms of a hit picture. It concerns a brutal setup at a small airport in the Andes. Headman Onslow Stevens sends men to their death in ruined planes. Chester Morris and Whitney Bourne finally find the answer to liberty and love. (Oct.)

GANGWAY—GB

Definitely Jessie Matthews' best picture to date, this gay crook musical has delicious song and lyrics and Jessie's dancing tied together in a giddy story of a young English girl's mix-ups with gangs, gunmen and Scotland Yard men. One of the latter helps her straighten out her love life. (Oct.)

HIDEAWAY—RKO-Radio

The situations and gags than enliven Fred Stone's predicament as the shiftless yokel whose farm is used as a hide-out by a gang of crooks provide some good comedy. Emma Dunn is Stone's energetic wife; Marjorie Lord his pretty daughter. Your whole family should enjoy it. (Oct.)

HIGH, WIDE AND HANDSOME—Paramount

As a combination of epic, musical and thundering melodrama, this experiment sometimes curdles, but Irene Dunne, in fine voice, is alone worth the admission. She is presented as a carnival girl who marries farmer Randolph Scott. They finally discover oil for the lamps of Erie under the cabbages. Top-notch. (Oct.)

HOOSIER SCHOOLBOY, THE—Monogram

A timely, homespun and sometimes satirical picture of everyday American life given reality by the forthright performance of Mickey Rooney, the misunderstood urchin battling for his father's reputation. Anne Nagel is the understanding school-marm; Frank Shields, her beau ideal. (Sept.)

HOT WATER—20th Century-Fox

Here comes the Jones family again—and in trouble as usual. Pa Jones (Jed Prouty) is a candidate for mayor, but almost loses the election when blackguards frame his son in a messy scandal. Spring Byington, Kenneth Howell, Shirley Deane and the usual Jones cast. (Oct.)

IT'S ALL YOURS—Columbia

This consists mostly of charm by Francis Lederer, beauty by Madeleine Carroll, and nonsense by Mischa Auer. There is much to-do about an inheritance, and True Love comes out of a triangle romance. At times it's pretty funny. (Oct.)

IT'S LOVE I'M AFTER—Warners

This allows Bette Davis and Leslie Howard to drop their previous sufferings and romp through one of the gayest and smartest of the new comedies. Playing stage players in love with each other but temperamentally allergic, they are ably supported by Olivia de Havilland, Patric Knowles, and particularly Eric Blore, whose brand of humor grows increasingly contagious. (Oct.)

KING SOLOMON'S MINES—GB

Based on the novel by H. Rider Haggard, this depicts the harrowing experiences of five adventurers seeking the lost diamond mines of the Biblical king. Paul Robeson contributes some superb singing; Roland Young and Cedric Hardwicke play with their usual finesse. Somewhat à la serial, but you'll enjoy it. (Sept.)

★ **LIFE OF EMILE ZOLA, THE—Warners**

Warner Brothers prove once again their aptitude for combining fascinating biography with dramatic entertainment. Paul Muni does epochal acting as the French writer, champion of the underdog, who risks his life and career to fight for *Captain Dreyfus*, unjustly condemned to Devil's Island. Joseph Schildkraut as *Dreyfus* is superlative. The entire cast scores. See this as one of the year's worthiest pictures. (Sept.)

LIFE OF THE PARTY, THE—RKO-Radio

Joe Penner's juvenile whimsy, Gene Raymond's blond hair and a half-dozen famous comedians are high-lighted in this rather good musical. Harriet Hilliard, a socialite in search of a career, is Raymond's cookie, and you'll laugh at Billy Gilbert, Helen Broderick and Parkyakarkus. (Nov.)

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LONDON BY NIGHT—M-G-M

Here is the usual mystery with the usual formula, the first ingredient of which is the reporter sleuth. Though the murderer masks his identity behind an umbrella, of all things, George Murphy finally solves the crime with the help of his girl Watson, Rita Johnson. (Oct.)

LOVE IN A BUNGALOW—Universal

A lightweight little story, this has Nan Grey, hostess in a model bungalow, and Kent Taylor, breezy salesman, bickering in the modern manner. Without benefit of clergy, they enter a happiest married contest, are forced to live up to the terms. Stay home and be comfortable. (Sept.)

LOVE IS ON THE AIR—Warners

A new star, Ronald Reagan, makes his bow in this tale of radio. As *Uncle Andy* of the kiddies' hour, he finds himself plunged into a gangster's war. June Travis, as his girl friend, is attractive, Ronald himself is excellent, and the cast is okay too. (Nov.)

LOVE UNDER FIRE—20th Century-Fox

As a new production in the current cycle of Spanish war pictures, this one was fired at and missed. It is built around the antique story of a Scotland Yard man chasing a beautiful woman thief through shot and shell. Don Ameche, Loretta Young and Borrah Minnevitich try very hard. (Oct.)

MAKE A WISH—RKO-Radio

One of the weaker Bobby Breen vehicles, this takes the singing boy to a Maine camp where his silvery voice inspires virtuoso Basil Rathbone to finish an opera. Marion Claire is Bobby's mother. You'll find the music easy to hum. (Nov.)

MAN WHO CRIED WOLF, THE—Universal

Loaded with the iron weight of faulty story construction, this "who dunnit" tale sinks to the bottom and stays there. Lewis Stone is the professional murder confessor who involves his son, Tom Brown, in his evil ways. Morbid and uninspired. (Nov.)

MARRIED BEFORE BREAKFAST—M-G-M

Debonair Robert Young raises this simple second-class picture to Grade A entertainment. The story concerns a crackpot inventor who gets involved in a night of adventure playing good Samaritan to a strange girl. Florence Rice is a vivid heroine. (Sept.)

MARRY THE GIRL—Warners

Fancy the hysterical "woo-hooing" of Hugh Herbert and the fuss-budgeting of Mary Boland, as heads of a newspaper syndicate, and you have some idea of this giddy-gabby laugh riot. Mischa Auer, Frank McHugh, Alan Mowbray and Carol Hughes contribute to the fun. (Sept.)

MR. DODD TAKES THE AIR—Warners

Tuneful and colorful, this introduces Kenny Baker, of other fame, portraying a strawberry festival songbird who is "discovered," hits the big time, falls in love. The girl is Jane Wyman. Baker promises to be a pleasant addition to the screen. (Oct.)

MY DEAR MISS ALDRICH—M-G-M

Don't see this unless you're in a tolerant mood. It's a minor newspaper hodgepodge in which Maureen O'Sullivan inherits "The Globe," falls in love with editor Walter Pidgeon. Edna May Oliver provides the only vitality. (Nov.)

★ **NEW FACES OF 1937—RKO-Radio**

If variety, laughter, a cast that stretches from here to there, and plenty of hot swing music form your idea of amusing cinema, this is your dish. Joe Penner, Milton Berle, Harriet Hilliard and Parkyakarkus are the principals around whom are built many sketches and minor acts. Outstanding. (Sept.)

NORTH OF THE RIO GRANDE—Paramount

A shooting, tooting action story of the famous *Hopalong Cassidy* series with Bill Boyd as usual playing *Cassidy*. Posing as a bad man to find the murderer of his brother he nearly comes a cropper. The scenery steals the show. (Sept.)

OFF AGAIN-ON AGAIN—RKO-Radio

Wheeler and Woolsey are a pair of quarreling Babbitts who decide on a wrestling match as a solution to their problems. The winner takes over the business; the loser plays valet to the lucky one. Patricia Wilder, Russell Hicks and Marjorie Lord add pep. (Sept.)

ON SUCH A NIGHT—Paramount

Someone was bound to make a picture of the Mississippi flood, and this irritating murder mystery is it. You can't imagine what Karen Morley and Grant Richards will do against the menace of Eduardo Ciannelli, nor do you care. The cast is good, but the story unbelievable and forced. (Oct.)

★ **100 MEN AND A GIRL—Universal**

Here is practically a perfect picture, combining as it does an ingeniously new and fresh story built around unemployed musicians, Deanna Durbin's entrancing singing, and the superb rendition of some of the world's loveliest classical music by the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra conducted by Leopold Stokowski. See this if you don't see another picture this year. (Nov.)

ONE MILE FROM HEAVEN—20th Century-Fox

Bill Robinson's dancing and Fredi Washington's warm performance lift this mild melodrama from utter mediocrity. The complications revolve around a white child and a colored woman who claims parentage. There are shootings, prison breaks and kidnappings. Claire Trevor is the newspaper wench who fixes everything. (Oct.)

★ PRISONER OF ZENDA, THE—Selznick-United Artists

This second screening of Anthony Hope's veteran adventure story will thrill you with its colorful drama, its beautiful settings, the realistic acting of Ronald Colman as King and commoner, and the gracious beauty of Madeleine Carroll as Princess Flavia. Raymond Massey is outstanding as the King's Machiavellian brother, and Doug Fairbanks, Jr. is a deep-dyed villain. Go and renew your youth. (Nov.)

ROAD BACK, THE—Universal

Sequel to "All Quiet on the Western Front," this is a slow-moving psychological study of German soldiers who find themselves strangers in their defeated fatherland. Richard Cromwell, John King and Andy Devine offer keen portrayals of the youthful patriots. (Sept.)

RUSTLER'S VALLEY—Paramount

Bill Boyd again takes to his boots and saddle as Hopalong Cassidy, frees his pal from accusation as a bank robber, finds time to woo and win Madge Evans. Better than the average Hopalong. (Sept.)

★ SARATOGA—M-G-M

Jean Harlow's last picture and the consensus is that her portrayal in this fast-moving comedy drama built around the well-known race track was one of the best of her career. Lionel Barrymore, Clark Gable, Una Merkel, Walter Pidgeon and Frank Morgan are all up to their usual fine standard. (Sept.)

SHE ASKED FOR IT—Paramount

Although as cinema, this is good hash, there is an invigorating silly angle to the murder mystery theme. William Gargan is the writer of blood thrillers who gets himself involved in the real McCoy. Orien Heyward is pretty as his wife, but by no means another Duse. (Nov.)

SHE HAD TO EAT—20th Century-Fox

Here are jumbled all the old time-tested comedy devices, including mistaken identity, the screwy millionaire, the dumb country boy and the clever little miss. They all miss. Jack Haley, Eugene Pallette, Franklin Pangborn and others try hard, but the story yields only a few moments of hilarity. (Sept.)

SHEIK STEPS OUT, THE—Republic

Ramon Novarro's screen comeback finds him in the garb of an Arab making his famous brand of love to a corkscrew heiress, played by Lola Lane. Novarro's charm is as effective as ever. See it for the several nice songs you will hear and for a laugh or two. (Oct.)

SING AND BE HAPPY—20th Century-Fox

An innocuous little musical in which Tony Martin and Leah Ray, working for rival advertising firms, sing and bicker for reels, make up at the behest of Helen Westley, "Pickle Queen." Songs include "Travelin' Light," and "Sing and Be Happy." (Sept.)

SINGING MARINE, THE—Warners

Amiable Dick Powell has the situation well in hand in this nicely produced musical. He plays a bashful soldier whose head becomes too big for his hat. China restores his equilibrium. Doris Weston is the girl who waits at the home port. Completely unoriginal but amusing. (Sept.)

SMALL TOWN BOY—Grand National

The hackneyed story of the village sap who becomes a go-getter is again brought out of its wrappings. This time Stuart Erwin is the suppressed lad, who, finding a thousand bucks, immediately becomes a new man and wins the belle of the borough, Joyce Compton. Stay home. (Sept.)

SOMETHING TO SING ABOUT—Grand National

James Cagney's latest picture presents him as a New York hooper gone Hollywood. Evelyn Daw, a charming new singer, is his bride; Mona Barrie the actress-temptress, Gene Lockhart the mulish producer. Well recommended. (Nov.)

SOPHIE LANG GOES WEST—Paramount

There is almost nothing good that can be said for this jumbled, confused, dull, utterly uninteresting picture. Gertrude Michael is the beautiful reformed jewel thief accused of stealing the Rajah's diamond. You simply don't care whether she did or not. (Nov.)

★ SOULS AT SEA—Paramount

An intensely interesting epic of men against the sea based on an incident in maritime history in the 1850's. When his ship is wrecked, Gary Cooper decides who shall survive, is put on trial for his life later because of his decision. Cooper, George Raft, Frances Dee and the entire cast are superlative. (Oct.)

★ STAGE DOOR—RKO-Radio

The hullabaloo of a theatrical boardinghouse is the background of this great story of young actresses who battle Broadway for minor fame and a scant living. Ginger Rogers gives an excellent account of herself in a dramatic rôle; Katharine Hepburn does fine work, Andrea Leeds almost steals the show, and Adolphe Menjou as the philandering producer is highly amusing. Director LaCava deserves orchids for a brilliant picture. Don't miss it. (Nov.)

★ STELLA DALLAS—United Artists

Samuel Goldwyn (who produced the silent version) again brings to the screen this poignant story of mother love. Barbara Stanwyck is splendidly sincere as the flamboyant mill girl who sets her cap for a gentleman (John Boles), catches him, and in her love for her daughter (Anne Shirley), reaches the heights of self-sacrifice and devotion. Cast, production and direction are superb. (Oct.)

SUPER SLEUTH—RKO-Radio

Jack Oakie mugs, slugs, and turns cartwheels to create laughs in this comedy satire on all mystery yarns. Playing a dim-wit actor who yearns to be a detective, he discovers a would-be murderer. The chase ends in the crazy house of a beach concession. Just where the picture belongs. (Sept.)

★ THAT CERTAIN WOMAN—Warners

A remake of Gloria Swanson's "The Trespasser," this now promotes Bette Davis as the gangster widow who falls in love with shilly-shallying Henry Fonda. Their stolen love yields nothing but sacrifice and misery for everybody. The cast is splendid. Take two hankies with you. (Oct.)

★ THIN ICE—20th Century-Fox

A happy combination of romance and music, spectacle and comedy, starring Sonja Henie, the dazzling little Queen of the Iceways, and handsome, gangling Tyrone Power. There are four magnificent skating sequences and you'll appreciate the humor of Arthur Treacher, Raymond Walburn and Joan Davis. Simply elegant. (Nov.)

★ TOAST OF NEW YORK, THE—RKO-Radio

Stirring drama inspired by the grandiloquent careers of the "robber barons" of America's industrial turmoil after the Civil War. Edward Arnold is a lusty Jim Fisk, Lord of Wall Street; Frances Farmer is intelligent as Josie Mansfield; Jack Oakie's comedy scores. Lavish and spectacular. (Sept.)

★ TOPPER—Hal Roach-M-G-M

Gay mad nonsense involving two mischievous ghosts (Connie Bennett and Cary Grant) who have the power of materializing themselves at will. Their efforts to bring harmony into the marital difficulties of Roland Young, a whimsical banker, and Billie Burke, his prissy wife, will leave you gasping with laughter. The production is A-1 too. (Sept.)

VARSITY SHOW—Warners

Here is a rollicking three cheers for dear old Rutgers musical with Fred Waring and his band, Dick Powell, Walter Catlett, Ted Healy and others leaping the goal post for a touchdown. Dick is the successful alumnus who does his bit for Alma Mater by putting the pretty coeds on Broadway. Priscilla and Rosemary Lane go to town. (Oct.)

VICTORIA THE GREAT—RKO-Radio

Another epic of English history, the story of one of its greatest queens, has been made into a beautiful and moving chronicle of a woman and an empire. Anna Neagle and Anton Walbrook are excellent in the title rôles. Honest, dignified and entertaining. (Oct.)

VOGUES OF 1938—Wanger-United Artists

Never has Technicolor proved itself so screen-worthy as in this pageant of beauty, fashions and music basted together with the thread of a plot involving Warner Baxter, a dressmaker, Helen Vinson, his wife, and Joan Bennett, a decorative deb. A major screen achievement. (Oct.)

★ WIFE, DOCTOR AND NURSE—20th Century-Fox

With a simplicity and lack of melodramatics that make an outstandingly convincing portrait of hospital life, Director Walter Lang has created a superb picture. Warner Baxter is the surgeon, Virginia Bruce his assistant, Loretta Young his wife. All of them do splendidly. You'll love it. (Nov.)

WILD MONEY—Paramount

Edward Everett Horton is a stingy newspaper auditor on vacation when a kidnapping makes him forget his parsimoniousness. Horton's spending spree is all there is to it, and the slight love angle introduced by Louise Campbell. Catch this on a double bill. (Sept.)

WINE, WOMEN AND HORSES—Warners

Barton MacLane takes care of the horses by gambling at the race track. Peggy Bates and Ann Sheridan are the women. The wine, if any, is warm and of poor vintage. You can do better reading a racing sheet. (Oct.)

WOMEN MEN MARRY, THE—M-G-M

A provocative story theme—an exposé of the religious cult racket—and George Murphy's nice work make this hurried picture entertaining. George's philandering wife, Claire Dodd, plays hob with his life, and Josephine Hutchinson plays hearts with him at the finale. (Nov.)

★ YOU CAN'T HAVE EVERYTHING—20th Century-Fox

You can have everything in the way of entertainment here. This gay, slyly suggestive, amusing comedy has Don Ameche and Alice Faye for love content, Louise Hovick (nee Gypsy Rose Lee) for sex, the Ritz Brothers for fun, and a sure-fire plot about an ambitious young thing trying to crack Broadway to hold them all together. What more do you want? It's a pushover. (Oct.)

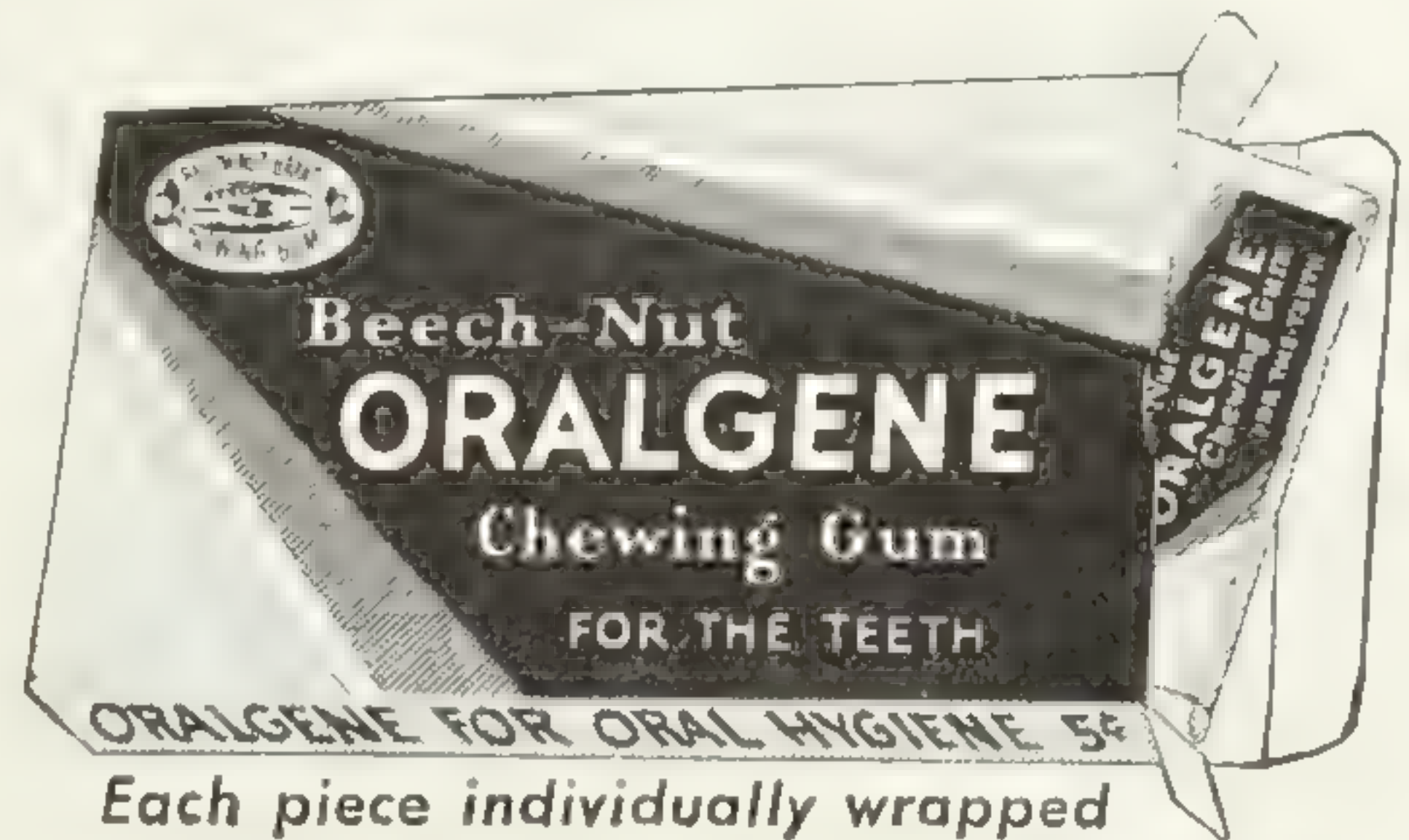
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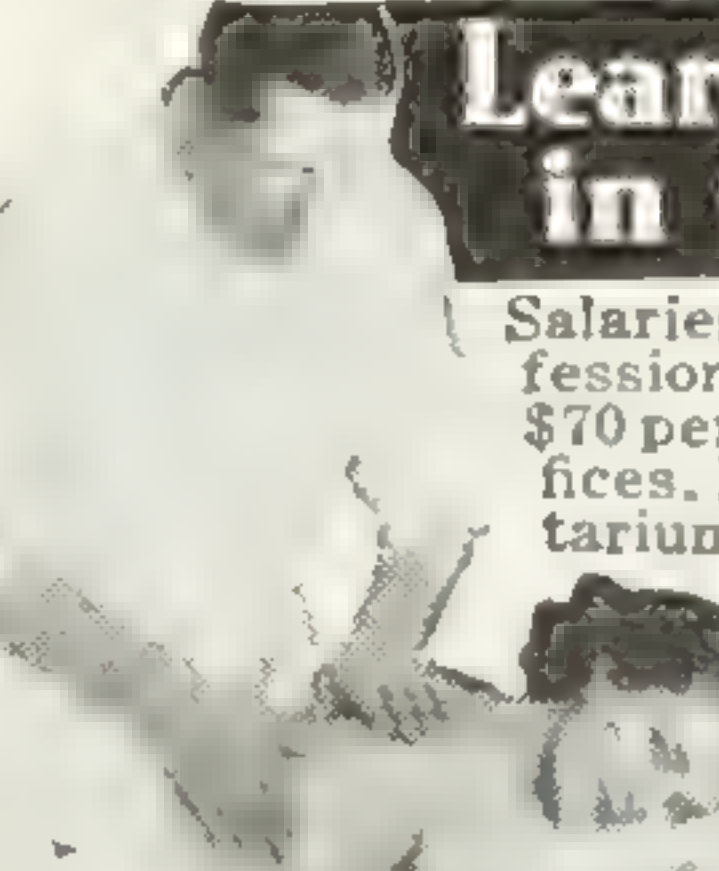
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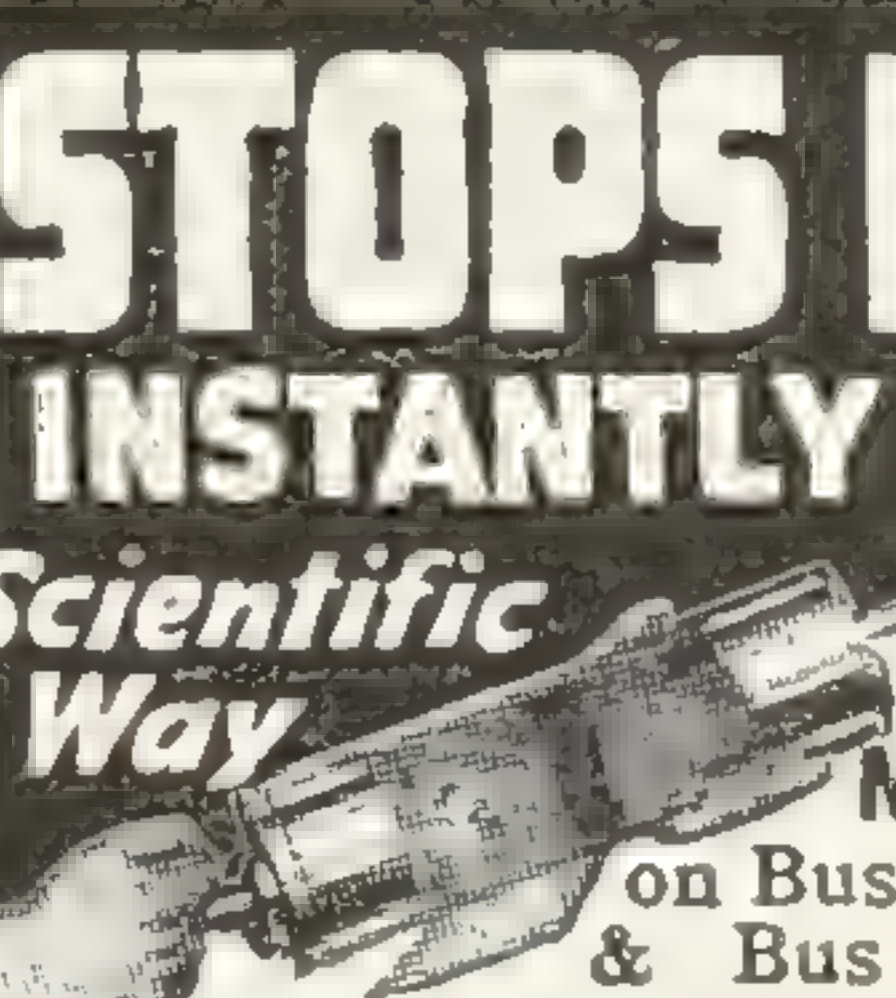
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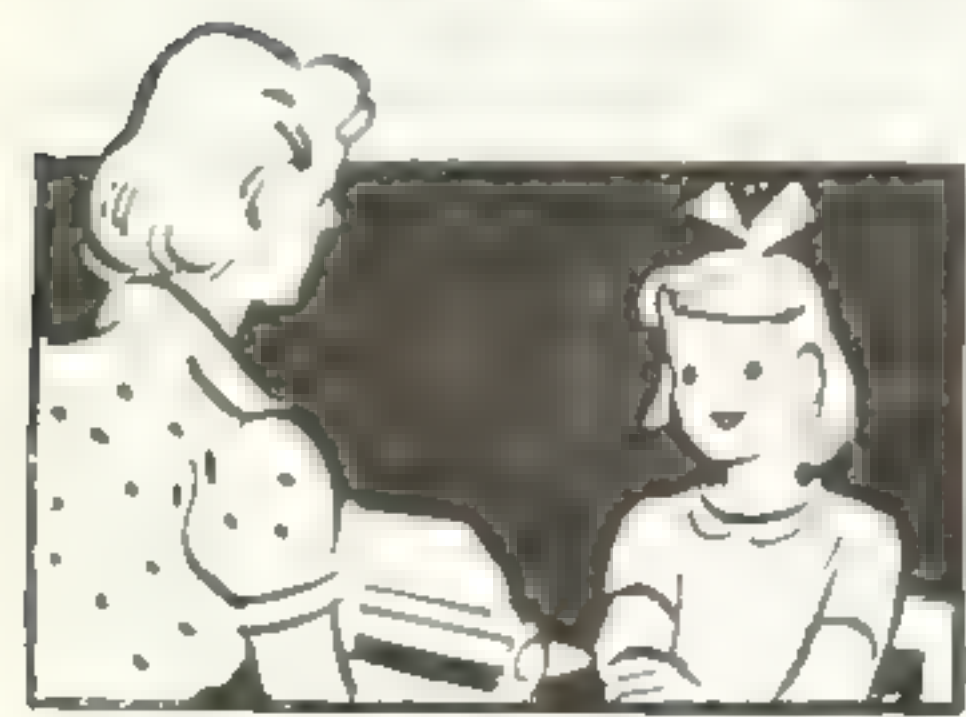
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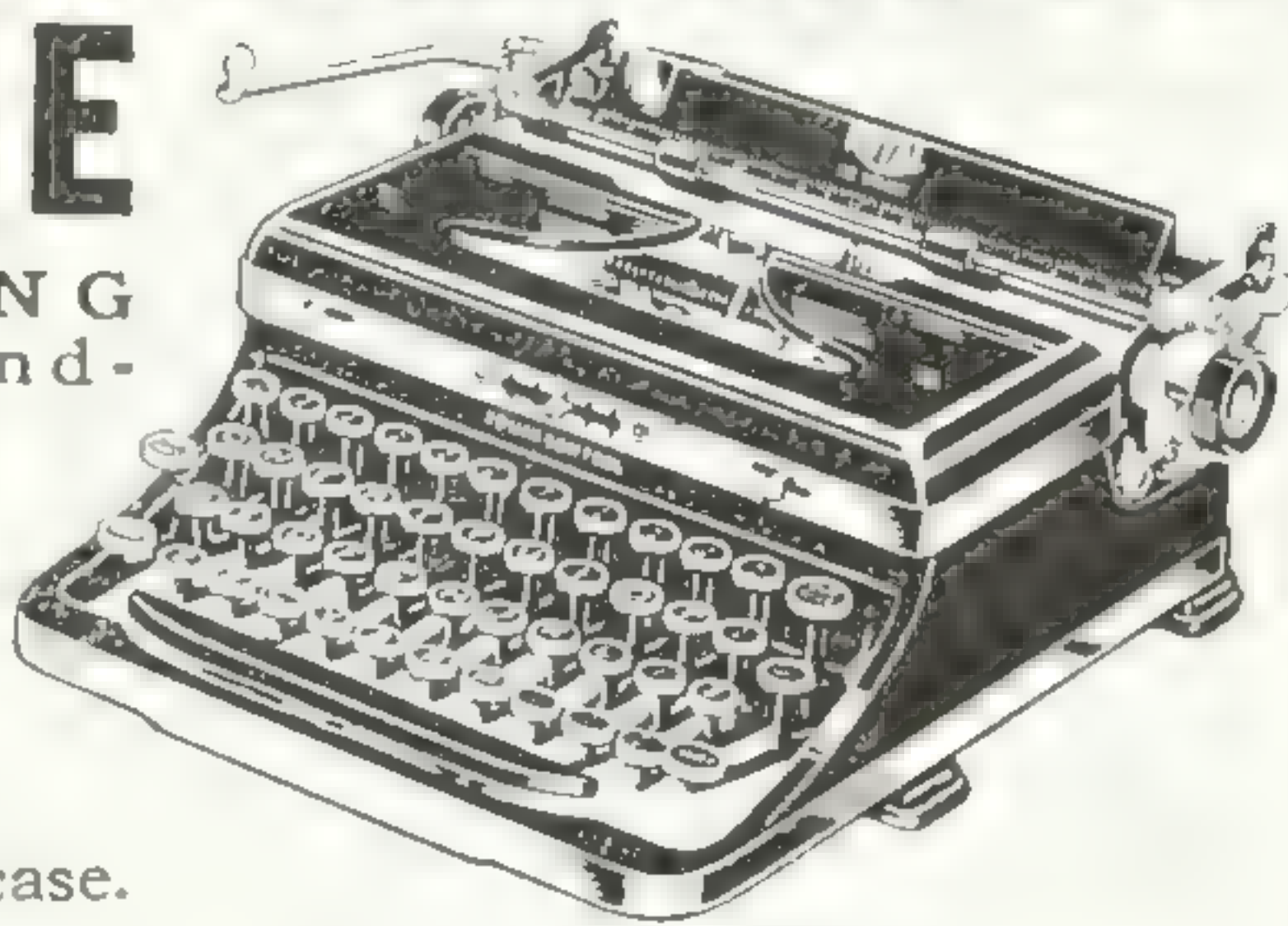
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tickle" that comes
from a cold.

The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 56)

LANCER SPY—20th Century-Fox

If you like espionage thrillers, you won't go wrong here. George Sanders, married British seaman, all but wins the war singlehanded when he gets to Berlin by impersonating a captured Prussian officer. Spy Dolores Del Rio betrays her Fatherland for hopeless love. Talented Peter Lorre is hidden in a bit rôle. Joseph Schildkraut, Lionel Atwill and Sig Rumann contribute excellent performances.

ATLANTIC FLIGHT—Monogram

OUTSIDE of the fact that this allows Young America a close-up of a man whom they justly admire, Dick Merrill, crack pilot who made two sensational round trips to England, this dull story has little to offer. Paula Stone is giddily inept as an heiress-aviatrix who uses Dick's ability to save the life of Weldon Heyburn. Captain Merrill does a swell job.

DANGEROUSLY YOURS—20th Century-Fox

AMONG the current rash of jewel-thief pictures this had better be ignored. Its sophistication is forced, its involved plot bewildering, and its production clearly second-rate. A huge diamond is stolen and Cesar Romero, the most obvious suspect, finds romance with Phyllis Brooks. Jane Darwell moves ponderously throughout and Alan Dinehart does the heavy rôle.

NON-STOP NEW YORK—GB

THERE'S one thing this picture has plenty of—and that's suspense. Well directed, well acted, it is as nicely exciting a mystery story as we've seen of a rainy afternoon. Anna Lee is the little English chorus girl who is wanted in America as the only witness who can save a man from the electric chair. She manages by a clever ruse to hop the transatlantic plane despite the sinister attempts of gangsters to stop her. The head racketeer, Frank Sullivan, boards the plane too, and from there on it is every man for himself. John Loder is the skeptical Scotland Yard man who finally comes around to thinking Anna's way; Desmond Tester as the inquisitive boy who puts his fingers into everybody's pie steals the show (as he practically always does).

Casts of Current Pictures

"ATLANTIC FLIGHT"—MONOGRAM.—Original and screen play by Scott Darling and Erna Lazarus. The Cast: Dick Bennett, Dick Merrill, Carter, Jack Lambie; Gail, Paula Stone; Bill, Weldon Heyburn; The Baron, Ivan Lebedeff; Pokey, Milburn Stone.

"AWFUL TRUTH, THE"—COLUMBIA.—Story by Arthur Richman. Screen play by Vina Delmar. Directed by Leo McCarey. The Cast: Lucy Warriner, Irene Dunne; Jerry Warriner, Cary Grant; Daniel Leeson, Ralph Bellamy; Armand Duvalle, Alexander D'Arcy; Aunt Patsy, Cecil Cunningham; Barbara Vance, Marguerite Churchill; Mrs. Leeson, Esther Dale; Toots Binswanger, Joyce Compton; Frank Randall, Robert Allen; Mr. Vance, Robert Warwick; Mrs. Vance, Mary Forbes; Lord Fabian, Claud Allister; Lady Fabian, Zita Moulton.

"BRIDE FOR HENRY, A"—MONOGRAM.—Screen play by Marion Orth. Original story by Josephine Benham. The Cast: Sheila, Anne Nagel; Henry, Warren Hull; Eric, Henry Mollinson; Helen, Claudia Dell; and Harrison Green and Betty Ross Clark.

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"BRIDE WORE RED, THE"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Tess Schlisinger and Bradbury Foote. Based on the play "The Girl From Trieste" by Fernac Molnar. Directed by Dorothy Arzner. The Cast: Anni, Joan Crawford; Giulio, Franchot Tone; Rudi Pal, Robert Young; Contessa Di Meina, Billie Burke; Admiral Monti, Reginald Owen; Maddelena Monti, Lynne Carver; Count Armalia, George Zucco; Maria, Mary Phillips; Nobili, Paul Porcasi; Pietro, Dickie Moore; Alberto, Frank Puglia.

"DANGEROUSLY YOURS"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by Lou Breslow and John Patrick. Directed by Mal St. Clair. The Cast: Victor Morell, Cesar Romero; Valerie Barton, Phyllis Brooks; Aunt Cynthia Barton, Jane Darwell; Julien Stevens, Alan Dinehart; Flo Davis, Natalie Garson; Louis Davis, John Harrington; Walter Chandler, Douglas Wood; Eddie, Leon Ames; Monet, Albert Conti; Boris, Leonid Snegoff.

"DOUBLE WEDDING"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Jo Swerling from a play by Fernac Molnar. Directed by Richard Thorpe. The Cast: Charlie Lodge, William Powell; Margit Agnew, Myrna Loy; Irene Agnew, Florence Rice; Waldo Beaver, John Beal; Mrs. Kingsington Bly, Jessie Ralph; Spike, Edgar Kennedy; Keough, Sidney Toler; Mrs. Keough, Mary Gordon; Flint, Barnett Parker; Claire Lodge, Katherine Alexander; Felice, Priscilla Lawson.

"EBB TIDE"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by Bertram Millhauser. Story by Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne. Directed by James Hogan. The Cast: Captain Thorbecke, Oscar Homolka; Faith Wishart, Frances Farmer; Robert Herrick, Ray Milland; Allwater, Lloyd Nolan; Huish, Barry Fitzgerald; Port Doctor, Charles Judels; Uncle Ned, Charles Stevens; Tapena Tom, David Torrence; Allwater's Servant, Lina Basquette; Taniera, Harry Field.

"EXPENSIVE HUSBANDS"—WARNERS.—Screen play by Lillie Hayward, Jean Negulesco and Jay Brennan. Original story by Kyrill de Shishmareff. Directed by Bobby Connolly. The Cast: Prince Rupert, Patric Knowles; Laurine Lynne, Beverly Roberts; Joe Craig, Allyn Joslyn; Ricky Preston, Gordon Oliver; Trommy, Eula Guy; Joseph, Robert C. Fischer; Herr Meyer, Fritz Feld; Andrew Brenner, Vladimir Sokoloff; Savage, John Butler; Maria, Ann Codee; Giovanni, George Humbert; Franz, Otto Fries.

"52ND STREET"—WAGNER-UNITED ARTISTS.—Screen play by Grover Jones. Directed by Harold Young. The Cast: Rufus Rondell, Ian Hunter; Fiorello, Leo Carrillo; Margaret Rondell, Pat Paterson; Betty Malina, Ella Logan; Sid, Sid Silvers; Letitia Rondell, ZaSu Pitts; Evelyn, Marla Shelton; Adela Rondell, Dorothy Peterson; Minnie, Collette Lyons; Klauber, Al Shean; Benny, Kenny Baker; and Entertainers, Jack White, Rocco and Sautler, Georgie Tapps, Cook and Brown, Jerry Colonna, Al Norman, and the 52nd Street Girls.

"FIGHT FOR YOUR LADY"—RKO-RADIO.—Based on an unpublished original story by Jean Negulesco and Isabel Leighton. Screen play by Gertrude Purcell and Ernest Pagano. Directed by Ben Stoll. The Cast: Bob Densmore, John Boles; Ham Hamilton, Jack Oakie; Marietta, Ida Lupino; Marcia Trent, Margot Grahame; Spadissino, Erik Rhodes; Mike Scanlon, Gordon Jones; Jimmy Trask, Paul Guilfoyle; Boros, Billy Gilbert; Joros, Georges Renavent; Nadya, Maude Eburne; Felix Janos, Charles Judels; Bullers, Sid Bracey and Charles Coleman; Hotel Proprietor, Rudolph Myzett; Cook, Olaf Hytten; Housemaid, Fern Emmett; Apt. Clerk, Peter Hobbes; Footman, Joe North; Housekeeper, Daisy Belmore.

"FIT FOR A KING"—RKO-RADIO.—Screen play by Richard Flournoy. Directed by Edward Sedgwick. The Cast: Virgil Jones, Joe E. Brown; Jane Hamilton, Helen Mack; Briggs, Paul Kelly; Archduke Julio, Harry Davenport; Count Strunsky, Halliwell Hobbes; Otto, John Qualen; Prince Michael, Donald Briggs; Kurtz, Frank Reicher; Mr. Hardwick, Russell Hicks; Mr. Marshall, Charles Trowbridge.

"GREAT GARRICK, THE"—WARNERS.—Screen play by Ernst Vajda. Directed by James Whale. The Cast: David Garrick, Brian Aherne; Germaine, Olivia de Havilland; Tubby, Edward Everett Horton; Beaumarchais, Lionel Atwill; Bassel, Luis Alberni; Nicolle, Marie Wilson; Horatio, Fritz Leiber; Mme. Moreau, Dorothy Tree; Innkeeper of Adam and Eve, Paul Everton; Thierre, Milton Owen; M. Moreau, Chester Clute; M. Picard, Melville Cooper; Sir Joshua Reynolds, Henry O'Neill; Auber, Lana Turner; Jean Cabot, Etienne Girardot; M. Janin, Craig Reynolds; M. Noverre, Trevor Bardette; LeBrun, Albert Van Dekker.

"LANCER SPY"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by Philip Dunne from a novel by Marthe McKenna. Directed by Gregory Ratoff. The Cast: Fraulein Delores Daria, Dolores Del Rio; Lieut. Michael Bruce, George Sanders; Major Sigfried Gruning, Peter Lorre; Prince Ferdi, Joseph Schildkraut; Joan Bruce, Virginia Field; Lieut. Col. Gottfried Hollen, Sig Rumann; Gen. Von Meinhardt, Maurice Moscovitch; Colonel Fenwick, Lionel Atwill; Schvatt, Luther Adler; Fritz Mueller, Fritz Feld; Dr. Aldrich, Holmes Herbert; Captain Neville, Lester Matthews; Von Klingen, Carlos De Valdez; Captain Freymann, Gregory Gaye; Elizabeth Bruce, Joan Carol; Captain, Claude King; Commandant, Kenneth Hunter; Admiral, Frank Reicher; Statesman, Leonard Mudie.

"LIFE BEGINS IN COLLEGE"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by Karl Tunberg and Don Ettlinger. Suggested by a series of stories by Darrell Ware. Directed by William A. Seiter. The Cast: *Ritz Brothers*, Themselves; *Inez*, Joan Davis; *Band Leader*, Tony Martin; *Janel O'Hara*, Gloria Stuart; *Coach O'Hara*, Fred Stone; *George Black*, Nat Pendleton; *Bob Hayner*, Dick Baldwin; *Cuddles*, Joan Marsh; *Oliver Starns, Sr.*, Jed Prouty; *Dean Moss*, Maurice Cass; *Miss Murphy*, Marjorie Weaver; *Sling*, Robert Lowery; *Radio Announcer*, Ed Thorgensen; *Gilks*, Lon Chaney, Jr.; *Bret*, Fred Kohler, Jr.; *Ollie Starns*, Elisha Cook, Jr.; *Coach Burke*, Charles Wilson; *Acting Captain*, Frank Sully; *Referee*, Norman Willis.

"MADAME X"—M-G-M.—Screen play by John Meehan, from the play by Alexandre Bisson. Directed by Sam Wood. The Cast: *Jacqueline Fleuriot*, Gladys George; *Raymond Fleuriot*, John Beal; *Bernard Fleuriot*, Warren William; *Maurice Dourel*, Reginald Owen; *Hugh Fariman, Jr.*, William Henry; *Lerocle*, Henry Daniell; *Jean*, Phillip Reed; *Helene*, Lynne Carver; *Rose*, Emma Dunn; *Annette*, Ruth Hussey; *Scipio*, Luis Alberni; *Dr. La Farge*, George Zucco; *Nora*, Cora Witherspoon; *Hugh Fariman, Sr.*, Jonathan Hale; *Captain Dorcas*, Adia Kuznetzoff.

"MUSIC FOR MADAME"—RKO-RADIO.—Screen play by Gertrude Purcell and Robert Harari. Directed by John Blystone. The Cast: *Tonio*, Nino Martini; *Jean*, Joan Fontaine; *Rodowsky*, Alan Mowbray; *Krause*, Billy Gilbert; *Flugelman*, Alan Hale; *Robinson (District Attorney)*, Grant Mitchell; *Spaghetti*, Erik Rhodes; *Nora*, Lee Patrick; *Harding*, Frank Conroy; *Rollins*, Bradley Page; *Bride*, Ada Leonards; *Groom*, Alan Bruce; *Truck Driver*, Romo Vincent; *Blonde*, Barbara Pepper; *Goodwin*, Edward H. Robins; *Barrel*, George Shelley; *Assistant Director*, Jack Carson.

"NON-STOP NEW YORK"—GAUMONT BRITISH.—Screen play by Roland Pertwee and J. O. C. Orton; based on the novel "Sky Steward" by Ken Attiwell. Directed by Robert Stevenson. The

Cast: *Jenny Carr*, Anna Lee; *Inspector Jim Grant*, John Loder; *Hugo Brandt*, Francis Sullivan; *Sam Pryor*, Frank Cellier; *Arnold James*, Desmond Tester; *Aunt Veronica*, Athene Seyler; *Mortimer*, William Dewhurst; *Mrs. Carr*, Drusilla Wills; *Steward*, Jerry Verno; *Billy Cooper*, James Pirrie; *Miss Harvey*, Ellen Pollock; *Abel*, Arthur Goulet; *Spurgeon*, Peter Ball; *Harrigan*, Tony Quinn; *Captain*, H. G. Stoker.

"PERFECT SPECIMEN, THE"—WARNERS.—Screen play by Norman Reilly Raine, Lawrence Riley and Brewster Morse and Fritz Falkenstein. From the Cosmopolitan Magazine story by Samuel Hopkins Adams. The Cast: *Gerald Beresford Wicks*, Errol Flynn; *Killigrew Shawe*, Hugh Herbert; *Mona Carter*, Joan Blondell; *Mr. Grattan*, Edward Everett Horton; *Jink Carter*, Dick Foran; *Mrs. Leona Wicks*, May Robson; *Clarelle*, Dennie Moore; *Snodgrass*, James Burke; *Carl Carter*, Harry Davenport; *Alicia*, Beverly Roberts; *Pinky*, Allen Jenkins; *Hotel Clerk*, Hugh O'Connell; *Hooker*, Granville Bates; *Briggs*, Tim Henning.

"STAND-IN"—UNITED ARTISTS.—Screen play by Gene Towne and Graham Baker from a Saturday Evening Post story by Clarence Buddington Kelland. Directed by Tay Garnett. The Cast: *Atterbury Dodd*, Leslie Howard; *Lester Plum*, Joan Blondell; *Quintain*, Humphrey Bogart; *Koslofsky*, Alan Mowbray; *Cherie*, Marla Sheaton; *Nassau*, C. Henry Gordon; *Polls*, Jack Carson; *Pettypacker, Jr.*, J. C. Nugent; *Pettypacker, Sr.*, Tully Marshall; *Pettypacker*, William V. Mong.

"THIS WAY PLEASE"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by Grant Garrett, Seena Owen and Howard J. Green. Based on a story by Maxwell Shane and Bill Thomas. Directed by Robert Florey. The Cast: *Brad Morgan*, Charles "Buddy" Rogers; *Jane Morrow*, Betty Grable; *Inky Wells*, Ned Sparks; *Fibber McGee and Molly*, James and Marion Jordan; *S. J. Crawford*, Porter Hall; *Stu Randall*, Lee Bowman; *Miss Eberhardt*, Cecil Cunningham; *Bumps*, Wally Vernon; *Trumps*, Romo Vincent; *Mumps*, Jerry Bergen; *Janet*, Alma Ross; *Lee*, Virginia Dabney; *Maxine Barry*, Mary Livingstone.

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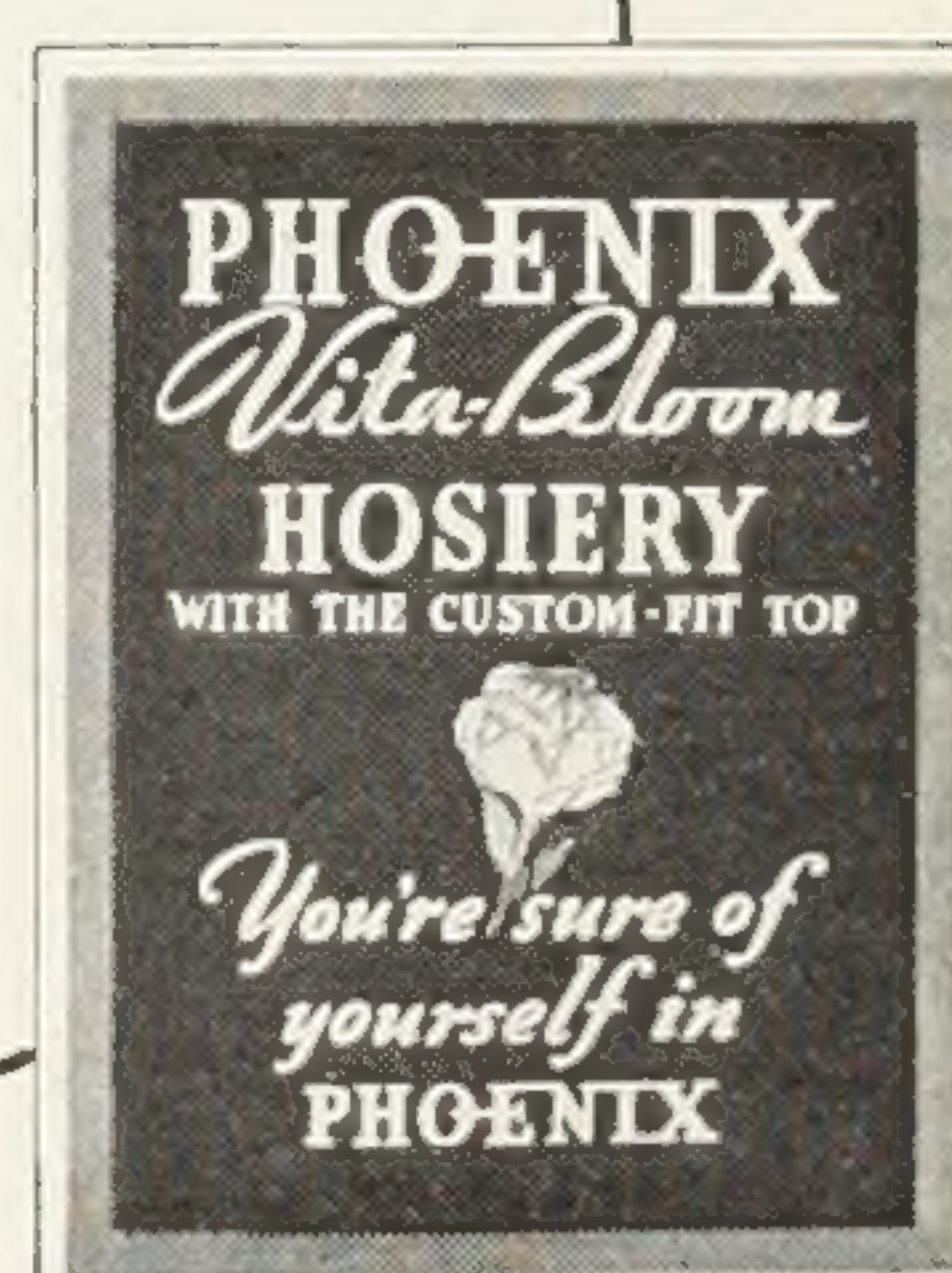
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HER LANE HOPE CHEST IS
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"Girls - wouldn't it be thrilling
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A MILLION MAIDENS YEARN FOR THIS ROMANTIC LOVE GIFT



Above at left—No. 48-1445. Nationally advertised special. A modified modern chest. Top and base mouldings are cross-banded with Oriental wood. Border at each end of front also Oriental wood. Has Lane's Automatic Rising Tray. Specially priced. See your Lane Dealer.

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Lane Chests may be purchased from \$19.95 up



FOR THESE 5 EXTRA FEATURES

1. Moth insurance policy written by one of the world's largest insurance companies. 2. Factory-tested under pressure for aroma-tightness (see test plug in chest). 3. Patented inside finish evens flow of moisture and prevents sticky or oily interior. 4. 70% aromatic red cedar, in accordance with government recommendations. 5. Offers such conveniences as Self-Rising Top, or Automatic Rising Tray.



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YOUNG MAN... not so many moons from now, roses will be in bloom... And with them will come that rare day in June... *your* wedding day.

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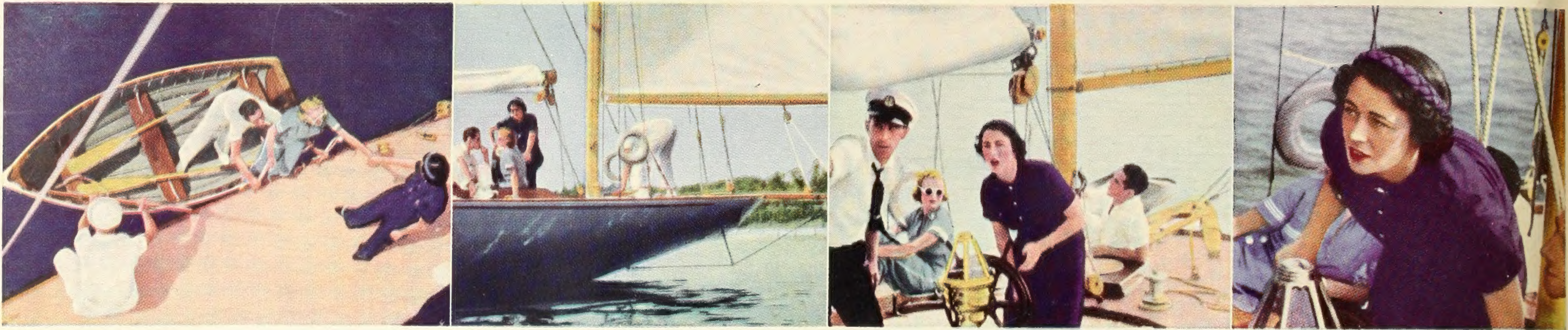
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LANE

CEDAR CHESTS

THE GIFT THAT STARTS A HOME



Mrs. Whitney's guests climb aboard . . . light up Camels before the Chinook gets under way. . . . With a "Hard alee!" Mrs. Whitney puts the helm over . . . heads out to sea.

The Whitneys will be sailing in southern waters soon

BY *Mae Fair*
SOCIETY EDITOR



(above) Mrs. Howard F. Whitney, of Roslyn, Long Island, at the helm of the *Chinook*. "I value healthy nerves as much as anyone," says this skilled yachtswoman. "So I smoke Camels. They're so mild, they don't jangle my nerves!"

MRS. HOWARD F. WHITNEY told me, the other day, that they hope to do some sailing in the South this winter. The Whitneys had a lovely summer on Long Island — and on the Sound. Mrs. Whitney is a skillful yachtswoman and handles a racing class boat like an expert. Their converted New York 40, the *Chinook*, is a very "shippy" boat.

Mrs. Whitney will be remembered as the former Hope Richardson. Her marriage to Mr. Whitney joined two of New York's prominent families in a charming wedding that was an outstanding social event of the season, witnessed by a throng of friends of the young couple. I recall how enchanting Mrs. Whitney looked as a bride, in a gown of white satin made in princess fashion with a yoke of net embroidered in tiny pearls, and her tulle veil held in place by a bandeau of orange blossoms. Since her marriage, Mrs. Whitney has taken a prominent part in the activities of the younger married set. Her committee work had much to do with the success of this year's colorful Greentree Fair at Manhasset. During the summer she got in a lot of tennis, riding, and — as always — sailing and cruising.

Hope's enthusiasm for the energetic life is proverbial among her friends. "Don't you ever get tired?" I asked. "Of course," she laughed. "After a long trick at the helm, or any time I feel worn out, I refresh myself with a Camel. I always have loads of Camels handy. I get a 'lift' with a Camel. And Camels are so mild. I can smoke them steadily, without the slightest feeling of harshness on my throat." That is an important point which Mrs. Whitney brings up — about Camels being so gentle on the throat. It shows how mild they are! It's true that women are finding the costlier tobaccos in Camel's matchless blend more refreshing and more enjoyable.

Among the many distinguished women who find Camels mild and refreshing:

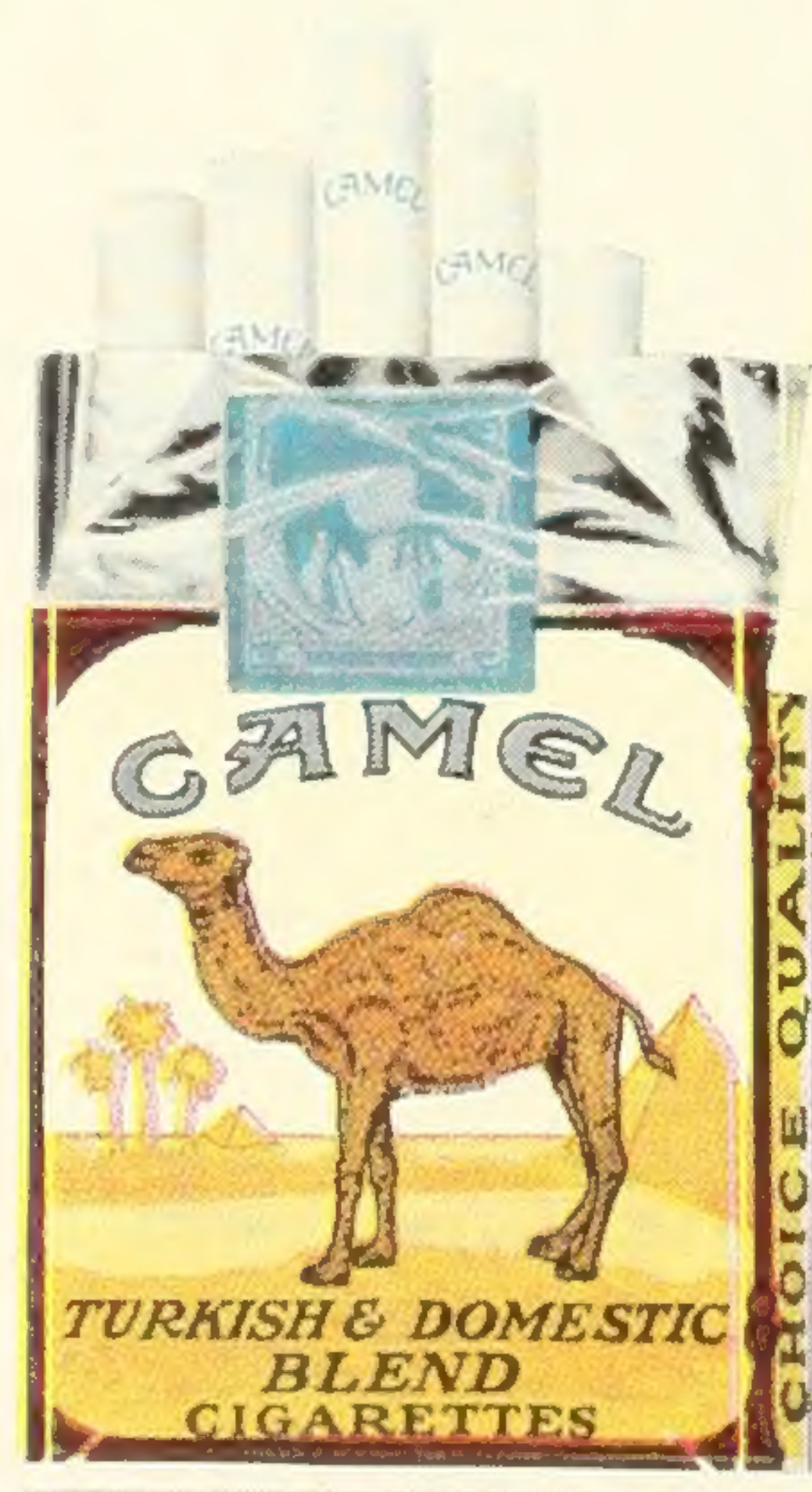
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Mrs. Powell Cabot, Boston
Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr., New York
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Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel 3rd, Philadelphia
Miss Wendy Morgan, New York

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